

CORONET

OCTOBER

Society girl exposes
the low state
of high society



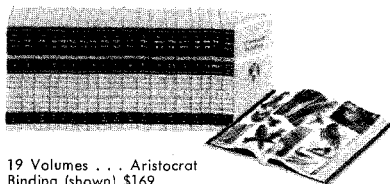
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OCTOBER, 1958

1

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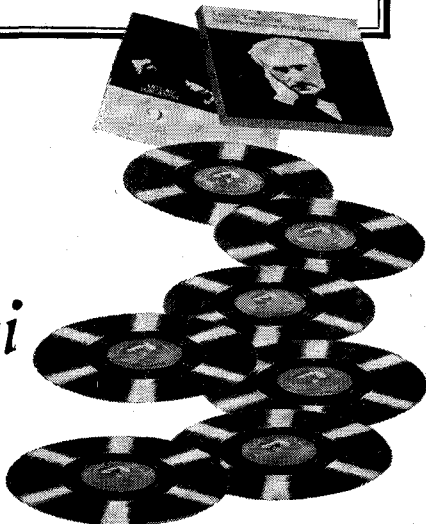
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Dear Reader:

LEARNING THAT physician-surgeon Herbert S. Benjamin ("What Is a Young Adult?" p. 78) was also a writer and student of literature, an acquaintance remarked, "I'd hate to have you operate on me. Imagine! Shakespeare in one hand and a scalpel in the other!" But the 36-year-old U.S.-born Dr. Benjamin, who writes his brilliantly interpretive medical articles for CORONET from Vienna, Austria, sees nothing incongruous about being a doctor and a writer. Both, he points out, involve his favorite subject—people. "When I read a meaningful novel," Dr. Benjamin says, "or watch a good physician at work, I feel that both the writer and the doctor are doing the same thing—applying what they have learned about people and learning more in the process." A man of varied talents, Dr. Benjamin, before settling down to practicing and writing about medicine, sampled other occupations, including portrait painting, architecture, tutoring, bellhopping, and a tour of duty as a Navy deck officer in the Pacific during World War II. He has also found the time to study at the University of Wisconsin (Ph. B.), Columbia, Northwestern, Colorado, the Sorbonne and the University of Vienna (M.D.). He studied Comparative Literature in Paris under a Fulbright Scholarship; speaks French, German, Italian and Spanish; and has a passing knowledge of Japanese, Hebrew and Latin. Born in Washington, D.C., where his father was a Government employee, Dr. Benjamin went to Vienna as a tourist and stayed as a medical student. He is now Guest Physician at the Second University Surgical Clinic in Vienna, where, he says, "practically everybody is interested in medicine—even the waiters." When he has the time—which is not often—Dr. Benjamin plays tennis, builds modern furniture for his bachelor apartment, takes week-end trips along the Danube and vacations in an Italian fishing village on the Adriatic. Even with all this, he admits to being homesick at times. "I look forward to the day," he says, "when I can return to the U.S., settle down in a rural community to do some serious country doctoring, get married and raise a large family."



Dr. Benjamin: versatility in Vienna.

The Editors

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CORONET

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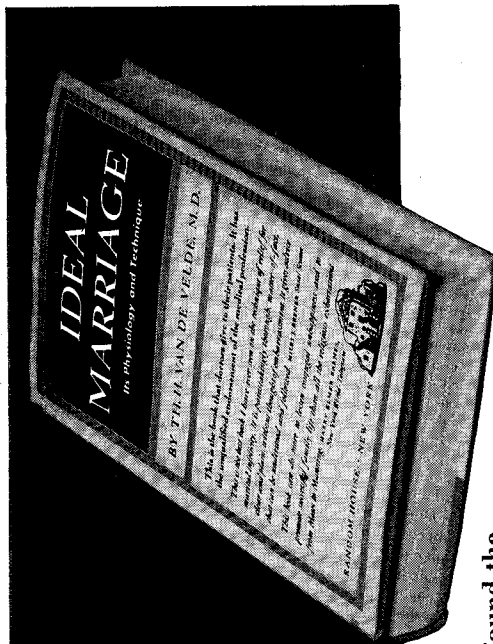
Cover.....PHOTOGRAPH BY JOERN GERDTS

What is the secret of an ideal marriage?

More than half a million men and women have found the answer in this world-famous classic by Dr. Theodoor H. Van de Velde—a book so authoritative, so complete, so explicit that doctors prescribe it for their patients.

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It can sweep away the fears and inhibitions that rob sexual intercourse of much of its joy and beauty. It can answer your questions—now and in the future—on the physical, psychological, and social



Here are just a few of the 546 subjects discussed frankly and forthrightly

Psychological factors
Increase of sexual pleasure
The husband as initiator
Sexual sensations
External stimuli (music, perfumes, etc.)
Sex and dress
Erotic impressions
Erogenous zones
Specific anatomy
Sexual physiology

Variations in position and action
Ovulation and menstruation
Rhythm of vital processes
Role of body temperature
Theory of "auto-intoxication"
The menopause
Mechanism of sexual union
Importance of woman's active participation
Vaginal sensations

aspects of married love.

And most important, it can help you and your mate find the complete, uninhibited sexual pleasure so essential to an ideal marriage.

The author, Dr. Theodor H. Van de Velde, is a famous Dutch physician known throughout the world for his accomplishments at the Haarlem Gynaecological Clinic in the Netherlands. In this, his eightieth and best-known book, Dr. Van de Velde discusses 546 separate aspects of sexual love in language that anyone can understand. He writes beautifully, without vague allusions or mock modesty, and what he has to say is the wisdom of many years experience.

Even if your doctor spent hours answering your most intimate questions, it would be difficult for him to give you as much detailed information as you will find in *IDEAL MARRIAGE*. And yet the price of this time-tested, helpful book is less than the cost of a few visits to a doctor.

Dr. Van de Velde's book, being an undisputed classic in its field, is available at bookstores throughout the world. If your bookseller is temporarily out of stock, he can order one for you, or we shall be happy to send a copy by mail for seven days examination. At the end of that time, you may, if you wish, return the book for prompt refund of the purchase price. Fill out the convenient coupon at the right, and mail it to RANDOM HOUSE, Dept. 250, 457 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 22.

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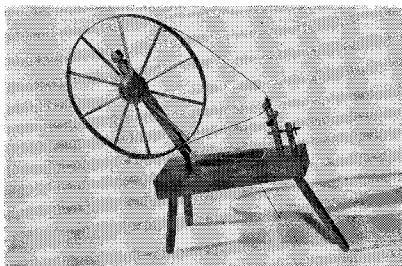
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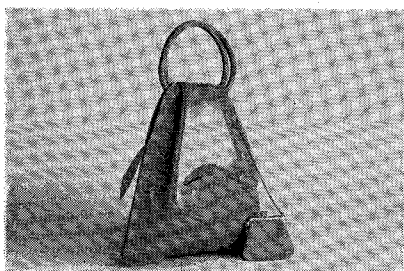
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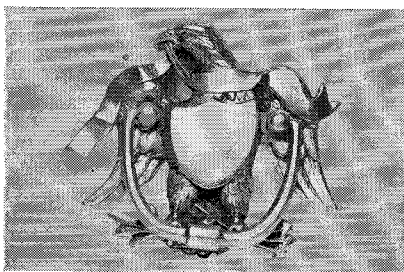
PRODUCTS ON PARADE edited by Florence Semon



Reproduction of Early American spinning wheel is actually a planter. Made of wood and finished in rustic maple; measures 18" high, 18" long and 5" wide. Wheel has 12" diameter. \$5.95 pp. Sleepy Hollow Gifts, Dept. COR, 1037 Crane Dr., Falls Church, Virginia.



Handsome bag of supple cowhide has unusual features such as zipper closing on side and pocket for chain-attached change purse on front. In black, red, pumpkin, gold, heather green or cream. By Park Lane. \$17 pp. Saks-34th, Dept. 627, 34th at Broadway, N.Y. 1, N.Y.



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OCTOBER, 1958

11

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Happiest Housewife in Cochise County

A former 176-pound heavyweight is having the time of her life in a size nine figure

Like the great Indian Chief her county was named for, Marge Reyes of Douglas, Arizona one day went on the warpath!

In Marge's case the issue was overweight. "Take it off," she told herself after 30 years of battling the problem . . . and with the help of Stauffer Home Reducing Plan she did.

As a child Marge began overeating. Married at 18, she piled on 58 new pounds with her first pregnancy, kept most of them. Then she sat as a switchboard operator for 10 years.

"A perfect blueprint for misery," says Marge "—eating, sitting and no exercise!" Her weight reached 176.

Finally Marge tried the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan, and soon was down to a slim 109 pounds.

Her life changed dramatically . . . she became an outgoing, happy person! And Marge wanted to help others.

She began with Hector, her affable (but 200-pound) husband. Stauffer Home Plan cut his weight to 167. Then Marge and Stauffer removed a roll of

(Advertisement)



Before—(above) Marge Reyes began eating herself out of shape in childhood. After two babies and 10 years of sitting at a switch-board job, her weight reached 176.

After—(right) With Stauffer Home Reducing Plan, which combines effortless exercise with calorie reduction, she slimmed to a shapely 109 pounds.

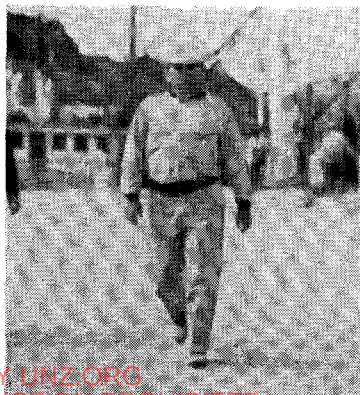


fat around teen-age daughter Marilyn's midriff. Fourteen-year-old Danny wasn't overweight, but Mr. Stauffer's "Magic Couch" improved his posture.

Having reshaped her household, Marge started on the neighbors. She now has ten families on 9th Street slimming with Stauffer! "It's been a wonderful year," says Marge, "living in a 'teen-age' body and helping everybody get slim!"

To learn how Stauffer can help you get—and keep—a lovelier figure, write Dept. CT-108, 1919 Vineburn, Los Angeles 32, California.

Husband Hector, weighing 200 in this picture, was the second family member to slim down. Stauffer trimmed his waist 9 inches, cut his weight to 167.



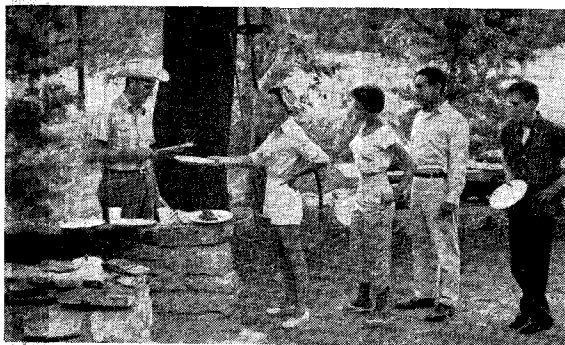
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Daughter Marilyn lost 15 pounds through her midriff, now uses the "Magic Couch" (Posture Rest®) daily to keep her figure trim.



"It's fun living in a 'teen-age' body," says Marge Reyes, who often joins her own teen-ager for a swim. Marge completely remade her figure without starvation diet or strenuous exercise.



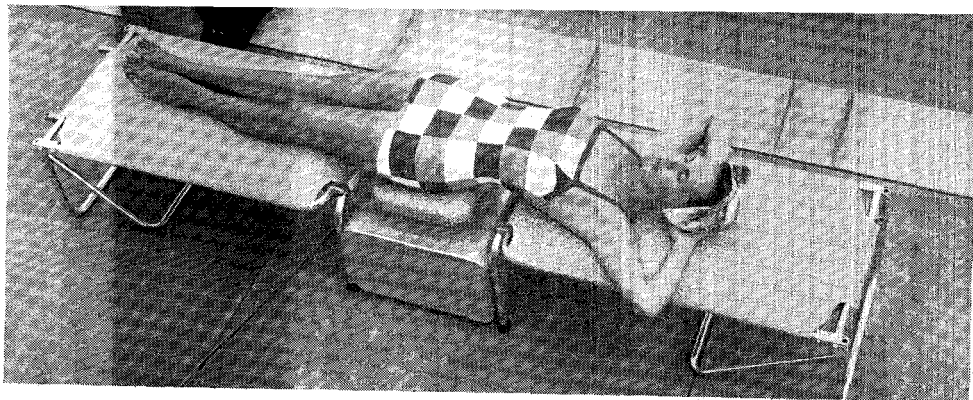
Celebrating their trim new figures, the Reyes family enjoys barbecue at Silver Spur Ranch. Son Danny didn't need to lose weight, but the "Magic Couch" helped correct his posture.



Football star Charles Jordan pins a corsage on Marilyn. She leads an active life—quite different from her mother's unhappy teen-age days.



Which shopper is the mother? It's hard to tell for both wear size nine! Stauffer meant losing a lifetime collection of weight for Marge—defeating one problem area for Marilyn. (Mother is the "Twin" on the left.)



Relaxing in the Arizona sunshine, Marge keeps her figure in shape with Mr. Stauffer's "Magic Couch," heart of the Stauffer Home Reducing Plan which removes excess inches from hips, tummy, ankles, thighs. "The beauty of Stauffer," says Marge, "is that it leaves your skin so smooth and firm after you've lost weight." The "Magic Couch" is available in the Princess model and deluxe family model. You may rent it by the month or buy it for pennies a day.

Thrilled with her new figure, Marge Reyes is dedicated to helping others find happiness the same way. Brief case in hand, she calls on friends in nearby Bisbee to tell them about Stauffer. For more information about this proved way to reduce, write: STAUFFER HOME REDUCING PLAN, Dept. CT-108, 1919 Vineburn, Los Angeles 32, Calif....or Dept. CT-108, 1500 N. Ogden, Chicago 10, Ill....or Dept. CT-108, 5929 Riverdale, New York 71, N. Y. No obligation.

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all about you

Love and the working woman; what is middle age; gambling children

CAREER GIRL'S DILEMMA

Basically, woman has changed little since the time of Eve—with one notable exception. Where formerly her job was to relate—simply and directly—to Adam, she now has a drive toward self-realization that includes fulfilling her intellectual and emotional capacities.

In a career girl this poses a problem. She has no "Career Girl Eve" with whom to identify. If in



her private life she exhibits those qualities of independence and skill that make her excel on the job, she may keep love at arm's length. Yet in the workaday world she must inhibit her natural impulse to become completely involved in her chores.

Thus she often resorts to play-acting, and keeps a tight rein on her emotions during the day, points out Dr. Evelyn Hooker, UCLA research psychologist. But this is a costly disguise because it may hinder her capacity to give fully and freely in a natural relationship.

NIBBLING AT THE BAIT

Dangle the chance of winning a big prize before Junior's eyes—and the odds are he'll try for it—rather than settle for a more certain but less valuable award.

Surprisingly, 81 percent of the British schoolchildren (aged 9 to 15) studied by Drs. John Cohen and C. E. M. Hansel favored the longshot when given a choice among one box of candy, a one-in-five chance of winning five boxes, and a one-in-25 chance of snaring 25 boxes.

The 15-year-olds, however, were less daring gamblers. For only seven out of 50 of them were willing to risk all for the higher stakes. But those who chose to play it safe were actually closer to adults in the way they responded to betting bait, the psychologists pointed out. Most people seem to prefer the candy in the mouth—that is, if they really have a yen for it in the first place.

AGELESS PROBLEM

Is middle age the peak of existence, or the point from which one slides downhill? Your opinion may depend on where you stand financially and socially.

After interviewing 700 families, Dr. Bernice Neugarten of the Uni-



versity of Chicago discovered that many men in the middle and upper income groups saw themselves as mellow fellows, ready to reap life's greatest rewards. Women in this

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to your
children?**



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A door key—your right to lock your door against illegal government force and prying.

(Fourth Amendment, U. S. Constitution)

A pencil—freedom to speak or write what you think, whether you agree with the government or not.

(First Amendment, U. S. Constitution)

And a free ballot—your right to choose the people who represent you in government—your protection against government tyranny.

(Article I, U. S. Constitution)

HALF the world is trying to destroy these 4 symbols and what they stand for.

Even in this country, there are people who threaten our freedoms, by trying to give the U. S. government more and more control over American life.

For example, the federal government already runs some of the electric light and power business. And Congress is being pressed to take over still more. Even though every such step leads down the road to socialism, which is one thing *most Americans don't want*.

If socialism comes to America this way—step by step—one day government will control your job, your independence, your thinking. Then what freedoms will you be able to pass on to your children?

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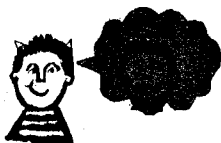
category found these years fruitful too, and serene, without dynamic youngsters around the house.

But many men in the lower income bracket felt handicapped by their age; labeled as has-beens. They reported that although they were using more elbow grease, their working days were getting rougher. The women were only somewhat less pessimistic.

Yet the facts don't support these inferiority feelings, according to Dr. Neugarten. For the social skills of those between 40 and 60—as workers, marriage partners, parents, friends, citizens and homemakers—are as keen as ever, blunted only by overactive fears.

EXCUSABLE EXCUSES

If your child keeps dreaming up excuses for his actions—or lack of them—the fault may be yours. For parents who set unreasonably high standards often cause a child to take refuge in alibis. That's easier for him than facing frustration in being unable to reach your goals, declares Dr. M. F. Grapko of the



University of Toronto's Institute of Child Study.

His study of 300 children in the fourth through sixth grades revealed that boys pop up with excuses oftener than girls; that the

more insecure a child is, the more far-fetched his excuses; and that he's likely to use them most when he feels he's not completely to blame. Dad seems to get handed more excuses than Mom. But the need to lean on these evasions, Dr. Grapko finds, lessens as the child grows older—if he gains the confidence to face up to his problems.

ULTRA-HUMAN GUINEA PIGS

Self-styled experts sometimes ascribe personality quirks to human guinea pigs. But the bold and the brave who nose-dive into danger are frequently better balanced than those who hold back, according to psychologist John T.



Bair and Lt. (jg) Thomas J. Gallagher, both of the Naval School of Aviation Medicine in Florida.

In a group of 1,154 unsuspecting cadets, the researchers reported, 489 stepped forward without hesitation to volunteer for experiments involving exposure to extreme cold and dangerous cosmic rays. None of the cadets realized that the experiments were a hoax—designed only to test their personal qualities.

When the mental abilities of those who volunteered were compared with those who didn't, the following differences were revealed: though the volunteers were younger and less educated, they nevertheless scored higher on IQ, mechanical comprehension and flight aptitude tests. All had a well-defined flair for leadership. The majority were not recruits hankering to be heroes, but near graduates—possibly bucking for higher rank.



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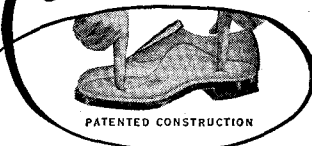
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TELEVISION



Fighting the weight problem with Jackie Gleason will be...



...new sidekick Buddy Hackett who also tips scales at 200.

AFTER A 16-MONTH absence, **Jackie Gleason**, TV's top banana-split personality, returns this month in a new half-hour show on Friday nights. Working "live" for at least 26 shows, Jackie plans a new set of character sketches with a fresh partner, comedian Buddy Hackett, 34.

Hackett will play Chinese houseboy (utilizing his famous Chinese dialect) to Jackie's wealthy playboy, Reggie Van Gleason. And, opening each show, Hackett will report on his "wild wanderings" of the past week and on his "weird-looking" girl friend.

Hackett recalls that he and Gleason worked together only once previously, about five years ago at Red Buttons' home: "We were not so hot," he admits. Rejecting movie offers that followed his outstanding performance later in *God's Little Acre*, Hackett nevertheless signed with Gleason because, he says, "I regard him as the greatest living comedian, from whom I can learn plenty."

Gleason, 42, is chafing to "get back into action," even though his "leisure" has been cushioned by a \$2,000 weekly check under his 15-year CBS contract. He traveled to Europe, designed a music-rehearsal studio for his Peekskill home and learned golf. "He's fantastic," says Hackett. "After seven years, I still shoot in the 90s. Jackie, in one year, broke 80. He plays 72 holes a day, racing along the fairways in a cart."

Another Gleason project, *Audible Literature*, kept him busy recording and scoring classics, among them *A Tale of Two Cities*. Jackie, whose Capitol mood-music albums have had a tremendous sale, also composed a new theme for his TV show. Now fighting the battle of the scales (his weight had soared to 280 pounds), Gleason insists: "I'll tiptoe in at 200 on opening night!"

"By his own admission, Jackie's a glutton for food, but he's a glutton for work, too," says Bullets Durgom, Jackie's personal manager. "He'll design his clothes and scenery, and write the music, sketches and dialog for the show."

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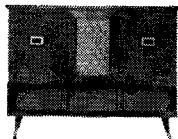
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MUSIC

The King still swings

FRAMED AGAINST the medieval gilt of Brussels' Grand Place, the American dance band seemed strangely out of place. Their leader, wearing a shy grin, gave the beat—slowly and almost tauntingly. Swiftly the orchestra erupted into a swell of rhythm and melody. The leader lifted his clarinet and its trills leaped and darted over the rippling waves of sound like an ocean spray speckled in sunlight. It was the Benny Goodman theme, "Let's Dance," as only the King of Swing delivers it. And the 10,000 Belgium jazz fans shouted and stamped their approval. To Goodman, who shuns the cool cacophony of the current faddists, this was like the swing days of the '30s all over again—and an affirmation of his musical creed.

"There are just two kinds of music," says Goodman flatly, "good and bad. And the stuff that messes up the melody, strains for atonal effects and butchers the beat, just isn't good."

For 35 years he's been expressing this with his virtuosity here and abroad. In the world that responds to pure jazz, Goodman stands as its high priest. His dogma is simple: an orderly approach to music, a respect for the rhythm, instrumental inventiveness, and a total bell-clear tone.

Last spring those 10,000 fans at the

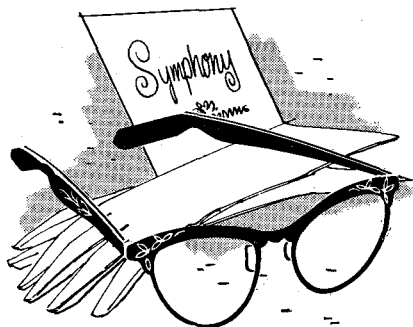


Benny Goodman: he calls the tune.

Grand Place, invited by the Westinghouse Broadcasting Company which had brought Benny to the World's Fair, got the message, too—directly from the horn of this living jazz legend, who has not yet turned 50. Son of an immigrant Chicago tailor—one of a brood of 11—Benny was already playing with the best when he was only 16. In the '30s, he formed his own band with famous-

names-to-be like Harry James, Gene Krupa, Teddy Wilson, Ziggy Elman and Lionel Hampton. From dance halls to theaters, the band, buttressed by the Fletcher Henderson arrangements that Goodman has never forsaken, moved into Carnegie Hall and found immortality.

In 1949 he persuaded Reginald Kell, the world's greatest classical clarinetist, to teach him his special technique. Goodman had been taught to play with the teeth; Kell uses only the lips. The new way demanded a new use of facial muscles; also a different fingering. First Goodman had a surgeon remove a quarter of a century of callouses from his fingertips. Then he began practicing alone five hours a day. When he emerged from two years of almost monastic seclusion, audiences at symphonic concerts heard an artist polished to perfection. Shortly thereafter Goodman put together another group of jazz



New way to happiness

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A FEW SHORT YEARS AGO, WEARING a hearing aid was an invitation for friends to start shouting, or at least, talking louder.

Even though hearing aids were a major boon to the hard of hearing, the large button in the ears and the dangling cord were still psychological handicaps to many.

Hearing aid manufacturers have long realized the importance of concealment—most hard of hearing persons do not like to advertise their handicap.

Another basic problem had been that wearing a hearing aid on the body meant that sound was not received where nature intended. People talk face to face. Sound received at any place but the ears loses part of its clarity and volume. Barette hearing aids worn in the hair were designed as one answer to this need.

If hearing was best at ear level, what better way than using the bows of glasses for the hearing aid.

Maico Electronics, pioneers in hearing instruments went a step further; if the bow could be used for a hearing aid, why not conceal the entire aid inside the bow.

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hearing persons prefer to adapt their present glasses to new Maico Hearing Glasses.

The new 1959 Maico Hearing Glasses are available in new classic colors and design.

Although a million persons now wear hearing glasses, many millions more who have a hearing loss and have refused, because of pride, to wear a regular hearing aid are today more conspicuous because of their inadequate hearing than they would be hearing naturally with new Maico Hearing Glasses.

A Maico consultant in any of 275 cities can show you these miniature masterpieces—the new 1959 Maico Hearing Glasses, or if you prefer, an actual cut-out replica of these new hearing glasses along with a factual booklet on Hearing Glasses will be sent you FREE. Just mail a card to Maico, Room 116H, 21 No. 3rd St., Minneapolis, Minn.



MUSIC

stars—rehearsed them with martinet precision—and let a new generation hear jazz as the King believed it should sound. Audiences went wild all over again. Says one of his ex-horn players, "He drives you nuts, always rehearsing. But when he picks up his stick and gives out with that knifelike phrasing, precision control and effortless range the guy just stands alone."

A silent man with a cement-like inability to be stirred by trivia, Goodman lightens or darkens—depending on how the music goes. When it goes well he grins, practically ignores the audience and listens dreamily. If it turns sour—even slightly—he verges on fury.

But at his Connecticut country home, with his socialite wife, Alice Hammond, whom he married in 1941, and his two daughters, Benjie, 12, and Rachel, 15, he's the serene proud papa, tootling with the girls in a family musicale and, between four hours of daily rehearsal, fishing in his private pond.

His current recordings, Columbia's "Benny at Brussels," (C2L16) and the Westinghouse special rec-

ord, "World Favorites," reflect the inflexible Goodman taste. They include the great tunes of the '30s, featuring the arrangements he would no more violate than would Stokowski rewrite Beethoven.

He lives a squirish life in a sort of perpetual semi-retirement. Royalties from his great record albums of the past enable him to write a check for as much as he'll ever need. Now he gets his greatest kicks from the effects of his music on new audiences, especially the young—internationally. Like many another artist who has spent most of a life keeping his mouth shut around a horn bit, Goodman is no virtuoso with words. The tortuous intellectualism of the arty jazz critics leaves him cold.

On his return from Europe, Benny was confronted by a reporter who wove a highbrow web around a question which really asked Goodman to explain how jazz knits divergent peoples together where diplomats fail. Goodman brooded for a few seconds and said laconically, "Dunno, guess maybe it's because it's got no words." L.W.G.

CORONET'S CHOICE FROM RECENT RECORDINGS

Steve Allen: All Star Jazz Concert; Decca 8151/2
 Louis Armstrong: Ambassador Satch; Columbia CL-840
 Ruby Braff: Hi-Fi Salute to Bunny; RCA Victor LPM-1510
 Dave Brubeck with Jay & Kai at Newport; Columbia CL-932
 Buck Clayton: Buckin' the Blues; Vanguard VRS-8514
 Eddie Condon: Roaring Twenties; Columbia CL-1089
 Miles Davis: Miles Ahead; Columbia CL-1041
 Vic Dickenson Showcase (with Ruby Braff); Vanguard VRS-8520
 Duke Ellington: Ellington Indigos; Columbia CL-1085
 Lionel Hampton: Jazz Flamenco; RCA Victor LPM-1422
 Phineas Newborn Plays Arlen's Jamaica Music; RCA Victor LPM-1589
 Artie Shaw: Any Old Time; RCA Victor LPM-1570
 George Shearing: In the Night; Capitol T-1003
 Jack Teagarden: Big T's Jazz; Decca 8304

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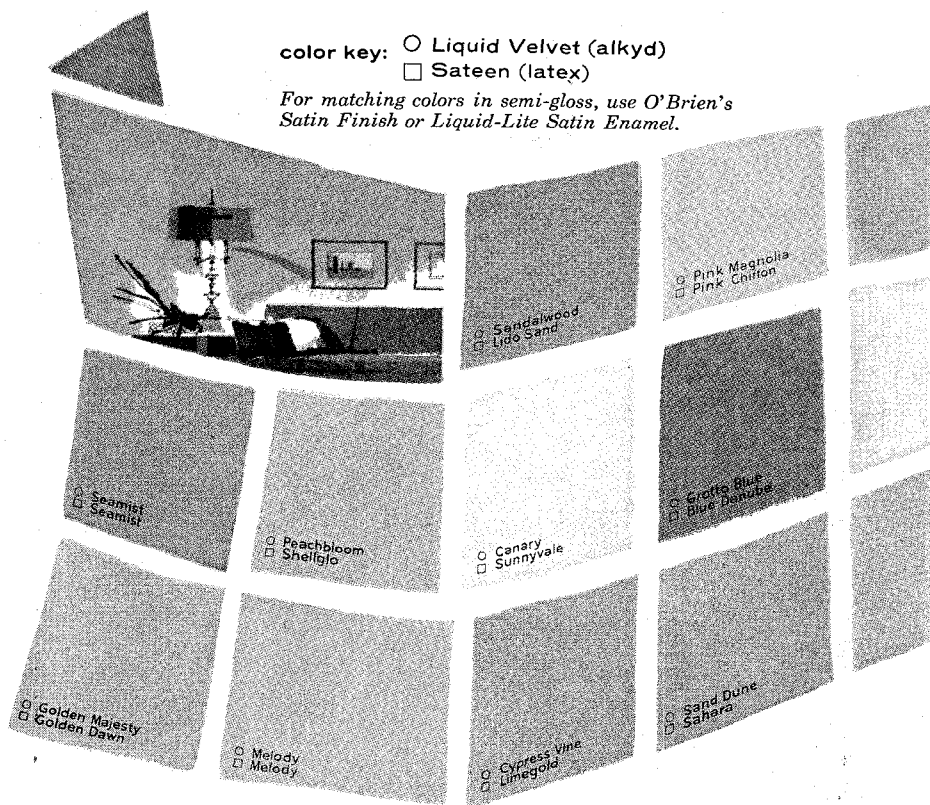
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FAMILY TALK

the tie that binds

by OSCAR SCHISGALL

I MET this Chinese clergyman in the club car of a Washington train, and he nodded at the newspaper in my lap—a New York paper whose headlines told of a teenage murder gang.

“Why do America’s young people form bands of killers and thieves?” he asked. “How can such things happen in this country which considers itself the most enlightened civilization has ever produced?”

“In the first place,” I said, “you must not regard all American children as problem cases just because a handful in New York get into a mess. As for why it happens—I imagine the reasons are the same everywhere. Don’t the Chinese have problems in juvenile delinquency?”

“No. We have our share of unruly individuals, but never this kind of trouble—never gangs. Our Chinese

family life makes such a thing almost impossible.”

I felt skeptical about this and asked, “How does your family life differ?”

“For one thing, in our homes we talk to one another and we enjoy our talk,” the clergyman explained. “From what I have seen, I think American homes are losing the love of good family conversation and companionship. Families eat together, yes; but immediately after the meal the children run out to seek their friends on the streets. And the parents seem glad to be left in peace. Where there *is* talk, it too often becomes bickering. Parents and children seem impatient with one another.

“We Chinese have learned the secret of drawing our children’s interest toward the home. In this way

we avoid juvenile delinquency."

What this Chinese clergyman recommended is a practice that has, of course, been followed in American homes, too. Some homes have given it *unique forms*.

For example, the family of Franklin Delano Roosevelt used to gather, after dinner, to read Shakespearean plays together. Each child read a different part. The effect was that of an unrehearsed performance, with all its fun and excitement—and afterwards there would be a discussion of the things Shakespeare was trying to say.

Countless American families make a point of reading the Bible together, if only for a few minutes a day; and here and there I have known families that made a project of reading novels aloud.

The cleverest way of insuring family companionship is, of course, to build it on familiar interests. A family might, for example, have some sort of collection, such as stamps, books, shells, which could furnish a subject for joyous and animated conversation.

To teach children to share the interests of parents, however, is only one side of the coin. There is also the other side—in which parents educate themselves to share the interests of children.

I know a distinguished publisher, the father of two teenage sons who were ardent high school athletes. He and his wife coached themselves to understand the nuances of every sport the boys followed. They discussed every game.

In short, these parents became part of their boys' lives. In their case

it worked beautifully to form a strong community of interest within the family.

"Not that we discussed only sports," the publisher says. "Once we had developed the habit of discussing things together, we found soon enough that we could talk to the boys about a thousand things—for the boys knew we were never trying to impose our interests upon them in an effort to replace their own."

THEOLOGIANs have pointed out that the very thing we ought to have today—closer home ties—was commonplace during Biblical times. The Talmudists considered the Hebrew home an extension of both the synagogue and the school. Within its walls the father served as both rabbi and teacher. His constant injunction to the children, repeated day after day, was: "Be holy unto your God!" And how could a child be holy unto his God and simultaneously turn to crime? He couldn't. As a consequence, such a thing as juvenile delinquency was unknown among the ancient Jews.

The form of teaching that went on in the home was in large part a discussion of the Bible. And as a modern clergyman said to me, "Any home that concentrates on interpreting the meanings of the Bible, even for an hour a day, is a home in which there is neither room nor time for acts of evil." No doubt that is good common sense.

But the family conversation that I remember most clearly came from a simple, middle-income home in New York where I had dinner. After the

meal the father, a lawyer, said we were ready for "the experience hour."

We settled in the living room, the parents, their two boys and two girls, whose ages ranged from 15 down to nine, and I. At the beginning, each child related his own most interesting experience of the day. The oldest, having built an airplane equipped with a miniature motor, told of the thrill of seeing it fly around a playground.

The older girl reported that she had been the guest of a friend at an afternoon musical broadcast. She described it with enthusiasm. And so it went. Each child's experience became the subject of animated talk.

After the children's contributions, the mother told of an article she had read that day on the prospects of flights to the moon. Then the father (who had evidently been considering the purchase of a new car) told a vivid and funny story of how he had tested his own long figure—six feet two inches—in a variety of small European automobiles.

It was a gay tale that kept the children laughing. Especially when Dad illustrated the positions in

which he'd had to get into cars and out again—and it made for delightful conversation.

When it was all over, I asked the man, "Do you have these sessions often?"

"Every day at dinner or afterwards," he said. "They make our family get-togethers happy adventures."

"Do you just speak about anything that comes to mind?"

"Oh, no. I try to plan things ahead of time, at least in a general sense. For the most part, I try to keep our talk lighthearted. But once or twice a week I'll discuss something serious—a book I've just read, or a play we've seen. I even tell of a problem that's come up in my business—if it's an *interesting* problem."

I said, "If you told some fathers to start leading their families into the area of good home conversation, wouldn't they be baffled? Wouldn't their first question be, '*How?*'?"

"Sure," my friend agreed. "But

*The family shares
a good laugh as
Dad shows how he
squeezed his big
frame into
small foreign cars.*



there's a simple four-point program anybody can follow.

"*First*, as a father reads his paper, or a book, or talks to someone in his office, he can easily find, once a day, something worth talking about at home. It's just a matter of jotting down a memo to *remember* this or that. Pretty soon he'll find he has more material than he can discuss.

"*Second*, every father can instruct his children in the rudiments of his own trade or business. In that he is presumably an expert.

"*Third*, the father and mother must understand that children are great imitators. They always ape their elders. Therefore, in their talk and behavior, the parents must shape themselves into the kind of figures they'd like their youngsters to be—decent, self-respecting, dignified. And that has to be reflected in the *way* parents talk. In short,

they have to create the proper image.

"*Fourth*, there is the matter of discipline. The families of Biblical times knew that unbridled children have distorted ideas of their own importance. So the families insisted on discipline. The parents were never to be disobeyed. Maybe this was a harsh principle with which some modern psychologists would disagree, but it worked perfectly for many, many centuries."

And then he concluded, "I too feel that a home full of good cheer and animated, engrossing discussion is the best possible deterrent to juvenile delinquency. That kind of home may require the father and mother to plan and think and work out a daily program that will win the children's interest. But if the effort keeps a child out of a street gang, it's the most important thing a parent can do."



Helping Hands

A JACKSON, MICHIGAN, MOTORIST whose car caught fire flagged the first oncoming vehicle he saw. It happened to be a truck loaded with soft drinks. The motorist and the truck driver shook several bottles of pop until it fizzed, flipped off the caps and squirted it on the burning car.

It put out the fire.

—A. C. WILLIAMS

A SECOND-GRADE TEACHER in Oswego, New York, reports she noticed during class construction of a "space ship" that one of her pupils was upset and close to tears.

The teacher asked him what his trouble was.

The youngster blurted, "The girls want to put up *curtains* in our space ship."

—MRS. VAUGHN CLARK

AN OKLAHOMA CITY OFFICER gallantly assisted a woman who was having trouble with a parking meter and banged the meter hard a couple of times.

He gave her a summons, though, when a slug appeared behind the glass.

—HAROLD HELPER

HIGHLY DECORATED soldier, asked how he happened to win the Distinguished Service Cross, explained it this way:

"The Colonel said he needed a volunteer for an extremely dangerous mission, and he said it was unlikely the man would ever return. Then he asked one man to step forward."

"And you stepped forward?" gushed one woman, admiringly.

"Not exactly," said the soldier. "The rest of the line stepped backwards."

—Wall Street Journal

BARBER SHOP customer was complaining about the high price of haircuts.

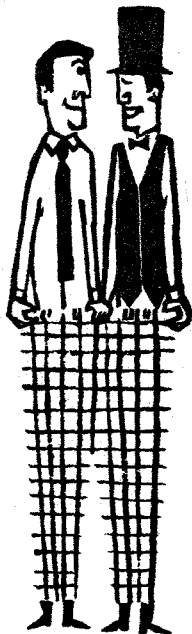
"I've just returned from London," he said. "Over there, I was able to get a good haircut for 65 cents."

"Yes," retorted the barber. "But look at the fare."

—SYD KLEIN

MAN who was working for an exterminating company in Los Angeles was an easygoing chap, but was given a bad shock when he showed up for work one Monday morning. The boss called him into his office and fired him.

As he was cleaning out his locker,



another worker asked: "What's the matter? You're not leaving, are you?"

"Yes," nodded the fired employee. "The boss just told me that I was a good enough exterminator, but I lacked the killer-instinct."

—Wall Street Journal

ONE DAY, a friend asked artist Pablo Picasso to check on the authenticity of three paintings being offered as genuine Picassos.

The artist examined the first canvas, and said: "It's a fake. Very poorly done."

He examined the second.

"This is also a fake. How could anyone mistake this mishmash for Picasso?"

He examined the third, and said: "And this, too, is a fake."

"But, Pablo," interrupted the friend, pointing to the third painting, "I saw you paint this one with my own eyes."

"You did?" Picasso re-examined the painting. "Well, it is the best of the three."

—E. E. EDGAR

ROBERT Q. LEWIS knows a poor Texas family. They use yesterday's water in the swimming pool and eat left-over pheasant-burgers.

—HY GARDNER (New York Herald Tribune)

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An ex-socialite, who dared to be herself, reveals the emotional and intellectual sterility of the world she left behind



The low state of high society

by CATHY O'BRIEN

as told to Robert J. Levin

RECENTLY A social register family I know became upset over the behavior of their youngest daughter. Like all well-bred young ladies who are being prepared to take their places among America's social elite, she had been given piano lessons. Unlike the other girls, however, she enjoyed playing and practiced diligently.

Her parents grew alarmed. The girl's love of music was clearly setting her apart from the rest of her pre-debutante set—and so the parents called in a psychiatrist to find out what was wrong with her.

In high society today no one dares to be different. No one even dares be himself. As a result, socialites are lost souls.

If you are born into the social world, as I was (my ancestors include a signer of the Declaration of Independence, an adjutant to General George Washington, and the vice-president of the Confederacy during the Civil War), you are taught from the outset to conform to rigid but sterile standards.

Little matters except appearances. Whether a person is emotionally and intellectually alive or dead is of less

importance than the fact that she is seen in the right places at the right time, wearing the proper clothes. No girl would dream of attending a country club cocktail party, for example, unless she wore the customary "uniform": black dress, one-pearl earrings and a single strand of pearls. Two strands would be considered vulgar.

What makes this sad is that those girls who meekly live out their lives in this dull social world dread what normal girls desire—the exciting sense of their own uniqueness.

So they hide behind impersonal black dresses or dark gray suits in the winter, and plain cotton or linen dresses in the summer. These clothes must never seem brand new.

This training isn't easily overcome. I felt miserable when I went to the opening night of the Jean Anouilh play, *The Waltz of the Torreadors*, wearing a flaming red chiffon dress with a halter neckline. Everyone around me wore conventionally subdued clothes, and I simply didn't have the courage to remove my coat.

LIFE for America's so-called social aristocrats is colorless and uninspired. Our education, now that I look back at it, seems to have produced a frightening number of properly mannered, emotionally passive and intellectually sterile young snobs. I wasn't aware of this at first, of course, for I didn't know there was any other way to live. As a child, I associated only with children who came from homes like my own. We all moved together along the time-honored line: Lincoln School,

Marymount School, Finch Junior College.

What saved me was my interest in drama and art. I majored in these subjects at Finch, despite my father's strong objections. When he warned that he might cut off my allowance, I got a job, under an assumed name, in the chorus line of New York's Copacabana nightclub. I planned to use my earnings to continue my dramatic studies.

But I never danced a step at the Copacabana. My father surrendered.

As I explored the world of the theater, the world of high society became more and more insipid. Even conversations with my old friends grew strained. They talked of nothing except the clubs they belonged to, the date and place of their "coming out," or social events at Newport, Southampton or Palm Beach. Their activities rarely extended beyond dancing or playing bridge, canasta, golf or tennis.

Life, for them, was orderly and predictable. Eventually a "proper" marriage would be maneuvered by their parents, and a wedding would follow. Love? I never heard *anyone* in my circle speak of being in love.

A boy I'd known for many years once confided to me how he felt about his recent bride. "Of all the people I've ever met," he said, "I like her best."

And how many times have I heard the remark that a particular couple obviously had a good marriage "because they get on well together." This, apparently, is all young socialites can hope for.

When I married, I was very much in love. But life in our circle proved

unbearably dull, and soon this affected our marriage.

We lived in an attractive East Side apartment in Manhattan and spent our summers in Southampton. In New York, I would arise about 10 A.M., eat a quick breakfast, and instruct the maid on the day's menu. I had next to no domestic work to do myself. Then I would be off for a visit with my family, have lunch at the Colony or some other expensive restaurant, sit around talking with friends until late afternoon, and finally put in an appearance at a committee meeting—for the New York Infirmary, perhaps, or Boys' Towns of Italy.

Occasionally, to everyone's surprise, we actually planned something worthwhile. But a more characteristic session would see us killing time gossiping, or—much more exciting—politely fighting like mad to be chosen to pose for publicity photographs that would be published in local newspapers to promote these charities.

Afterward, I might have dinner at home, or at a private club like The Lynx. Then a game of bridge at someone's apartment would bring the limp day to an end. Several nights a week I either dined alone or with friends, since my husband was attending club meetings, where the men, having happily shed their wives, bolstered their egos with drinks and spent endless hours debating whether to admit a new candidate or planning a social function that would be precisely the same as the one held the previous year.

On winter weekends, after sleeping late, my husband and I hopped

from one party to another, managing somehow to avoid seeing each other almost all the while. During spring and summer we would weekend out of town, but the routine never varied. Except for eating, almost everything I did was unnecessary and without meaning.

On the rare occasions when I discussed this with intimate friends before obtaining my divorce, they invariably replied that I was lucky to "get along" with my husband. They claimed that being bored, after all, was better than being unhappy.

Behind such a depressing point of view lies a subject that is infrequently discussed: sexual love. The idea that the pulse of passion may be part of the very pulse of life fills socialites with dismay. So they deny it by learning to neutralize their emotions.

This is particularly damaging to the male. He becomes passive and withdrawn, incapable of asserting himself. Seldom does he succeed in business. It must be more than coincidence that in social circles I have met a disproportionate number of men who stammer or stutter, who constantly ask a girl what she wants to do instead of making suggestions themselves, and who have never learned to lead their partner firmly on the dance floor.

Sex, for them, becomes an incident, not a relationship. As might be expected, they often seek satisfaction in a fling with a pick-up, not so much because this can be arranged more easily but because they can use their money and social prestige as proof of superiority. Thus they can think of themselves as *men*.

I know one man, for instance, who



Cathy reigns as Queen of the Irish Linen Show (right) and chats with actor Bill Holden (left) at movie premiere. Since making her break with the past, she has found a new life as an actress.



lives with his aged but domineering mother. She supports him financially and has kept him from marrying. But she permits him to pay a different call girl to stay with him each summer, and this apparently keeps Junior—who is almost 50—quite happy.

If sex is considered something mechanical, and love is a passion to be feared, what other basis for marriage remains except convenience? Many a high society wedding has coupled a man and woman who have nothing in common except their names in the Social Register. No deep feelings are invested in such marriages; and divorce, instead of being a painful experience, is often considered as simply the next logical step. Almost everyone I know has had at least one divorce. Interestingly enough, in most of the second marriages, each partner chose a mate outside the Social Register.

This represents more, however, than just a reaction. For 30 years or more, two separate groups have been trying, rather successfully, to break down Old Guard resistance and enter the supposedly charmed circle. One group consists primarily of men, who buy their way in; the second consists of women, who marry their way in.

The men are wealthy business tycoons, generally prodded on by their wives and daughters. From what I have observed, though, the men themselves are equally eager to belong. Newspapers recently headlined the suicide of one such magnate, who squandered a fortune trying to make the grade and yet was never really accepted by the social world.

When these intruders do succeed, it is because the Old Guard is financially strapped and must sell villas at Palm Beach or Newport, and memberships in exclusive clubs—all of

"For 30 years . . . two groups have sought to break into the charmed circle: men who buy their way in—women who marry their way in."

which may lead even to listings in the Social Register itself.

The army of invading women includes many types: models, singers, dancers, actresses—and even call girls, junior grade. What they have in common is beauty and a willingness to barter it. Many come equipped with ambitious mothers, and more than a few pay press agents to trumpet their virtues.

Within the past ten years, these girls have made headway. Originally they set their sights on the debutante cotillions, at which young ladies with a proper background were presented to society. The newcomers, who lacked this background, offered beauty and glamor as substitutes. Their pictures decorated newspapers, they themselves decorated resorts, clubs and charity balls, and they snapped up eligible bachelors.

Each year more and more glamor girls elbowed their way into the cotillion until finally they swamped the true debutantes and transformed the affair into a commercial farce.

I remember a strikingly beautiful girl who made a lavish debut several years ago. Some months later the truth was out: her father owned a small store in some suburb, her unconcealed charms were displayed in a Broadway musical, and her bills were paid by a well-heeled, middle-aged admirer.

Another method was used by someone whose audacity won my

grudging admiration. An attractive girl, she dressed magnificently and frequented Southampton, one summer, seeking company among married men whose wives were away.

An engineered introduction led to the conquest of a prominent socialite—and then the girl got what she wanted: not money, not mink, but a season's membership in an exclusive club. Once she possessed this, the outcome was inevitable. I read of her marriage, not long afterward, to a wealthy blueblood.

A measure of the extent to which outsiders have infiltrated the Old Guard ranks can be found in classes at a fashionable New York private school. Twenty years ago, the only children who attended were the offspring of high society families, being groomed for their debuts. Today, however, less than five percent of the enrollment has any such standing.

Whether this is for the better or not, I can't judge. But there is one thing that seems ominous. In a class of 30 girls, of which I have personal knowledge, *only two* still have their original parents.

It strikes me that in today's mongrelized social world, the relationship between parents and children has steadily deteriorated. Mothers, for example, apparently think it would be degrading if they went to pick up their youngsters at school. Even when the family is hard pressed for money, someone — doorman,

cabdriver or boy—is paid to call for the children.

Years ago, rarely did a wealthy family do without a governess. She was a woman of culture and breeding, and she contributed a great deal to the upbringing of the children entrusted to her care. Often she held the position for a lifetime and thus helped stabilize the family.

In today's topsy-turvy world, however, all this is reversed. Families seek governesses because having one adds to their prestige. But since they cannot afford to pay adequate salaries, they are forced to hire incompetent and unreliable women. The children experience a succession of such individuals, from whom they learn little and who leave them emotionally upset.

I know of one case where this hiring and firing was no accident. The mother, as neurotic as they come, kept rotating governesses so that her only child wouldn't form any rival attachments.

High society has been slipping downhill, in my opinion, for 30 years; and it hasn't much further to go. The choices before the Old Guard now are plain. They can stay put at Southampton and Palm Beach, at Newport and Tuxedo Park, throwing in the sponge and letting the invaders rule the social realm. Or they can retreat to isolated spots, safe from intruders and

out of touch with the rest of the world.

Or they can counterattack. They can take stock of their talents, as their pioneer ancestors once did, and plunge back into the mainstream of American life. They can learn to live instead of vegetating. They can start a new high society, basing it not on birth or money but on talent and ability.

As for myself, I knew that I could no longer live in the smothering atmosphere of what passes for society today. Since making the break, I have appeared in summer theater plays, been on television innumerable times (including a show of my own that originated in Baltimore), and I hope to make my Broadway debut in a drama called *Celia*.

These accomplishments please me; but what sets me singing is something else. It is the conviction that I am doing worthwhile and constructive work. That I am capable of standing on my own two feet. From this I can draw renewed strength and courage and confidence—emotions I never felt in the world I left behind.

I'm not likely to forget this difference. I'm reminded of it whenever I observe today's socialites at firsthand. The contrast seems most striking at Southampton. You'd have more fun at Coney Island. Take it from me—I know.

Souped Up

In restaurants where soup is sold,
From Maine to Alabama,
Clam chowder's very often cold,
But very seldom clammy.

—RICHARD ARMOUR
The American Legion Magazine

A HIGH JUMP TO SUCCESS



SON, it's a slipping business you're in," Clem Mathis told his boy Johnny. "So keep your feet on the ground. Practice being real in your little self. If you balloon it up, people read you and quickly get off the wagon."

"I'm trying, Daddy, I really am," Johnny said, and boarded a plane to keep singing engagements at the Black Orchid in Chicago, the Chase Club in St. Louis, the Copacabana in New York.

His father's cautioning words were nothing new to Johnny Royce Mathis. He had been reared on them. But they were especially timely now, in the face of success overwhelming enough to turn any young man's head.

For Johnny Mathis had just completed one month's appearance at the plush Fairmont Hotel in his home city, San Francisco, for an average of \$4,000 a week. Before that he had been held over at the Crescendo on Hollywood's Sunset Strip. He had been paid \$25,000 to sing a song in 20th Century-Fox's *A Certain Smile*. He had sung "Wild Is The Wind" for this year's Academy Award audience in Hollywood.

CORONET

He was about to sign a movie contract. He had two gold records (over a million sales) to his credit—"It's Not For Me To Say" and "Chances Are." And it was estimated that he would earn close to half a million dollars this year of 1958.

Yet a year and a half ago, few people were aware of this young tenor with the reedlike body and voice to match. He did not even have the price of a ticket to New York for his first recording session for Columbia Records. The ticket, plus money for two suits, was provided by his manager, Helen Noga.

Johnny Mathis is just 23 years old, though he appears a hungry, vulnerable 17. When he sings a romantic ballad in high falsetto, his large, dark eyes gaze out over the heads of his audience as if in shy search of someone. Without resorting to typical nightclub gestures or hip-swaying, he lets voice tell the story, giving lingering, quivery care to certain key words or phrases.

Then he breaks the saccharine atmosphere just this side of stickiness with a jump tune, racing from a high trill to deep baritone. Animal spirits, impish pleasure leap into his eyes and possess his thin, wiry frame. Through it all he remains impeccably neat and well-groomed.

Offstage, his manner is frank, open, humorously brash. While Johnny marvels over the money coming in, he finds little to spend it on, other than sweaters, records and his family (his only extravagances). His favorite foods remain Mexican dishes and fried chicken. He claims to "gag at the sight of steak." Any cars he drives are rented (Thunder-

birds and Cadillacs as a rule). He reads nothing but the comic strip "Peanuts." He has no special interests, no hobbies, no close friends to confide in.

Singing rules Johnny's life; it always has. A good performance sends him flying with elation; a poor one sinks him into despondency. In either case, he celebrates or licks his wounds in solitude, reiterating to himself the words of his father: "This has happened before and you got over it, so you will again. But learn from this mistake."

And he says his prayers and goes to bed.

JOHNNY MATHIS was born in a dark, discouragingly dingy basement flat on San Francisco's Post Street, on the fringe of the Fillmore district—a poor colored area, and a tough one. Johnny was the fourth of seven children. Until three years ago, the Mathis family, plus a nephew, lived in those five rooms below street level.

Father Clem admits: "We were social outcasts on Post Street because we were in a *basement* flat." But their crowded home was neat, and Mother Mildred was always washing and scrubbing after her day's work as housemaid and cook elsewhere. "I say a person cannot be close to God and yet be living in filth," she states firmly.

Clem and Mildred were saving continuously toward the day when they could buy a home with enough room for all. Also at the back of Clem's mind was an unfulfilled dream: to be connected with show business. A chauffeur and handy



In college, he set a high-jump record. At this point, he had lost hope for a singing career.

man, he had once dabbled in vaudeville but abandoned it because his people considered it "evil."

When Johnny was eight, Clem bought an old upright piano for \$25. It was so big he had to take it apart to get it into the tiny flat. Johnny hung around it as if it were magic. At three in the morning, when Clem put the last section in place, he sat down and played "My Blue Heaven" for his drowsy audience of one.

"I could see it in his face, that he loved music, too," says Clem today. "I taught him that song. He got it in nothing flat—and he put something into it. That's when I felt it—I felt that the sound I heard, if it was cultivated, maybe a lot of people would

love the sound. And that's when I knew I had a job to do. . . ."

Johnny needed little encouragement to sing for friends, in school productions, church choirs and amateur shows all over town. When he was 13, Connie Cox, a young Oakland singing teacher, heard him and for six years thereafter gave him voice lessons without charge.

Johnny became the first Negro student body president at Roosevelt Junior High School. He maintained a "B" average and was on the honor roll. At George Washington High School he was a six-letter athlete, playing basketball, running the hurdles and high jumping.

Later, while at San Francisco State College, he set a high-jump record which still stands today (6 feet 5½ inches). He was majoring in physical education, having given up any real hopes for a singing career. Too many attempts to get a start had ended in discouragement. According to a former classmate at State, he was "very well-liked. He didn't seem to pal around with anyone in particular, though; he sort of stayed in the background."

Johnny finally marshaled enough nerve to ask to sing with a jazz sextet led by Virgil Gonsalves, another student, who recalls, "He was so polished, he stood out. I wanted him in the group immediately."

Virgil became one of Johnny's few close friends and finally induced him to drop in occasionally at the Black Hawk nightclub on week nights and Sunday afternoons for jam sessions. "He was scared—but people loved him," Virgil remembers.

One Sunday, Helen Noga, short,

blonde co-owner of the club, told her husband John, "I want to manage that boy and push him to the top."

They had just lost money on another venture and John Noga was sceptical. But when Helen Noga's mind is set, an earth-moving machine can't budge her—and her husband capitulated.

Then she went after Johnny. Neither the boy nor his father had ever encountered such aggressiveness before—certainly not in skirts.

"Look," she said at last. "If I get you a recording contract, will you then sign with me?"

"Well," Johnny hedged, "I won't leave school unless I have something in writing."

One hot summer night, when he was singing at the 440 Club where he had landed a weekend job, Helen announced that George Avakian, popular-album producer for Columbia Records in New York, was there to hear him.

"You've got to come out and sing your best song first," she ordered.

"But it's a ballad—I can't open with a ballad," Johnny protested.

"Do it," she said shortly. "That's all he has time for, just one number."

She didn't tell him that even though the vacationing Avakian was suffering from an acute case of poison oak, she had dragged him to the club. Ten minutes in the humid room was all the poor man would be able to endure.

Johnny came out shaking with nervousness. "But I was so mad I got through it," he recalls. "I sang 'Tenderly.'"

Avakian was brief when they met

later: "I want you to sign a contract with Columbia."

Johnny was both stunned and elated. But when he asked his father to sign (he was still a minor), Clem balked.

"Was this man drunk?" he asked cautiously. "Lots of drunks hang around those places."

"No, Daddy. Mr. Avakian doesn't even drink. Please sign."

Clem deliberated for seven days, praying that he would do the right thing. He talked to friends, who related hair-raising tales of sons who had fallen prey to dope, alcohol, wild living in New York. Finally he said to Johnny, "I know you want this and I don't want to stand in your way. But if it is going to make you do things that are not right, and ruin your character, I don't want it."

Johnny assured him he'd be good. And Clem signed the contract.

Avakian told a wildly happy Johnny Mathis to continue singing in clubs for additional experience until contacted. Six months later Columbia called and he was off to New York for his first recording session—and his first trip away from home—accompanied by his triumphant manager.

While there, Helen Noga badgered the owners of the Blue Angel and the Village Vanguard into letting Johnny perform. He sang in these and other clubs almost a year, building his career while waiting for his records to catch on.

Used to Helen's tactics by now, Johnny and his family regard her with wonder and gratitude. Few managers ever worked as hard for

a client. She personally wrote every disc jockey in the U. S. and Canada until they were on a first-name basis. She never let up in her campaign to see that Johnny got the right clubs, the right material, the fattest contracts. She watched over him like a clucking hen, putting him on allowance, cautioning him of pitfalls.

"He 'went Hollywood' for just one week," she says. "I'm not going to have any smart-aleck kid on my hands. I finally sat him down and said, 'Now listen here. Either level out or get yourself another manager!' He snapped out of it quick. . . ."

Three years ago, Johnny's folks had finally scraped together enough money for the down payment on a big three-story house on 32nd Avenue, with a fine yard and a view of the Presidio and the top span of Golden Gate Bridge.

"It's a \$16,000 home," marvels Johnny. "They did it all by themselves, saving up all these years."

His first act, when his career took shape, was to toss out the old, battered furniture and replace it. And success brought his greatest pleasure when he was able to tell his parents, "You don't have to work any more." He put them on his payroll to take

care of his fan mail, and this year paid off their mortgage.

Success has brought an even deeper reward—the family, which had scattered, has become a close unit once more. The three younger children consider Johnny a hero, an example to follow.

Looking far ahead, Johnny Mathis hopes one day to be an executive with a record company, in a position to help other newcomers like himself. But at the moment, he simply wants to become as smooth a performer, as solidly entrenched, as Nat "King" Cole and Lena Horne, whom he considers the "ultimate."

He knows he is not yet a star, though his home city honored him last year by setting aside December 18th as "Johnny Mathis Day."

But there is much work yet to do, much learning ahead. And some way Johnny must find time for a fuller life with some personal meaning . . . and solidify the foundation that so far has kept him from losing his sense of balance.

Until then, he has his father to remind him: "Son, precious gifts come from somewhere. I feel yours came from God. It is good to show a little bit of gratitude. . . ."

Delicious!

COMMENTING ON THE ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES of living at the beach, a housewife recalled an incident that gave her quite a start.

"At the beach," she said, "there are so many things for the children to get into. One day my little boy ran in from the beach and I heard him puttering around in the kitchen. When his sister came in, I asked her what her brother was doing. She called out, 'He's making a jellyfish sandwich.' I dashed into the kitchen and found him putting jelly on the outside of a tuna-fish sandwich he had made!"

—Whimsey Parade (Virginian Pilot)



MARITAL MAZE



A YOUNG HUSBAND WHO realized it was time to start saving money decided to stop using the bus. Therefore, he ran all the way home behind the bus and arrived gasping for breath.

"Darling," he told his wife, "guess what? I saved 20 cents this evening by running home behind the bus."

"That was a silly thing to do," she said. "Why didn't you run behind a taxi and save a dollar?"

—MRS. A. W. REDFORD

THE CHARGE AGAINST the man appearing in the Domestic Relations Division of a municipal court was wife desertion.

With impressive earnestness, the defendant faced the court and said: "Judge, if you knew my wife like I know her, you wouldn't call me a deserter. I'm not a deserter. I'm a refugee."

—Associated Press

COMPLAINING OF BEING TIRED, a housewife visited her doctor and was advised, "Take frequent baths, get plenty of fresh air, and dress in cool clothes."

When she returned home, her husband asked what the doctor had prescribed. She explained: "He said I must have three weeks at Hot Springs, followed by a short stay in the Adirondacks and I should buy some new, light clothes at once."

—GLADYS GREENE

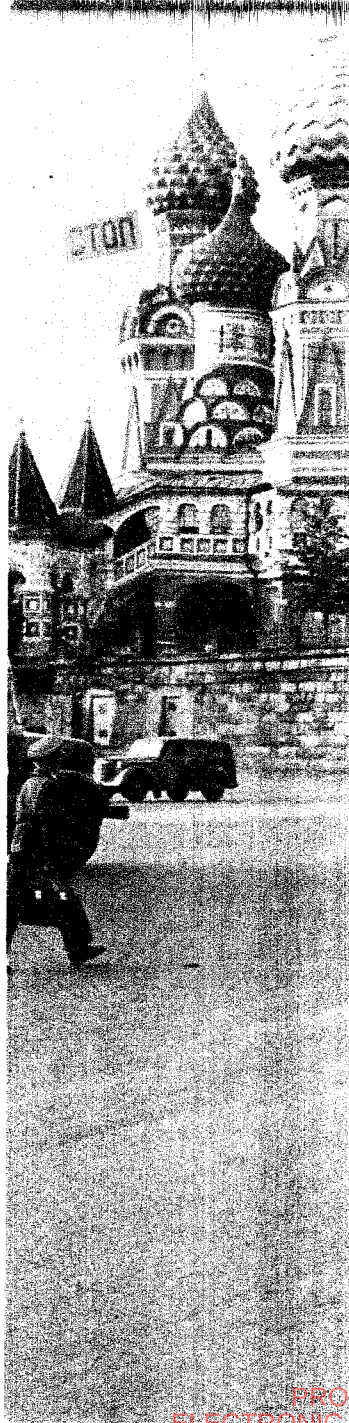
WAITING IN LINE TO BUY tickets for a performance of the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, I noticed a boy about 12 doing a rushing business selling corsages.

As I joined my wife, the young salesman approached us and asked: "Gardenia for your girl friend, sir?"

"What makes you think she's my girl friend?" I asked, as I dug into my pocket for the money.

"Oh, I didn't, really," he confessed candidly. "I always say that to older people." He lowered his voice confidentially: "And when I see a couple of kids I know aren't married, I say, 'How about a gardenia for your wife?' It doesn't make sense—but it's good business!"

—ERNEST BLEVINS (Quote)



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RUSSIA: a roadside view

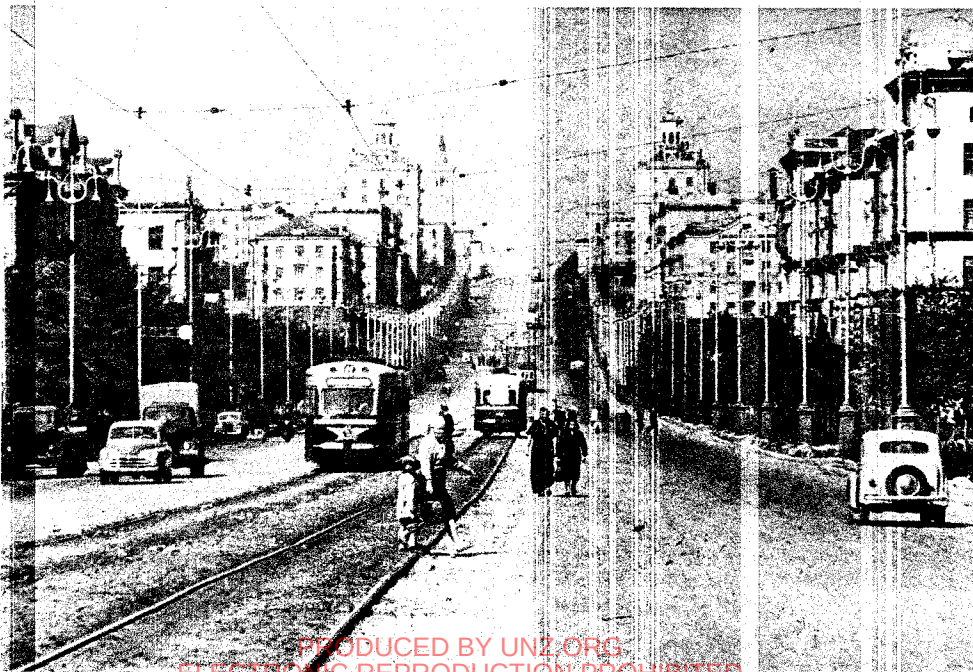


Striding past the domes of Moscow's St. Basil's Cathedral, this young Russian (left) has turned for a startled second look at a sight he has rarely, if ever, seen: a flashy Mercedes-Benz sports car cruising through the Soviet capital. Its passengers, Eberhard Seeliger, Joachim Heldt and Kurt Wollber—three West German reporters—were making a unique, 1,500-mile motor trip through the USSR. Rolling along hitherto forbidden roads from Warsaw to Moscow to the Crimea, they saw Russia as have few Western newsmen. They found it to be a vibrant, often bewildering land of contrast and contradiction: of scientific achievement and appalling ignorance; friendly faces and fear of strangers; mystic feeling and empty churches. On the following pages is their intimate picture report of the journey.

***Photographs by
Eberhard Seeliger***



GERMANS' SLEEK ROADSTER slogs along rutted main road (above). Russia has only 16 good highways. Four gas stations service Moscow's 10,000 cars. In cities like Zaporozhe (below) streets are wide but automobiles scarce.





ARMLESS BEGGAR gets cigarette from sympathetic worker. Russian authorities often banish beggars, cripples, alcoholics and "undesirables" to Siberia so touring foreigners won't see seamy side of everyday Soviet life.

An accent on youth and discipline

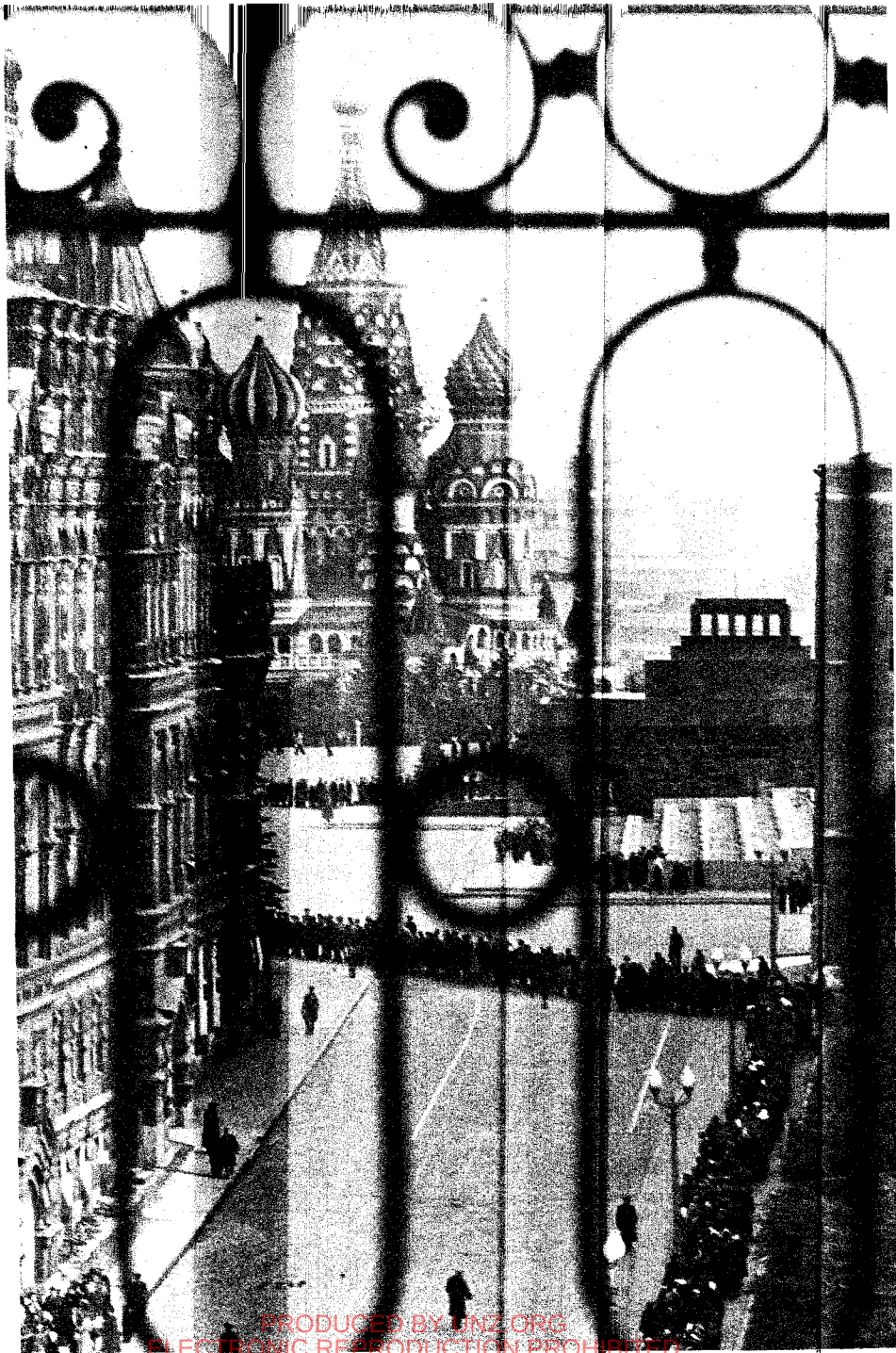
Everywhere, flocks of well-scrubbed children bounced along to school, gawking amiably at the Westerners they were taught to revile. The Russian education system is tough and effective. Young-

sters attend classes six days a week and shoulder a heavy load of homework. Recently, doctors warned that too much studying was affecting the eyesight and mental health of many students.



MOST STUDENTS wear uniforms; they are required to buy their own textbooks.

REGIMENTED Russians find lining up quite normal. At right, queue forms for entry to Moscow's Lenin-Stalin tomb.



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DOCTOR: of 344,000 doctors, about 70 percent are women.



MOVIE DIRECTOR: he has cause to sing; he earns \$20,000 per film. Top stars get \$10,000.



EXECUTIVE: using ancient abacus, he runs modern tobacco plant.

"Egghead aristocracy" rules, though

FILM STAR: Klara Lutschko lives in a Moscow skyscraper. Her apartment is drab by Hollywood standards. But several original Picasso paintings adorn the walls.





PRIEST despite Red harassment, there are about 35,000 priests.



AUTHOR: Vladimir Dudintsev's "Not by Bread Alone" was hit in U. S. but enraged Khrushchev.



TEACHER: his is the most respected profession in the USSR.

ALL S... ... of "classless society"

THE PEOPLE: in Moscow, Germans joined dancers at a street wedding (below), where groom drank earnest toast: "I Russian, you German. Now peace, no war."



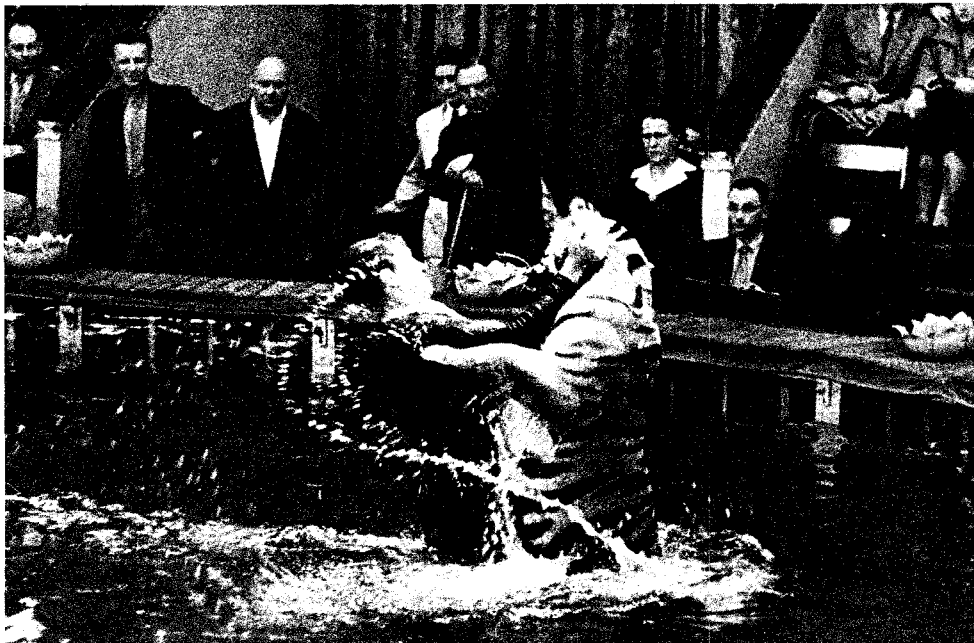
FAITHFUL BOW toward Mecca outside a mosque (below). With its 25,000,000 Mohammedans, USSR is world's fourth largest Moslem country.



OLD PEOPLE huddle around coffins of saints in Zagorsk cathedral (right). Soviets allow worship but teach children to scoff at religion.



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GLADIATOR at Moscow circus earns his daily bread by wrestling with a tiger.

Moscow is often called "The Third Rome" because after Constantinople fell in 1453, it became the hub of the Orthodox Christian world. With its theaters, art galleries and massive Kremlin, the city is Russia's chief tourist attraction. Recently, a long-hidden landmark was opened to visitors: the grave of Stalin's wife (buried, ironically, in a small monastery graveyard).

GERMAN NEWSMEN encountered nearly all of Russia's 60 nationality groups. At right, a group from Asiatic republic of Kirghiz gapes at Moscow sights.





ORNATE STATUARY at graves reflects Russian sentimentality.





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NUDISM IS COMMON on Yalta's "Golden Beach," although normally puritanical Russians claim that men and women are strictly segregated. Occasionally, some male swimmers paddle by (lower left) but nobody seems to give them a glance.



Yalta: Miami Beach for Red elite

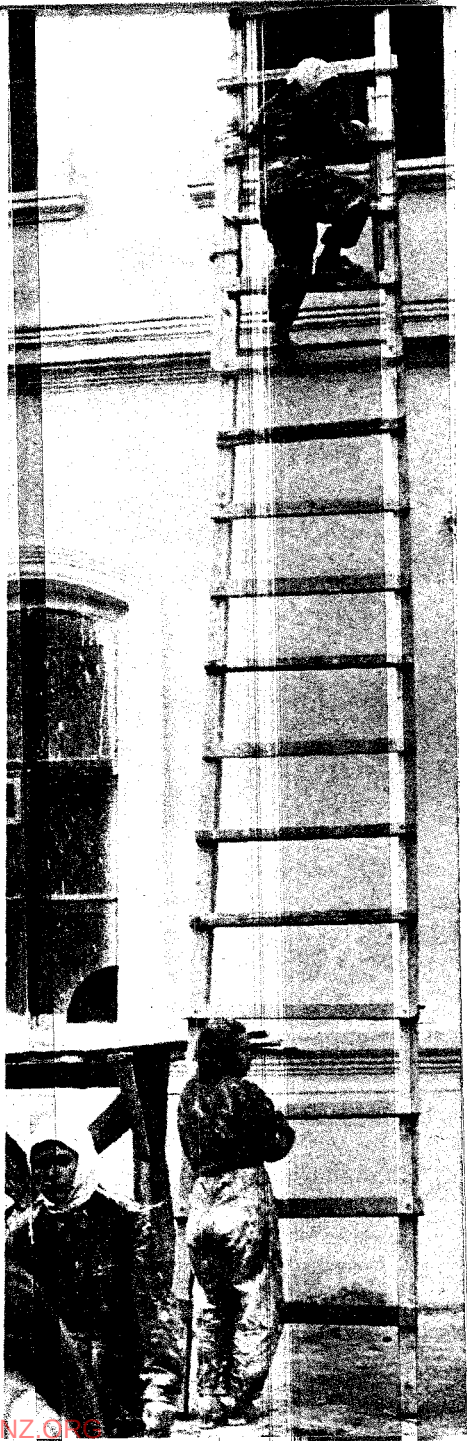
The sunny Crimea is Russia's Florida, and the Black Sea port of Yalta is its Miami Beach. Khrushchev himself vacations there—and so do lucky secretaries like Valeria, 22, a bikini-clad Amazon from Tula,

an industrial town near Moscow. For most Russians, Yalta is too expensive: two months' salary for four-weeks' stay. But Valeria pays only 20 percent; the union in her factory foots the rest of the bill.

A childish giant

"A riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma," Winston Churchill called Russia. But the German motorists found the USSR paradoxical rather than mysterious. People were friendly—yet suspicious—and childishly curious about Western luxuries. Wherever they went, the Germans were warmly greeted. But in Moscow they were trailed doggedly by a genial gumshoe named Gustav. Their shiny car caused a sensation. "If this goes 110 miles an hour," said one Russian, "how fast is Adenauer's car?" The Russians were even more envious of the Germans' shoes, often trying to buy them right off their feet. The Soviet Union's 200,200,000 people are proud of their Sputniks, but mutter bitterly about the shoddy footwear they must endure. However, they never mutter about their leaders—publicly. In Orel, the Germans argued politics with the local Communist boss. "Sure, Adenauer makes mistakes," they admitted, "but what about Khrushchev?" The Russian politician grinned. "Have some more vodka," he said.

MANUAL LABOR makes women (right) seem glamorless. Yet statues glorifying female beauty fill the parks—but one Russian seems much too weary to care.







HUMAN COMEDY

ONE DAY, my youngster brought home a note from his teacher, saying he had been fighting in the schoolyard. "Johnny and I weren't fighting when the teacher came along," my son insisted. "We were just trying to separate each other."

—MRS. LILY JACOBSEN

WHEN THE MAN came to install our phone extension, my three-year-old son greeted him curiously with, "Are you the television man?"

"No, Sonny," he replied amiably, "I'm the telephone man."

"No, you're the television man," my son persisted.

Resigned to his fate of pint-sized pestering, the man surrendered. "All right, I'm the television man."

"Then why are you fixing the phone?"

—MRS. ROBERT GARI

AUTHORITIES, summoned recently to quiet a husband-wife disturbance, later received this letter from the wife:

"Dear Sirs: On that call you made to our house Saturday night—my husband and I have now made up. However, now my husband wants your okay. At the time the officers were here, they made him promise not to lay hands on me again. Would you write, retracting that statement, please?"

—MATT WEINSTOCK (Los Angeles Mirror-News)

WHEN MOTHER PARKED the car, it always looked as though she had stalled in the middle of the road. Despite all her maneuvering, she could never strike up an acquaintance with the curb.

One evening, driving down a narrow street that was clogged with traffic, she made her usual approach to a likely looking parking space and brought the car to a stop parallel to, but at least two feet from, the sidewalk.

"Well, that wasn't bad," she said complacently, as she got out of the car.

Just then, the motorist behind her leaned his head out and inquired caustically, "Lady, should I pass on the left or on the right?"—DANNY. SEIFER

THE BRIDE of only a few months was at the airport to meet her husband when he returned from a trip abroad. They were waiting for his luggage, when he pointed out Miss Tracy, a good-looking stewardess from the plane.

"How do you know her name?" his wife asked.

He explained that it was listed on the door of the cockpit, together with the names of the pilot and co-pilot.

The young wife smiled understandingly. "Dear," she asked, acidly, "what was the pilot's name?"

—JAMES CARTER

INVESTIGATING to find out why a bill for electricity came to only five-pence (six cents) for three months, the Scottish Hydro-Electric Board was told by the householder: "I only switch on the lights at dusk to see to light the oil lamps."

—MRS. B. GURR

WHEN THE OWNER of a timber tract sent out a lumber crew of 50 men, with three women to cook for them, he told the camp boss: "Don't turn in long reports. Just give me a few figures each week, and I can tell how you are getting along."

The next week, he received this note: "Two percent of the men have married 33⅓ percent of the women."

—Copper's Weekly

WHEN A WISCONSIN farmer, who had a reputation as a skinflint, recently employed two hired men and a maid, a rumor that he was paying them starvation wages came to the attention of an inspector from the Wage and Hour Division who called at the farm.

"I hear you are violating the law by paying below the minimum wage," the inspector said.

"Oh, am I?" the farmer cried angrily. "Well, there's Willie, who milks the cows and does chores around the barn. Ask him."

"Forty dollars a week, sir," Willie said.

"And there's Sammy," the farmer said, calling over the other hired man. "Tell this man your wages."

"Forty dollars a week, sir."

"And there's the maid, Kate, ask her."

"Thirty a week, with room and board, sir," Kate said.

"Any more?" the inspector asked. "Well, no—only the halfwit," the farmer said. "He gets \$10 a week, a bit of tobacco and his food."

"Could I speak to him?" the inspector asked.

The farmer answered, "You're speaking to him now."

—Wall Street Journal

A LECTURER from India, stopping off in New York at the close of a cross-country tour, called his hotel switchboard to order a cab to take him to the airport. Informed that "you don't call them—you just go down on the street and get one," he protested courteously that he had called cabs in Chicago, Detroit and Los Angeles.

"You can in the small towns," the operator interrupted, "but not in New York."

—United Mine Workers Journal

R B. JONES, doesn't have a first or middle name, only the initials, which never were a problem until R. B. went to work for a U. S. Government agency. The Government is not accustomed to initialed but nameless employees, but R. B. finally was given official forms to fill out for the payroll and personnel departments, and his name was entered as R (only) B (only) Jones.

Sure enough, when R. B. got his pay check, it was made out to Ronly Bonly Jones.

—Arkansas Baptist

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.



As head coach of the Fighting Irish, this "boy wonder" has proved that he can do a man-size job in college football's toughest spot

by WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG

ON THE CHILL winter day in 1954 that 25-year-old Terry Brennan was named head football coach at the University of Notre Dame, a woman in Milwaukee turned to her husband and asked: "Why did they pick him? He's so young." The woman was Terry Brennan's mother, Mrs. Katherine Brennan, and the question was on many other lips.

The best answer came from Terry himself. "In this job," he said, "I'll age fast."

Today, at 30, he is still frank, self-confident and aggressive. "The big-

gest thing about Terry is his honesty," says Ed (Moose) Krause, Notre Dame's athletic director.

Brennan is also a tightly disciplined young man who seems to lack warmth and spontaneity. "I've never seen him when he didn't have complete control of himself—or the situation," says one friend. Another puts it less generously: "Terry is kind of dull."

Dull or not, every Saturday this fall, Terry Brennan must test his talent on the center stage of college football. "Each game is torture,"

his wife Kel says. "It's like watching my husband take a final exam on his business in front of thousands of people."

The judgment of the fans is liable to be volatile. "After the first two years, they called him a 'young genius,'" says Krause. "After we had a bad year in 1956, they decided suddenly that he was 'too young and inexperienced.'"

The resolution Brennan showed in the wake of Notre Dame's worst football season was the same resolution he showed in tackling all his problems. On his college questionnaire, Terry wrote: "I want most of all to be a good lawyer." For four years after graduating from Notre Dame in 1949, he pursued that goal. While coaching high school football on the side, he studied law with the intention of following his father, Martin Brennan, and two of his older brothers into their Milwaukee law firm.

Then, after getting his degree, he chose football coaching as a career. "I finally realized that I didn't want to practice law very much," he says.

It wasn't the first time Terry had decided to change something he didn't like. His parents christened him Terence Aloysius Brennan, and he never liked his "sissified" middle name. When he was confirmed, he became Terence *Patrick* Brennan.

He was just as decisive in choosing his jobs. When he was 23, he turned down a chance to become a head coach in professional football. "Those pros would be tucking me into bed at night," he said. He also turned down the backfield coaching job at Marquette University to be-

come freshman coach at Notre Dame. At the time, he was told only that he had as much chance as anybody to succeed Frank Leahy as head coach. But Leahy still had three years to go on a ten-year contract.

In January, 1954, just six months after he reported to Notre Dame, Brennan had a chance to become head coach at Marquette. He was inclined to take it, until he talked with the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, C.S.C., president of Notre Dame. Terry denies that Father Hesburgh assured him of the top football job, "but it was obvious that something was in the air."

Two weeks later, that "something" materialized into immediate elevation to the job vacated by Leahy because of ill health. "I told Terry," says Father Hesburgh, "that perhaps this wasn't the right time for him to take the job, that five or ten years from now might be better."

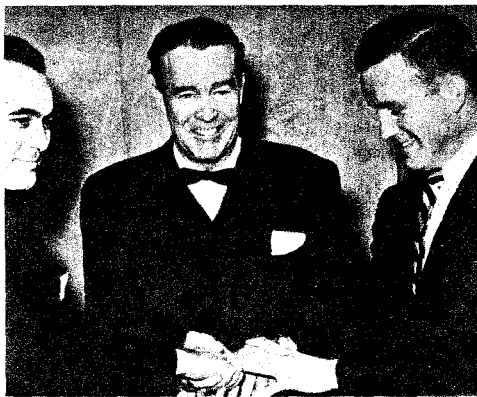
Terry's response was: "All I want is the chance."

Was Brennan too young to run a team made up of boys almost his own age? No, says Terry, pointing out he was only 20—barely older than some of his players—when he was named head coach at Mt. Carmel High School on Chicago's South Side. Yet there was little question of his authority. "In the final analysis," he says, "people judge you on whether you know what you're doing."

Once when his high school team was in training, the boys insisted on wrestling until one o'clock in the morning. Terry, afraid somebody would be hurt, warned them to stop.

"I guess they didn't believe me,"

Frank Leahy (center) and Notre Dame President Father Hesburgh (left) congratulate Terry on new job. Later Leahy and his protégé fell out.



he says. So one morning, at one o'clock, he abruptly called for 40 minutes of calisthenics under the stars. He never encountered that problem again, nor has he ever had to discipline a player at Notre Dame.

Just as important to Brennan and Notre Dame was another question: how did he compare with Frank Leahy? Under Leahy, Notre Dame had won four national championships. To do it, Leahy literally broke his health.

Terry is not that tense. "He hates losing, but he doesn't think that it's the end of the world if he does," says one friend. To Notre Dame fans, this is near-apostasy; it is the end of the world if Notre Dame loses—and Terry recognizes the danger in being labeled too easy a loser. "Some people show their feelings and some don't," he says. "That doesn't mean that those that don't aren't just as upset over losing."

On the practice field, Leahy was

a granite-faced perfectionist. Terry is more relaxed. Says one intimate of both men: "Frank was primarily a driver; Terry is a leader."

When Leahy sharply criticized Notre Dame's alleged lack of fighting spirit—and, obliquely, Brennan's coaching—during the dark days of 1956, Terry struck back bitterly. "He must have known he could only hurt the school, the team and me," he said. "Frank had something in his craw and he took it out on us."

It wasn't hard to speculate what was in Leahy's "craw." Brennan had barred his All-America quarterback, Paul Hornung, from appearing on Leahy's TV program the night before the Southern California game. To Brennan, it was exactly what Leahy would have done; he wanted his boys thinking football, not television, the night before a game. But to Leahy, it was a mark of ingratitude.

The dispute opened a schism in the ranks of Notre Dame men, separating them into "Leahy men" and "Brennan men." The fight reflected on Terry's assistants, who were described as too young and immature. Brennan was urged to hire Frank Leahy as an adviser. Snapped Terry: "Not while I'm coach."

This self-confidence has marked Terry's entire career. He earned a place on the Marquette High School football team although one coach thought he was "much too small." Then he won an athletic scholarship to Notre Dame despite a chronic knee injury.

Born in Milwaukee on June 11, 1928, one of six children, Terry has always had to fight against being

overshadowed by older men. First it was his father, a fine football player at Notre Dame and Marquette. Then it was his brothers. (Terry is the youngest of the four Brennan boys.) His brother Jimmy was a star halfback at Notre Dame while Terry was still in high school, and it's hinted that Terry got his scholarship to Notre Dame on Jimmy's coattails.

A scrappy 165-pounder, 18-year-old Terry soon became a first-string halfback, unawed by the huge ex-servicemen who returned to Notre Dame after the war. "The fact that they were older didn't mean they were better," says Brennan.

As a player, he is best remembered for his 97-yard touchdown run against Army in 1947. It was in the classroom, however, that he took his most significant steps toward becoming Notre Dame's head coach. He studied philosophy, averaged 85 and just missed graduating *cum laude*.

When Notre Dame was challenged by Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, famed educator and foe of big-time college football, to produce a football player who could discuss Aristotle's "Ethics" on a radio panel, Brennan was selected. His articulate, clear-headed performance impressed the Rev. John J. Cavanaugh, C.S.C., then president of Notre Dame, and Father Hesburgh, then one of Terry's religion teachers.

After graduation, Terry spent four years in Chicago, shuttling back and forth between law school and coaching. He'd get up at 6:30 A.M. to attend Mass, then rush downtown for his law classes at De Paul University. At noon, he'd bolt back to Mt. Carmel for "skull practice,"

then teach two classes in accounting before steering the team through practice. In the first year, he also courted five-foot, two-inch Mary Louise Kelley, then a senior at St. Mary's of Notre Dame. He married her after she was graduated.

In four years, his Mt. Carmel teams won three straight city titles. Said Frank Leahy: "I had not believed that any high school team could be so well indoctrinated."

In the days before his disillusionment, Leahy appeared happy with Terry's work as his freshman coach. When he decided to retire in January, 1954, Terry was the only candidate considered.

On the Friday that he was given the job—with orders to keep it secret over the weekend—Terry burst into the home he was renting and yelled to his wife, "Hold on to your hat, Kel—I'm it!" On Monday, when the first wave of reporters arrived with a policeman, the man next door rushed over and asked, "Kel, is anything wrong?"

Not then, there wasn't. But as stories on the "Boy Wonder of Notre Dame" appeared, Terry began to worry. The headlines, he felt, should go to the players, not the coach. Many of his athletes felt the same way. Terry held a meeting and explained to his players that he wasn't a man to sit around reading his press notices, but that he could understand some of their resentment. He urged them to concentrate on football.

In 1955, Notre Dame won eight and lost two, but 1956 was a year of disaster. Injury-ridden and unexperienced, they lost eight out of ten

games. The University of Oklahoma added to the catastrophe by crushing Notre Dame, 40-0, the school's worst drubbing in 11 years.

Under the pressure of defeat, Brennan became grimmer. "He looked like an old man carrying the weight of the world with him," recalls an acquaintance. "In those days, I was too hard a loser," Terry says.

"An older man might have lost his confidence," says Moose Krause. "Terry kept his balance."

But when Notre Dame renewed his contract, it was—pointedly—only for one year instead of the previous three-year term. Terry was asked if he felt under pressure to win or get out. "Of course," he snapped.

He won. Last season, Notre Dame chalked up six victories against three losses and the high spot of the season—and of Brennan's career—came on a sunny November afternoon in Norman, Oklahoma. The Irish had just lost two games. Oklahoma had won 47 straight. But, in one of football's greatest upsets, Notre Dame won 7-0.

From "Disappointment of the Year" in 1956, Notre Dame became

"Comeback Team of the Year" in 1957. Brennan became the first coach in history to be selected "Coach of the Week" twice in one season by the United Press.

The Brennans live in a six-room, white frame house on Beverly Place in South Bend, Indiana, home of Notre Dame. They have four children: Terry, six; Denise, four; Jane, two; and Christopher, who is not yet a year old. "And Terry is not a man who yells for his wife when the kids start crying or the baby needs a diaper change," Kel says.

Can Terry Brennan stay on top at Notre Dame? "To keep his job, he has to maintain his current pace for 15 or 20 years," says the athletic director at another great Midwestern university. "That's asking too much of any man—and after Notre Dame, there's no place for him to go but down." By way of contrast, Frank Leahy once observed that "Terry has a much better chance to last 15 years or more by starting at 26 than he would by starting at 36."

Says Terry Brennan himself: "Whether you're 25 or 55, there's only one problem you have to face: either you can do the job or you can't."

Near Calamity

SHOPPING AT OUR local grocery recently, I asked the boy to pack the bags lightly, explaining I had just recovered from a back ailment and if the bags were too heavy I couldn't lift them.

With sympathy in his voice, he asked what was wrong with my back.

I told him it sounded foolish, but I had coughed rather hard, causing the sacroiliac nerve to slip out of place.

He looked at me as if I were one of The Seven Wonders of the World and said, "Gosh, lady! I wouldn't want to be around when you sneeze!"

—EVELYN C. WOOD

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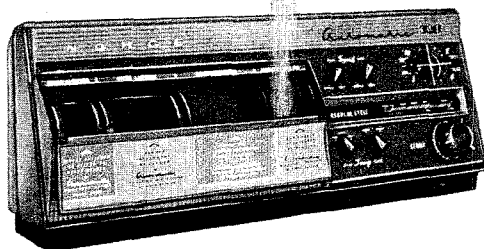
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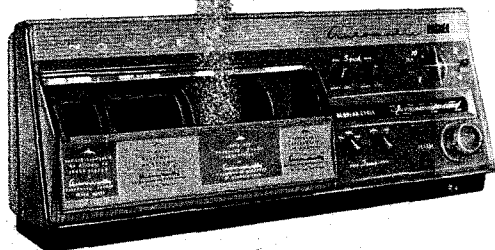
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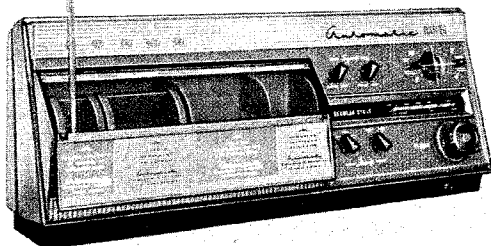


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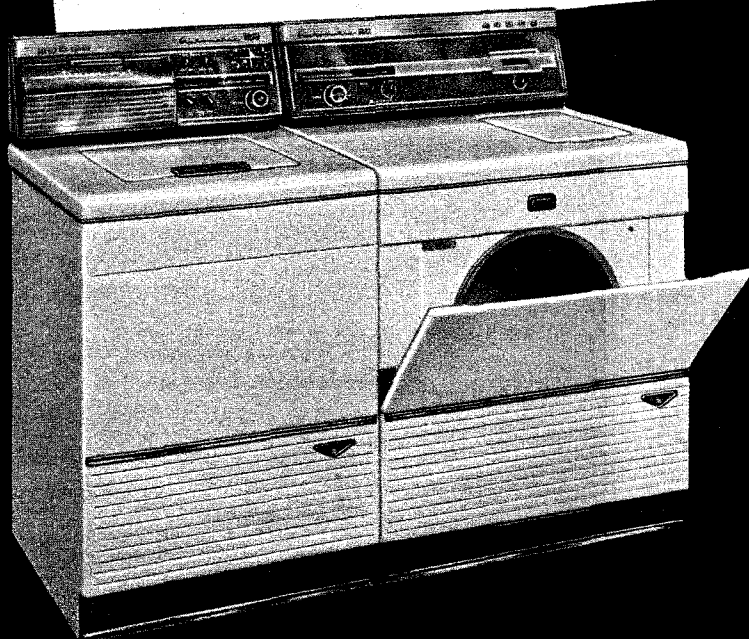
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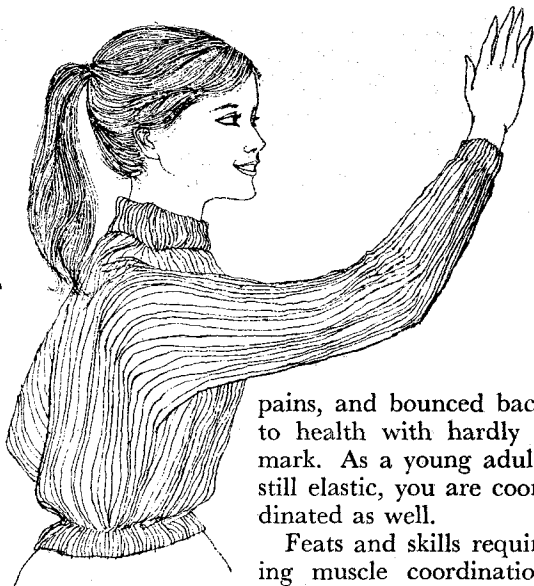
missing links

Words within words can make a tantalizing game, says Guest Quizmaster Jack Barry, m. c. of NBC-TV's "Tic Tac Dough" (Monday through Friday, 12-12:30 p.m., EDT). One little word, three letters long, fits snugly into each of the four words in the squares below. Can you find it? (Answers on pg. 112)

1. p _ _ _ _ s _ _ _ _ c _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	2. b _ _ _ her p _ _ _ est _ _ _ _ ate par _ _ _	3. t _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	4. a _ _ _ her _ _ _ _ ch hyp _ _ _ ic _ _ _ _ able
5. pla _ _ _ ni _ _ _ y bon _ _ _ mag _ _ _ o	6. c _ _ _ it _ _ _ _ ace _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _	7. sen _ _ _ ce u _ _ _ sil _ _ _ _ ant fas _ _ _	8. _ _ _ _ in _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _
9. _	10. sp _ _ _ e _ _ _ _ mit in _ _ _ it s _ _ _ iff	11. _	12. d _ _ _ f _ _ _ _ den co _ _ _ d re _ _ _ d
13. b _ _ _ ot w _ _ _ et _ _ _ _ ow g _ _ _ on	14. _	15. p _ _ _ ow gor _ _ _ a ch _ _ _ van _ _ _ a	16. _
17. _	18. t _ _ _ edy d _ _ _ on _ _ _ _ lan ave _ _ _ e	19. _	20. t _ _ _ kle _ _ _ _ dow t _ _ _ ge _ _ _ _ ter

WHAT IS A YOUNG ADULT?

by Herbert S. Benjamin, M.D.



WHAT IS THE FINEST, healthiest, most beautiful, romantic, wonderful time of life?

If you are somewhere between the ages of 17 and 27, the answer will probably be, "Now." And you will be right. Medically speaking, this young adulthood is indeed the healthiest time of your life. Your organism is at the height of its capacities. Your bones and muscles are strongest; your glands, lungs, brain tissue, heart, reproductive organs and mind are most vital and capable during these years.

Of all God's creatures, the human being takes longest to mature. For nearly two decades of your life your organism concentrates on growing up. Then for about ten years, as a young adult, it is at its peak. After that, slowly, almost imperceptibly, the processes of aging begin.

As a child you were an infinitely elastic bundle of humanity. You had falls and fevers, colics and growing

pains, and bounced back to health with hardly a mark. As a young adult, still elastic, you are coordinated as well.

Feats and skills requiring muscle coordination are learned easiest at this age. Brain waves, measured by the electro-encephalogram, become stable for the first time in your life. The "reticulo-endothelial system" of body cells—which captures and destroys harmful substances, builds antibodies against bacteria, defends you from all infectious diseases and chemical poisons—is at its highest point of development.

If you are a young woman, the distribution of fat on your body gives you now that ideal beauty of feminine form most admired in all countries and ages. It is an ideal which you may try to regain by dieting and exercise in later years, but which is naturally yours now.

You are capable of bearing children, your menstrual cycle has sta-

bilized. In the years of adolescence and puberty, menstruation was often irregular, and pregnancy was not always possible because your ovaries did not produce ova—fertilizable egg cells—in every monthly cycle. At this age most first pregnancies and births take place with the least complications for mother and child.

Long on health and strength, short only on experience, the young adult's main problem lies in finding outlets for all his energy. Paradoxically, he may become vulnerable to the natural excess of his own vitality. Consciously and instinctively intent on courtship, training, and occupational goals, he exposes himself to a set of health dangers special to his own age.

Many industrial accidents occur during this time span. Newly outfitted with a wonderful set of muscles and eager to try them, the young man outdoes himself at work and sport, and ends up with strains and sprains and broken bones, no matter how well knit his bones may be.

Some slight weak point in the body's structure, unnoticed before, may suddenly give way under the new physical surge. A small weak opening in the abdominal wall may produce a hernia. A heart or circulation defect may now call sudden halt to massive stress.

The young adult, eager for success, impatient, neglects a proper diet, and typically develops some nutritional deficiency. Digestive upsets are common. High blood pressure may come on waves of excitement or disappointment. Failing to find success in occupation, courtship, or marriage before his days as a

young adult are over, the young person's digestive upsets may later turn into ulcers.

The most serious kind of mental illness, schizophrenia, usually begins at this time, when some young person's ego, already badly weakened in early childhood, is unable to cope with even the normal stresses of the young adult. Alcoholism and drug addiction frequently begin in these years, too.

Of all the problems besetting the young adult there is none as insistent and demanding as the problem of sex. Sexual vitality is part of the total wholesome vitality of the new adult, and demands its expression too. But more than other drives, it meets up with taboos and social codes which tend to restrict it. The main problem comes in delaying gratification for this basic and important drive.

The complaint is often heard by the frustrated young adult that external circumstances (the restrictions of society, the question of pregnancy, or an incompatibility of attitude on the part of the opposite sex) prevent him from acting out his desires. Psychiatrists know now that it is most often a matter of an individual's own inner unconscious code—the deep feeling of doing wrong—which causes the most trouble.

Ethics, once thought to belong only to philosophy or religion, is now known to be a basic part of every human psyche. During his life before the age of 17, every psychologically healthy individual has learned to delay satisfaction for his emotional and physical needs.

A baby, for example, learns even-

tually not to cry if it cannot immediately get what it wants. An older child learns not to dirty things, to bite, to strike out and hurt, or always to take what it wants, even though it feels an overwhelming desire to do so. These are early stages in the development of ethics.

A young adult who has learned to match other intense drives for satisfaction with his deep ethical feelings—for his own good and the good of society—will find the least problems with sex, and suffer the least stress in forgoing it for the necessary periods.

The promiscuous adult “bohemian,” on one hand, and on the other, the negator of sex—who wishes to abolish it from his consciousness—are both beset with being unable to match their desires with their morals. The bohemian tries to destroy his code, the sex-negator tries to repress his drive—both unhealthy and almost humanly impossible tasks.

JUST ABOUT ALL patients seeking psychiatric treatment at this age have problems concerned with sex, expressed in physical symptoms, like impotence or frigidity, or fears—fear of punishment, of inadequacy, of uncontrollable aggressive sexual impulses, and of homosexuality.

Certain erotic feelings for the same sex are not abnormal, especially in childhood. Every human organism produces the sex hormones of the opposite sex in large amounts, and the child grows up with equal love for males and females. However, after physical sexual maturity, if these impulses are strong enough to reach the point of desire for ho-

mosexual activity, psychiatric care should be sought.

There is rarely, if ever, any physical, organic basis for homosexuality, or for the young adult's fears, or for impotence in the male or frigidity in the female. Most of the trouble comes from the upsetting anxieties aroused as these surging new impulses meet up with the resistance of deep-set ethics.

Because of the young adult's vitality and need for action, the tensions between his unconscious moral feeling and the urge for sex become most powerful, his frustrations most intense. In time the tensions usually give way, and he resolves the conflict in the same way he resolves all new conflicts—according to the pattern of his own special personality, developed largely in childhood.

Recognizing how special and different the young adult is from all other creatures, Sir Heneage Ogilvie, an English physician, has suggested opening a new specialty branch of medicine devoted just to his problems.

As children are sent to “pediatricians,” and “geriatrics” is the name of the specialty for patients of advanced age, so Dr. Ogilvie suggests calling that branch of medicine devoted just to the young adult's problems “ephebiatrics,” taking the title from the classical Greek word, “ephebos,” which means “the young man of this age.” (For the moment, Dr. Ogilvie would leave the problems of young women to the gynecologist, the specialist in women's diseases.)

In terms of development, the only thing the young adult really lacks

is "experience." If he is normal, he goes seeking this with all the vigor and verve nature has taken years to tune up inside him. For the first time, the new grownup can actually perform in *fact* acts which the developing child and adolescent could do only in *fantasy*.

A girl who played "house" and "mother," with playmates and dolls, and dreamed of husband-hero is suddenly able to have true-life home, husband, children. In fact, for that vigor and verve to realize itself—to unfold instead of sicken—she should begin having her own family before that period elapses, or not too long after. To maintain her glow of health, the new female adult feels deeply the need to find her male partner and fulfill her female function.

The young man—who merely dreamed of becoming tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief—is now not only *able* but encouraged and *required*, by emotional need and social necessity, to take a place in society.

He enters an occupation, assumes responsibility, and in time seeks out a permanent mate. Thus he repeats in instinctive natural fashion the ageless pattern of the human race, if his psychological development has matched his physical development.

Some youngsters may plunge too soon into permanent relationships, some hesitate extra-long. Usually young men take longer than women to make decisions, since before they can achieve success with marriage and family they must settle somewhat in their proper occupation.

The extra burden of full employ-

ment for a young woman should be—as physicians understand it—as transient as possible during this period, until she finds her ideal job as wife-mother.

That ever-perfect fairy-tale female, that unconquerable heromale which inhabit adolescent reveries, must yield the field to less-perfect life partners of more human dimensions. And from one's own special interests, talents, physiology, and emotional structure, a special identity emerges, determining each person's mature development in its own different way.

The new adult must decide on mate, occupation and way of life fitting her or him individually, and not some exaggerated ideal from fairy tale or fiction. If he does have strong ideal goals, he must work toward them in a realistic way. This means he must discard, during this age, hopeless, clamorous, immature habits which will waste him or her if continued—whether they are over-expressed in action in the real world, or oversuppressed in fantasies in an inner world.

This is a separate age of life, differing from all others as a time of action and decision. Just as a child needs care and love and guidance, a young adult needs action, and needs "recognition" too for his acts.

But often this healthy need which a young adult possesses, and which "possesses" him, gets perverted into a life of crime or delinquency—if he can find no healthy outlet. Or he may do anything from joining wild political causes to joining the Foreign Legion.

Women may choose occupations

extremely unnatural to their sex. They may adopt peculiar extremes of dress, or become morbidly sloppy to look extra-casual.

He or she may become some kind of radical. There is an adage in several European languages that goes, "An adolescent who isn't a bit of an anarchist hasn't got a heart—an older adult who is still an anarchist hasn't got a head."

Many psychiatrists look upon such examples of extremes, if continued for more than a short time, as mere cases of tardy development. From wholesome enthusiasm and originality, many of the great breakthroughs in science, industry, art and philosophy have been accomplished at this age. Most records in sports, too, are broken, rewarding careers are founded, truly heroic acts, and

acts of enormous social betterment are performed.

Normally, a person becomes fully developed and mature in everything but experience before his life as a young adult is over. But at times his drive for recognition and accomplishment are so powerful that the line between "normal" and "excess" becomes hard to define. Frequently it takes one of those temporary physical crises or breakdowns to call a halt.

Young adulthood is a beautiful time of life, rich in new experience and emotions, a time of wonderful physical soundness. But it is not always an easy time. Perhaps this is what George Bernard Shaw meant when he said, somewhat wryly, that youth is too wonderful a thing to be wasted on the young.

Birthday Greetings

A YOUNG LADY engaged to marry a widower received a birthday card from her future ten-year-old stepdaughter, signed: "With love to My Expectant Mother."

—RUTH ELLEN SMITH

IT WASN'T until her birthday that a certain bride-to-be realized her soon-to-be husband was getting serious. He gave her an electric blanket with dual controls.

—Quote

IN NOVEMBER CORONET

MAFIA: EMPIRE OF EVIL

Despite a world-wide reign of terror, this secret criminal club enjoys a strange immunity. A dramatic exposé of its membership and how the Mafia gets away with murder.

HEALTH AND YOUR KIDNEYS

Your body's chemical balance hangs on 138 miles of tubing squeezed into two bean-shaped organs the size of your fist. Dr. H. S. Benjamin tells how they guard your health.

“Bargain-basement education is no bargain”

In the guise of economy, misguided foes of new school construction are depriving children of a vital need in America today—better education

by Martin L. Gross

PARENTS in the expanding suburbs of Colorado Springs, Colorado, went to the polls early this year and rejected a proposed new junior high school, amid heated charges that it was an “elaborate memorial” that was “too expensive to build.”

“The truth,” says a local physician who resigned from the school board over the controversy, “is that it was a modern building with labs and a gym—yet it would only cost \$13 a square foot, which is average for our area. But opponents distorted the facts so much that we could

never catch up with the real truth.”

In prosperous, suburban Mount Vernon, New York, a proposal to replace two nearly half-century-old high schools was voted down amid charges that plans called for “plush Cadillac jobs.”

In Phoenix, Arizona, a group of citizens defeated a school bond issue by charging that the proposed new \$2,500,000 school for 2,000 students—a relatively inexpensive building that utilized the outdoors for an auditorium—was “too fancy.” The defeat meant that students in two

high schools will have to attend school on the stagger system from 7:30 A.M. until 5:00 P.M.

The startling fact that emerges from these instances is that while the American public has been fighting an eloquent verbal battle for better education in the post-Sputnik era, there has been a tremendous trend toward cut-rate education that is endangering the quality of our public school programs.

THROUGHOUT the nation, parents have been duped by a strong anti-tax, anti-public-education group who have deceptively, but effectively, been attacking badly needed new schools and modern educational facilities—from auditoriums to audio-visual aids—as “frills” that are “squandering” the taxpayer’s money on “elaborate educational castles.”

In fact, school communities have defeated more bonds for new schools this year than ever before in recent history. In school elections last May, parents rejected 33 percent of new school proposals—twice as many as in 1957. In the first five months of this year, \$173,000,000 for needed schools was defeated at the polls.

“There have been charges of extravagance, but actually economy in school building is unmatched,” says C. C. Trillingham of Los Angeles, president of the American Association of School Administrators. “While general construction costs have increased 275 percent during the past 20 years, school buildings have gone up only 150 percent.

“Expensive decorations have been replaced by modern buildings and functional materials. Classroom ceil-

ings have been lowered and corridor space reduced. If there were ‘frills,’ they were in older buildings with their towers, gables, and parapets.”

The new “economy” drive has hit hardest in areas where new schools are needed most. In Mechanicville, an upstate New York industrial town, sorely needed schools were blocked recently by a specious “economy” argument circulated in a last-minute anonymous letter.

Two of Mechanicville’s elementary schools are antiquated Victorian buildings dating back to the 1890s. They are fire hazards, whose roofs often leak. Squinting children study by dull, dim lighting—less than one-third normal. There are no auditoriums, books are stacked in the hallway as a makeshift “library.” Children must walk down to the basement to reach student toilets. The “gyms” are a converted classroom in one school and a make-do cellar space in another.

“We can’t have a proper program in these buildings,” says School Superintendent Michael T. Griffin. “We proposed a new 21-room school with average facilities including a library and a combined cafeteria-auditorium. It wasn’t a fancy building but some critics called it a ‘palace.’ One man even said: ‘Why do they need a kitchen? When I went to school there, we carried our lunches in paper bags.’”

Many communities, torn between growing taxes and the hope of buying a good education for their children, are asking: How can we separate good judgment from false economy? How should we spend our education dollar? What actually

are "frills" and what should every good school contain?

"In education, like everything else, you get pretty much what you pay for," says Dr. A. J. Foy Cross, a National Education Association building specialist. "Our biggest danger is false economy. Many communities are building new but already obsolete buildings in a crash program—as if the crisis were temporary."

South Carolina embarked on a frantic crash program a few years ago to build "economy" schools without libraries, auditoriums or sufficient science labs. Students were cramped into 640-square-foot classrooms, three-quarters the normal size. Today, they realize that the small savings did not balance the damage to their educational program, and communities like Columbia are building excellent schools that cost just a little more.

A false economy in schools, heavily scored by architects, is the use of "cheap" building materials with high maintenance and hidden costs. "Bargain-basement education is no bargain," says Dr. Jordan L. Larson, president of the School Facilities Council, a nationwide group of architects, educators and industrialists. "Things like painted window frames, cheap roofing materials, and inferior plumbing will eat up more school dollars than are saved."

A sturdy '20-year' roof, for example, costs 35¢ a square foot installed in the New York area—approximately twice as much as a thinner '10-year' roof. "A cheap roof may seem like an economy at first," says a local architect, "but when it starts

to leak, you have to pay to rip it out before it is replaced. This can actually double its cost."

Architect Larry Perkins of Perkins and Will, Chicago, points out that districts seldom want to repeat "economies" they insisted on the first time. "In one New York community," he recalls, "we cut \$6,000 off the initial price by using an inexpensive fiber ceiling tile instead of gypsum, and \$15 per classroom door by using hollow instead of solid doors.

"The cheap tile soon absorbed moisture and warped badly. The veneer of the doors took a tremendous beating from students and the doors will probably have to be replaced. Overall, the attempt to save money was costly."

The hallmark of economy-conscious school districts is often the stark cinder-block school. Building experts, however, consider it a prime example of misbalanced school budgeting.

"A brick-faced, 12-inch wall costs \$2.60 a square foot today in the Midwest," says a prominent architect. "A 12-inch cinder block costs only \$1.55 initially, but you have to add 75¢ for painting and waterproofing over 25 years. If you plaster the blocks, the savings disappear altogether. The brick is attractive and lasts the life of the building. The cinder block has a deadly garage-like appearance, it cracks and disintegrates, and leaks moisture which can ruin the inside walls."

Ceramic tile in student bathrooms is often omitted because of the initial cost—approximately \$1,200 more for a 20' x 30' room. However,

experts point out that there are few other materials that are so economical in the long run—both from a maintenance and health point of view. Many penny-wise schools have found it necessary to completely rip out fouled asphalt-tile floors and to refinish marked bathroom walls.

Glenview, Illinois, a mushrooming Chicago suburb, is an unfortunate case history involving a compendium of false economies. Fifteen years ago the town decided to build a school “cheaply,” with inexpensive materials, including some salvage. The plumbing and the brick were reused, the floors were asphalt tile over wood—often green. When completed, the school seemed a miracle of economy. It cost only \$11,000 a classroom, about one-third the national average.

“But it didn’t prove cheap in the long run,” says the school architect frankly. “Maintenance on that building has been shockingly high. Paint didn’t stay on the raw wood, the transom-type windows leaked water, the asphalt-tile floor cracked, and the cheap plumbing had to be ripped out and replaced. Including wrecking, it cost twice what good plumbing would have originally. Glenview is not happy about its bargain.”

Temporary frame schools are another case of expensive “savings.” “I saw a lot of them in industrial areas in the Northwest,” says one educator. “They were built a half-dozen years ago, supposedly until things got better. But they are still there eating up a fortune in maintenance—and a generation of chil-

dren have been robbed of good schools in the towns that chose this answer to their building problem.”

Hard-pressed Hicksville, New York, recently constructed eight of these temporary structures. “We did what the client requested,” says Henry Johnson of Knappe and Johnson, the architects. “But they are not economical. They cost \$15.00 a square foot instead of \$18.00 for permanent buildings. Because they are not fire-resistant, the fire-insurance rates on some of them are eight times more than permanent buildings. The most economical thing about temporaries is that they can be demolished easily.”

UNDER-BUILDING in the ostrich-like hope that rising enrollments will disappear is another false economy that is wasting precious tax dollars. Additions invariably cost 10 to 25 percent more.

“If you are going to add, do it while the building is still under construction,” says architect Larry Perkins. “Otherwise you have new overhead and various connections such as plumbing and heating.”

In Guilderland, New York, six extra classrooms were put on a high school while under construction for a phenomenally low \$12,000 a room. In the same town, four classrooms added to an elementary school *after* completion cost \$30,000 each!

Hedging against time is another false hope practiced by some school communities. Since 1949, school building costs have gone up an average of 6 percent a year. In 1952, Evanston, Illinois, defeated a \$1,950,000 expansion plan. The bond

was finally approved last year—but costs hit \$2,600,000. “We wasted five years and \$650,000 making up our mind,” says a taxpayer.

Delaying can also mean less school for more money. A 1,000-student \$2,597,000 high school for the upstate New York suburban school district of Scotia-Glenville was rejected twice by parents in 1953 as “too expensive.” In desperation, the size of the school was cut—classrooms were made smaller, a science lab eliminated—and the price lowered to \$2,266,000. However, when the bids were finally let in 1956, they came in 17 percent higher than even this last price.

Although attacks against new schools are often clouded with such vague epithets as “elaborate,” the true target is usually the space allotted to students—at anywhere from \$10 a square foot in the South to \$18 average in New York State. Cutting this space down by eliminating education facilities—what school-bond opponents call “frills”—is the root of the cut-rate education argument.

“They would have people believe,” says Dr. Walter Cocking, editor of *The School Executive*, “that auditoriums, lunchrooms, libraries, health rooms, teachers’ offices and workrooms, and guidance rooms are not only unnecessary but actually nefarious.”

Because of its size, the staid old auditorium has suddenly become controversial—and has evolved as everything from a combined “gym-natorium” to a luncheon-theater “cafetorium.”

“Every elementary school needs a

multi-purpose room as a minimum,” says Dr. Henry Linn, prominent Columbia University school building consultant. “But in high schools these combinations create too many conflicts that hurt the program. When figuring the cost of a separate high school auditorium, parents should keep in mind that it is usually used as an adult community center.”

One of the weakest—but most emotional—arguments of the cut-rate education group is their attack on “comprehensive” high schools. These schools are spacious, well-equipped structures that combine the traditional vocational and academic high schools, and prepare students for careers ranging from beauty parlor technicians to nuclear physicists.

Of the nation’s 23,000 high schools, only 2,000 are considered truly “comprehensive.” They have been singled out in Dr. James Conant’s recent survey for the Carnegie Corporation as one of our best hopes in the educational sweepstakes with the Soviets.

Ann Arbor High School in Michigan, a 2,600-student-capacity school, is one of the nation’s best equipped, yet it was built at the reasonable cost of \$17.71 per square foot. It boasts everything from a student planetarium, a swimming pool, a community-sized 1,700-seat auditorium to a complete shop wing with a union apprentice program.

“We’re sometimes called a ‘palace,’” says School Superintendent Jack Elzay. “But all we have to do is show how well our students are doing. We’re the only school in Michigan that teaches Russian and has an

Advanced Placement Program for gifted seniors. One hundred and thirty of our boys and girls are getting college credit for advanced work."

Instead of stampeding into "economy" programs, better schools are devising new, inexpensive facilities such as better audio-visual aids. Four Detroit high schools, for example, are teaching beginning French entirely with slides and tape recordings. "The entire kit costs only \$850 and can be used by many classes," says Dr. J. J. McPherson of Wayne State University, where the technique was developed. "We found that students using the new course spoke French 50 percent better after one year than those who learned by traditional methods."

The battle against good schools has had a strange side effect. It has made beauty a suspect item, confused with plushiness. "Good design doesn't cost a penny," points out Dr. Cocking. "You can hire the nation's best creative architects for the same price it costs for a man who normally builds garages."

The situation has become so acute that a New England architect recently commented: "I not only have to build cheap schools—they have to look cheap." In Syosset, Long Island, a number of citizens complained that the beautiful, laminated wooden trusses in the high school were "plush." "They actually cost us less than steel," says a school official. "Because they aren't ugly, some people are convinced they are frill."

A similar incident took place in Minnesota where the supposed "marble" facing on a new school was

roundly criticized. It actually proved to be local, and relatively inexpensive, granite.

Can dollars-and-cents economies be made, then, that will *not* jeopardize a school? Definitely, yes.

One of the most important is the consolidation of school districts to eliminate overhead waste and uneconomical small schools. In 1953, there were 77,000 school districts, which have been consolidated to 50,000. However, 25,000 would be even more economical.

Borrowing schoolhouse construction money at good rates can save more than cut-back in facilities. In 1957, the average school-bond interest rate was 4 percent, double that of 1950. In many cases this increased building costs by 30 percent.

A possible solution is State Bonding Authorities such as one proposed by New York. However, one administrator, Howard McEachen of Merriam, Kansas, took matters into his own hands recently. He traveled to Wall Street and successfully convinced financiers that his district's financial record had earned it a lower interest rate. "He saved the taxpayers more money with that one trip than I have in years," says the district's architect.

The economy of entirely prefabricated schools is debated, but experts agree on the value of "modular" or stock parts. In Liberty, Texas, architect Bill Caudill designed a ten-room elementary school with beams of two sizes instead of the usual dozens, and one stock column instead of a half dozen. The school's steel costs were almost 40 percent less, and the school won nationwide recognition,

architecturally and educationally.

The intelligent *early* purchase of land for schools is a vital economy. Two towns, one that planned and one that waited, had exactly opposite experiences. Charlotte, North Carolina, started buying land before World War II and recently sold a parcel they could not use at a 300 percent profit. Woodbridge, New Jersey, a rapidly expanding suburb, sold town-owned land to developers ten years ago and is now buying it back for school sites at ten times the price. "And we're taking what's left over," says a disgruntled citizen.

Intelligent economies will undoubtedly help pay our education bill. Meanwhile, it is vital to understand the difference between a supposed "plush palace" and an efficient, attractive school properly equipped to teach our children. It may help defeat the dangerous fallacy of bargain-basement education—as it did in Schenectady, New York.

Four years ago, Schenectady erupted in a bitter fight over a new "dream" school, the \$5,500,000 Linton High School planned to replace an overcrowded turn-of-the-century school in the noisy heart of town. The fourth floor of the building had been condemned and boarded up, and students had to fight two blocks of city traffic to reach their athletic field.

"We thought they deserved

more," says F. Morley Roberts, a business executive who helped lead the Citizens Committee for Public Schools fight. "The opposition attacked it as a palace, but we brought our story to the people through newspapers, radio and a door-to-door campaign."

The new school won by a bare 684 votes in this city of almost 100,000. "The fight was well worth it," says Roberts. "Linton High opened this spring and is already the center of our community. We have 1,700 youngsters in a summer recreation program, the Schenectady Symphony uses the auditorium, and the Boys Club has an after-school program here.

"Ten thousand people came to our open house this May, and almost everyone was happy with it—including many former skeptics. We just made our first annual payment on it—\$192,000, or about \$8 extra taxes for a family with a \$15,000 house. We think it's well worth the price."

But the fight against bargain-basement education has yet to be won in many other American towns. "There is a climate of opinion in thousands of American communities that is impeding the construction of superior school buildings able to provide a superior education," warns Dr. Cocking. "If we don't stop it, today's children and tomorrow's are the ones who will suffer."

A Note From The Editors

Civic groups, PTA members, or any other interested parties may obtain reprints of this article. Prices, postpaid to one address: 10—\$.30; 50—\$1.25; 100—\$2.25; 500—\$10; 1,000—\$17. Address Coronet Reprints, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

In "solitary" 42 years, genius-scientist

The agony of the caged birdman

by THOMAS E. GADDIS



Robert Stroud of Alcatraz keeps fighting for freedom

A MAN LIVES TODAY who has not eaten a meal with another human being since 1916. During that time he has lived in a room alone.

He has never seen a television set. He has no radio, hears no music, reads no newspapers. Yet not only is he intelligent, he is a renowned scientist.

This man lives in California. At night, he can see the lights of the most sophisticated city on the West Coast—San Francisco. He answers to a number: 594. His name is Robert F. Stroud. He is a prisoner in Alcatraz.

Today, at the age of 68, Bob Stroud is probably the longest-imprisoned man alive in the world: 1909-1958. He has endured 42 years of solitary confinement, longer than any known human being of modern times.

What is Stroud like and what did he do to be kept alone, even on Alcatraz?

Robert Stroud is a tall, bald, thin man with intense blue eyes behind metal-rimmed glasses. He wears an old eyeshade patched together with adhesive tape.

Although his schooling ended in 1901 at the third grade, today he translates Cicero from the original Latin, and Victor Hugo from the French. He has done pioneer research in bird diseases, written a bird book and a prison book. His bird book circulates in public li-

braries. His prison book is locked away in a Washington office.

When Bob Stroud first went to jail in 1909, he was a gangling 19-year-old wanderer. He had shot and killed a bartender in Alaska for mauling his mistress, a pretty girl called Kitty. Bob and Kitty were both indicted for murder.

Stroud pleaded guilty to manslaughter, which set Kitty free. He was sentenced to 12 years—an unprecedented stretch for a frontier crime of passion.

Prisons were tough in those days, and the illiterate youth became a total rebel—hard, smart, merciless toward authority. After knifing an informer in the shoulder, he was transferred to the Federal prison at Leavenworth, Kansas.

One day, on a dare, Stroud beat his cellmate in a mathematics problem. His mind—the mind of a genius—awakened. He took prison correspondence courses and made high grades in structural engineering, astronomy and calculus.

In the spring of 1916, a new guard turned him in for talking at mess, which prevented him from seeing his young brother who had come from Alaska to visit him. Stroud killed the club-carrying guard in a face-to-face altercation before 1,100 prisoners. He was placed in solitary, the most hated man in the history of Leavenworth.

Stroud claimed self-defense. He

was defiant. He tried to escape. He had but one ally: his determined and devoted mother, Elizabeth.

After three trials, Stroud was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. All appeals failed. His execution date was set.

These trials had taken four years. During that time, while Stroud was held in isolation, he studied music. He learned to draw. He read psychology books.

And now, while he watched his gallows being built in the prison yard, his indomitable mother knocked on official doors in Washington. One of them opened. She secured an audience with Mrs. Woodrow Wilson and the President commuted her son's sentence to life imprisonment.

Stroud's prisoner friends pounded on pipes and bars. It was April, 1920. Leopold and Loeb were in knee-pants.

"Robert Stroud," the Leavenworth warden stated, "will be segregated for life. He will never be allowed to associate with the other prisoners. Only members of his immediate family may visit him."

STROUD was 30. He faced the prospect of isolation unto death, which has turned prisoners into human vegetables. Then one day a storm blew a torn branch into the isolation bull pen during his exercise period. Under the leaves, he found a nest and three drenched sparrows.

He gathered the fledglings into his handkerchief, took them inside, and warmed them in an improvised incubator—a sock hung beside a 25-

watt bulb. He splinted one sparrow's broken leg.

His birds thrived. He taught them tricks, and sent for the deputy warden, who had a canary.

"This is Runt," Stroud told the warden. "Runt, play dead!"

The sparrow rolled on its back and lay still.

"How did you get him to do that?" the warden marveled.

"It takes time, and I've got plenty of it."

The warden grinned. "All right. Keep the birds."

Later, Stroud acquired two canaries. Working with a razor blade and a nail, he laboriously built a large cage. Soon he had a family of canaries. On the far side of Leavenworth an old vacuum cleaner disappeared. The motor turned up in his cell and became a feed grinder.

When Stroud's fledglings developed rickets, he studied vitamins. When one of his birds died, he dissected it with his fingernails and made drawings in his notebook. The Leavenworth librarian groaned at his endless requests for bird books, chemistry books, physiology books. The prisoner made feed cups from pop bottles, and nesting pans from strawberry boxes left over from an official banquet. He acquired a hand glass and discarded kidney pans from the prison hospital.

The warden called Stroud a model convict. He allowed the prisoner's mother, who had moved to Kansas City, to take her son's healthy warblers home. She sold them, and Bob Stroud accomplished his dream—to help support his mother from solitary confinement.

One day, two of Stroud's canaries went into convulsions and died. Within a week, half of his birds lay lifeless in their cages, on his bunk and on the floor of his 6' x 12' cell. His bird family had succumbed to septic fever, listed in his bird books as incurable.

In panic, Stroud wrote to universities, secured Government bulletins on bird diseases. He began a series of experiments "based upon a wild brand of logic, upon half-guessed truths." He dissected dead birds.

One of his experiments worked. He discovered a cure for septic fever and saved the rest of his birds.

Now Stroud was given wide mailing and correspondence privileges, provided he would not reveal his identity as a prisoner. He studied English grammar, acquired a typewriter, and soon learned articles by him began to appear in bird magazines in the U.S. and in England: "Hemorrhagic Septicemia in Canaries," "Specific Treatment for Septic Fever," and similar titles.

He now had 300 canaries in his high-ceilinged cell, every inch of space being carefully utilized. Through letters, he saved the lives of thousands of sick birds without charge. Pet lovers never knew the mysterious bird doctor was a life-term convict.

Meanwhile, a new Federal Bureau of Prisons began operations in Washington. In 1930, it took over control of the mushrooming prison system. It brought uniformity and common standards.

An order was issued prohibiting inmates from conducting businesses.

The Leavenworth warden ordered Robert Stroud to get rid of his birds within 60 days. Stroud was aghast.

"I've worked and lived with birds for 11 years," he told the warden. "They are my life."

"My job is to carry out orders," the warden said.

News stories appeared throughout the country about the convict bird doctor who was forced to give up his birds. Pet fanciers learned that the man who had helped them lived in a cage himself. Letters poured into the startled Prison Bureau. "The man made a job for himself alone in a cell. Let him keep his birds," was the opinion expressed. Petitions with thousands of signatures were sent to President Hoover.

The Bureau's director then disclosed that the order did not really apply to Stroud after all. He was given an extra cell for his canaries. Electric outlets and laboratory facilities were installed. The prisoner was allowed to breed birds and sell them under new provisos.

But the forced reversal of policy displeased Bureau executives. Stroud contends they never forgot it.

Early in 1933, Stroud learned through the prison "grapevine" that authorities planned to ship him to a prison soon to open for public enemies and troublemakers—*Alcatraz*. But one of President Roosevelt's aides secured a postponement of the slated transfer and the caged man remained with his twittering family.

Stroud's application for parole was refused in 1937 and not long afterward his mother died.

After these blows, the birdman plunged deeper into his studies. He

had devised remedies for septic fever, hemorrhagic septicemia, avian diphtheria and pox virus. Now he started intricate experiments to determine the cause of fowl paralysis. He developed bird diets. He diagnosed B-Paratyphosis B, without a microscope. But he yearned for one.

One day his fondest dream was answered. Wesleyan University donated an old Spencer microscope for his use. Excitedly, he squinted for hours through his new "eye." He studied bird blood cells.

After two years, he accomplished an amazing feat. He constructed a microtome out of a razor blade, metal strips and hard wood. His instrument cut tissues to thousandths of an inch. With this, he made tissue sections of bird organs and became a self-taught histologist.

He now began the laborious writing of his "Digest of Bird Diseases," complete with drawings. It still circulates in public libraries and is a reference work in aviaries and zoos in the U.S. and England.

As his years of confinement wore deeper, Stroud grew morose and eccentric. He became ill and nearly died of pneumonia. Experimenting with dyes, he produced beautifully

colored canaries. With one dye—anthroquinone—donated by the du Pont Company, he found a remedy for aspergillosis. He started research to see whether the dye might kill the tubercle bacillus. His requests for chemicals were refused by prison authorities.

Stroud turned to his old friend Fred Daw, a bird fancier who had been a constant correspondent since 1928. Before the American public knew of the sun lamp, Stroud was trying to persuade Fred Daw to construct one, hoping to produce skin mutations in bird cells. Stroud wrote to Daw for apple seeds, in search of a strange chemical. He was tirelessly curious, but his strong ego and eccentric requests annoyed officials.

On December 15, 1942, Stroud was fitted with handcuffs and leg irons and placed in a railroad compartment, destination Alcatraz, the Rock. Left in his cell were half a ton of laboratory equipment, instruments, books, cages, live birds. He had lived there for 26 years.

On Alcatraz, he was again alone. His cell was smaller, and in the Segregation Block. He was allowed to read books, and his interest shifted



Risking his life, Stroud told the rioting prisoners: "Back to your cells!"

from caged birds to caged men. He began to study law.

In 1946, five dangerous convicts armed themselves and set off one of the worst riots in Federal prison history. Their first move was to unlock the tier of cells in D Block.

Stroud watched his barred door slide open. Here was a chance for escape. Crazy convicts were running down the decks. Others hesitated, trying to decide.

"Back to your cells!" Stroud cried. "Take cover—there's going to be gunfire!"

The inmates holed up in their cells behind mattresses. Stroud risked his life by running to an end cell, where his voice could be heard by the guards, and shouting, "There are no guns in D Block!"

D Block was bombarded by fragmentation grenades, tommy guns, pistol and rifle fire. But injuries were few. In C Block, the mutineers took hostages, locked them in a cell and riddled them with bullets. Then they fled into a utility tunnel where they were killed by machine-gun fire.

For awhile, Stroud was given special book privileges, but a new warden abolished them.

In March, 1950, in a Federal Court petition, the birdman revealed the existence of a 100,000-word manuscript history of Federal prisons and his life in them since

1909. But the book was confiscated.

In 1953, a publisher requested the Prison Bureau's permission to allow Stroud to work on a new edition of his book on bird diseases. Permission was denied. "He is merely trying to increase his nuisance value," a Bureau official stated.

Last March, Nathan Leopold was released from prison after serving 34 years. Stroud is in his 49th year. On the day Leopold first went to jail, Stroud had already spent 15 years behind bars.

The release of Nathan Leopold has encouraged hope for the birdman, and a Committee for Release of Robert F. Stroud has been formed which includes Walter Wanger, Arthur Koestler, Dr. Negley Teeters, and others well-known in their fields. The Committee is backing a petition for commutation of sentence for the aged prisoner-scientist.

The new warden of Alcatraz recently told the San Francisco press that "Stroud is no problem." Three prison chaplains have urged his release. An Eastern bird breeder has offered him a home, aviary and laboratory facilities in a secluded spot. Robert Stroud at 68 feels new hope. His life was spared by one U.S. President in 1920. He hopes that another President will end his long ordeal alone by signing a petition for his release in 1958.

Cold Wave Coming?

THE EVANSVILLE, INDIANA, woman who telephoned police one hot day last summer to report that boys were annoying her by throwing snowballs at her house was not as crazy as they thought. The snowballs were made of shaved ice which the lads had taken from a nearby dairy.

—JANE GATES

Ruling Christian Dior's
dress empire, is a modest
but iron-willed 21-year-old
—Yves St. Laurent

Crown prince of fashion

by RICHARD GEHMAN



THE TALL, frail-looking youth with wavy blond hair and blue eyes behind thick spectacles stood on the balcony bowing diffidently and waving his hand as the crowd in the avenue below called his name and cheered. When he retreated into the building, the cheers became more insistent.

"Go out again, Yves," a friend urged.

The young man shook his head. "No," he said, "it would not be proper. It is not me they are hailing—but the memory of the great Dior."

In that single modest statement lies the key to the character of a remarkable 21-year-old Frenchman,

Yves Mathieu St. Laurent, who is expected to exert a profound influence on the dressing habits and style patterns of women all over the world for years to come. For Yves St. Laurent (his first name is pronounced "Eve") is the successor to Christian Dior, the designer whose New Look revolutionized dress design just after World War II.

When Dior died suddenly last year, St. Laurent went immediately into seclusion. Friends tried to get him on the telephone; he would not answer. For a time it was feared that he would never return to the House of Dior to work.

When he did, a week later, he was pale and seemed even thinner than

usual. "I am desolate," he confided to one of the *couturières*. "It is as though part of my life-stream were gone."

But when he was notified that he had been chosen to carry on in Dior's place, he appeared revitalized—as though he felt that he were giving new life to the man who had been his mentor. And his first collection, presented last January, caused almost as big a furor as did Dior's first. For the bony young man gave the world another new catchword, the "Trapeze" line.

Street demonstrations are familiar sights in France; but never before, until the Trapeze line appeared, had people gathered in the streets for the sole purpose of applauding a line of dresses.

St. Laurent seems slightly bewildered by all the attention he has attracted. He was pleased with the response to the Trapeze, which is a somewhat triangularly shaped dress line with a narrow top and a free-swinging skirt, but he dislikes publicity and fuss.

"Yves would have been much happier," one friend says, "if the House of Dior itself, and not he, had received the lion's share of the credit for his designs."

Yet behind his modesty there lies considerable strength. "Yves knows exactly what he wants, and gets it," says Jean-Claude Donati, an executive at the House. And St. Laurent himself says, "I try at all times to do just what I wish to do. Before everything, I do what I please."

When a made-up dress is brought to him for the first time, he stands back, arms folded, and scrutinizes

it carefully. If it does not please him, he has it destroyed, regardless of the cost of making up the model.

"I've seen him tear up patterns that other top designers would have given a year's salary to have produced," says one Dior official.

Yves is unconcerned with anything but getting the perfection he sees in his mind's eye. "I try to look at everything as though Dior were still looking over my shoulder," he says.

Dior was a hard taskmaster. When St. Laurent first showed him his sketches, the great designer threw out hundreds on the grounds that they were "too exaggerated."

"One must not push things too far," he said, "for that is one of the first secrets of elegance — genuine simplicity."

Later St. Laurent said, "I have never been impressed by anyone in my life but Dior."

He was so impressed, in fact, that he even adopted Dior's manners. Many French designers leap about, scream, beat seamstresses over the head with yardsticks, and generally behave like maniacs. Dior was exactly the opposite. He was gentle, courteous, considerate and retiring.

Also, he was concerned for the welfare of his workers. The rambling, labyrinthine series of five buildings at 30 Avenue Montaigne which makes up the House contain a hospital, a restaurant and recreation rooms for the employees.

St. Laurent is in the same tradition. He is a nervous young man, and seldom raises his voice. In fact, his speech is frequently inaudible. He answers most questions directly

and with sensitivity. When he does not wish to commit himself, he will say politely, "I've never asked myself that question."

Nor will he argue. A designer recalls that, when his first collection was being prepared, one of the women in charge of accessories kept trying to push a certain alligator bag to go with the dress St. Laurent was inspecting.

"I don't think that one will do, Madame," he said.

"But Monsieur," the woman insisted, "it is absolutely perfect—it will be wonderful." And she went on at greater length.

"We will not use the bag, Madame," Yves said, mildly. And that was that.

It may be his calm disposition that enables him to work superhuman hours—he often goes without sleep for more than 48 hours at a stretch. He does not know where he gets his strength, his stamina or, for that matter, his talent. Neither of his parents were especially creative, he says.

ST. LAURENT was born in Oran, Algeria, on August 1, 1936, son of a successful lawyer who was also in the insurance business.

Yves was the eldest child, and his mother's favorite (two younger sisters were born later and are now 12 and 15).

"I have a very strong relationship with my mother," he said recently. "She is very young, a good friend—but how can I explain what I mean when I am talking about someone I love. I am happy with her, that's all. And with my father, as well—

he is a gay man, very expansive, and exactly the opposite of me."

Their home life was secure. Yet he liked to withdraw to his own room and remain apart from everyone else for long periods.

"I read sometimes in my room," he says, "but because I had an absolute passion for the theater, I made a stage and created people. (He never showed his creations to anyone.) I have always wanted to remain closed within myself."

When he was 11, a production of *Les Ecoles des Femmes* arrived in Oran. Yves was taken to see it, and it changed his life.

"I was impassioned by the sets' elegance and simplicity, and the same with the costumes," he says.

He went back home and recreated the play in miniature. "I invented the costumes, taking little pieces of paper and bits and scraps of material . . . I did not know how to sew, so I cut them out with scissors and pasted them together. Let us not say that they were dolls. They were personalities made of cardboard which I designed and dressed and which I alone saw."

The family decided that Yves would study law, and he applied himself to it, he says, until he was 17. Then he told his parents that he wanted to go to Paris to test the talents in theatrical and fashion design he had been developing in secret. They agreed to let him.

Before leaving, he made sketches for a fashion collection—"simply to amuse myself." A friend in Oran gave him a note to Michel de Brunhoff, an executive with French *Vogue*, and he timidly took the

sketches in for the expert to see.

Brunhoff was amazed. "I must take you to Dior at once," he said.

Christian Dior, at that time—it was 1953, in the fall—was just about the king of the fashion world. His 28 workrooms employed over 1,000 people; and the Dior empire embraced eight companies and 16 affiliated enterprises, spread over five continents.

From his earliest days Dior had taken a great interest in young people who wanted to learn the crafts of the fashion world. And, when Michel de Brunhoff brought in young St. Laurent, he readily agreed to look at the sketches. After an interview which lasted exactly 15 minutes, St. Laurent went to work as an apprentice at 30 Avenue Montaigne.

The master and the pupil had a strangely silent relationship. Each morning St. Laurent would go into Dior's spacious office, sit down, and silently watch the sketches being created. The two men almost never spoke.

"I learned more than I can ever say," says Laurent, "simply by observing. He seemed to have much confidence in me and I had some ideas that followed along with his. We worked without even discussing or talking. If I had an idea, I would design it, and show it to him—and he would nod, or shake his head, or sometimes point to details with a pencil, or perhaps redraw it on a fresh sheet of paper. Between us there was a silent power."

When Dior died, it was tacitly understood in the House of Dior that the master would have wanted

no other successor than Yves. And so Marcel Boussac and his fellow directors met and elected him, placing the fate of a multimillion-dollar business on the shoulders of a 21-year-old.

St. Laurent's salary has never been published, but it has been estimated at approximately 630,000 francs per year (roughly \$15,000). It is expected that, if his success continues, he will be elected a director next year or the year after that. Until then, however, he is still an employee.

St. Laurent has made few changes in the work routine that Dior established. The House presents four collections each year, and although each takes about three months to be prepared, one collection is often in the workrooms while another is being conceived in the minds of St. Laurent and his associate designers and fashion coordinators.

Before working on a collection, St. Laurent first produces nearly a thousand preliminary sketches. Then he and his four coordinators, all women, select the 200-odd designs that will ultimately be made into dresses. A collection usually requires 10,000 yards of fabrics and takes about 100,000 work-hours to complete.

Professional buyers from the smart stores order a limited number of copies of the originals, in two or three sizes. These dresses usually sell for between \$400 for a street dress, to as high as \$5,000 for an evening gown. Buyers from the mass-production houses lease the designs and sell the dresses, after an interval, for mass prices, sometimes

as low as \$6.95. Private customers who can afford the originals pay as high as \$25,000 for a single model.

After the final showing, St. Laurent is in a state of utter exhaustion and goes home. He lives in a single room in a large apartment owned by an old lady on the Boulevard Pierre, and has lived there since he first went to Paris. He falls into bed and sleeps the clock around.

Yves leads a rather strenuous social life, appearing at most of the openings of new plays, at the ballet and the opera. More often than not he is in the company of Suzanne Luling, the sales directress of Dior. Although St. Laurent is a little over six feet in height, Mlle. Luling is even taller. They make a striking couple.

He is also seen frequently with Phillippine de Rothschild, daughter of a baron and a baroness. St. Laurent has said that he is in love with

Phillippine, but does not know if they will get married.

"I don't think I could make a good marriage because I am so shut up within myself," he explains.

He believes that he has not changed essentially since he was a child, and those who have known him during his five years at Dior say his new authority has not altered his personality in any way.

"My biggest worry," he said not long ago, "is that I have had too much success too soon."

According to fashion authorities, however, the slender youngster from Algiers need have no worries on this score. His 1958 fall collection, "the curve line"—accenting high bodices and lowering hemlines to 15 inches from the floor—met with the same critical applause that greeted the Trapeze line. Says a French editor: "Yves will be around for a long, long time."

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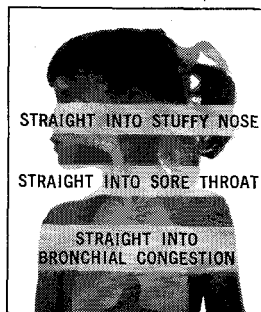


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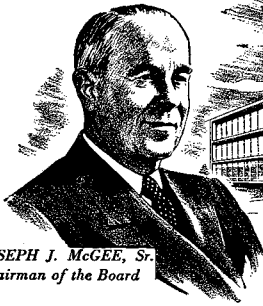
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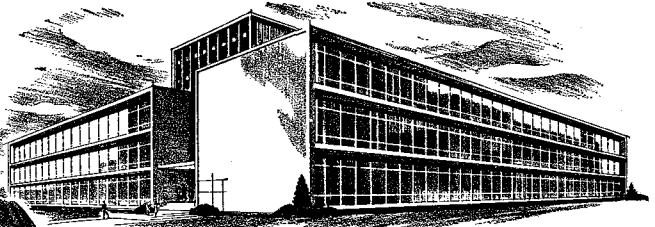
OCTOBER, 1958

101

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JOSEPH J. MCGEE, Sr.
Chairman of the Board



More than a decade ago Joseph McGee pursued a family belief that "age alone need not make you uninsurable" and today—

Old American insures people up to age 80!

If you were born before 1900, you have probably noticed that most companies show a lack of interest in your life insurance needs.

But this lack of interest didn't seem right to Joseph McGee, famous son of a famous father, Thomas McGee, the hardy insurance pioneer who at 94 was still president of his beloved Old American Insurance Company of Kansas City.

"The statistical magic which makes insurance for younger people possible should also apply to folks in good health between the ages of 60 and 80," Joe McGee confided to his brothers, Frank and Louis, and to his son, Joseph, Jr., who later was to become president of the financially solid Old American Insurance Company.

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fulfillment of a dream—a living symbol of success in serving the personal insurance needs of people all over the nation—young and old alike.

One reason folks in the senior age group like to do business with Old American is because the entire transaction can be handled conveniently by mail, Joseph McGee, Jr. believes. It is not necessary to have a salesman call. (At 38 Joe McGee is following in his illustrious father's footsteps, has already become one of the ablest young insurance executives of our time. As president of two national associations of advertising executives, he has worked tirelessly for high ethical advertising standards.)

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Today Joseph McGee, Jr., says, "We are grateful for the wonderful reception senior citizens have given our 'up to age 80' insurance protection. But there are still more than 15,000,000 in the over 60 age group, many with inadequate coverage—many with none at all."

After reading this detailed report of the amazing McGee family tradition on which a whole company has been built, you may want more information yourself.

If so, just write—giving your name, address and year of birth—to Old American Insurance Company, 1 West 9th, Dept. L1025M, Kansas City 5, Missouri. Full information will be sent you by return mail—*without any obligation.*



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DYNAMITE

by Norman and Madelyn Carlisle

Science has put kid gloves on this roaring champion of destruction. Today, it can quietly flatten a mountain

PANAMA CANAL BLOCKED" was a headline you didn't read. But you might very well have. For fear of such a calamity sent geologists rushing to the Canal in 1954.

Sixteen years before, inspectors had noticed a crack in the steep, rocky slopes of Contractor's Hill. Year after year it deepened until, by 1954, it had reached an estimated depth of 600 feet. Then, a second crack was discovered and there was danger that over 2,000,000 cubic yards of rock might split off the slope and go plunging into the Canal, blocking it completely.

In some way the menacing rocks had to be removed. But how? No machine existed that could tear them loose. It would take years to dig them out with compressed air drills. Meanwhile, the danger would grow.

The threatening rocks, engineers finally announced, would have to be blasted loose. Using *dynamite* in a situation where the slightest vibra-

tion invited disaster seemed suicidal; yet a Texas construction company brashly claimed that it could do the job.

Their dynamite expert went to work. For over a year he fired blasts almost daily, using altogether a million pounds of dynamite. Vast masses of rock were pried loose, many tons in a single blast.

At last the work was completed and dynamite, employed as a mighty chisel, had ended the rock-slide menace.

"Mighty workman of mankind," Alfred Nobel called the stuff he discovered when nitroglycerin accidentally dripped on some clay in his workshop. But even he would be dazzled by the tricks it performs for today's explosives engineers. In midget blasts of a few ounces, up to giants of over a million pounds, they have made its packaged violence one of man's most useful tools.

Nitroglycerin, the basic ingredient of dynamite, is glycerin mixed



By JAMES HENRY WESTON

Announce New Way To Shrink Hemorrhoids

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FOR the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids, stop itching, and relieve pain—without surgery.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, “very striking improvement” was reported and verified by doctors’ observations.

Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.

And most amazing of all — this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors’ observations were continued over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as “Piles have ceased to be a prob-

lem!” And among these sufferers were a very wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some 10 to 20 years’ standing.

All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) — the discovery of a world-famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on all parts of the body.

This new healing substance is offered in *suppository* or *ointment* form called *Preparation H*.* Ask for individually sealed convenient Preparation H suppositories or Preparation H ointment with special applicator. Preparation H is sold at all drug counters. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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OCTOBER, 1958

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How **SLENDER** women can ***REDUCE** the size of their **HIPS**

by Lois Cristy

*** No diet. No weight-loss, yet inches vanish almost like magic!**

Are you slender . . . yet bothered by bulges? Are you only slightly over your correct size . . . and not interested in dieting? Relax-A-cizor is your way. No diet. No weight-loss. Yet inches vanish from hips, waist, tummy, arms, thighs . . . almost like magic . . . while you rest, at HOME!

Relax-A-cizor requires NO EFFORT, never makes you feel tired . . . yet it is real, slimming exercise. It is not a vibrator or couch. It is the ONLY home unit that does not depend upon diet for results!

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Many women lose an inch or two the first week or so . . . and with NO diet or weight-loss! No other home method makes such a promise . . . Relax-A-cizor reduces inches without diet or weight-loss!

Relax-A-cizor is a tiny, attractive machine. Looks like a small makeup case. It causes "beautifying, reducing exercise that trims away inches." Easy to use . . . simply place "Beauty Belts" or pads over bulges of hips, waist, abdomen, thighs, turn a dial and Relax-A-cizor does your slimming exercise while you rest, read, watch T.V. or even sleep!

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Just a few of our famous slender users: Doris Day, Eleanor Powell, Jolie Gabor, Patrice Munsel, Lisa Ferraday, Lola Albright, Helen Grayco and Helen O'Connell.

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Clinically tested by physicians . . . Physicians in New York City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia conducted hundreds of "test cases" to prove the complete safety of the product and the remarkably fast results.

Husbands use Relax-A-cizor, too . . . for slimming exercise of their bulging waistlines . . . for soothing RELAXING exercise of tired, aching back and feet muscles. Relax-A-cizor is for the WHOLE FAMILY . . . teenagers to glamorous Grandma. Everyone uses it!

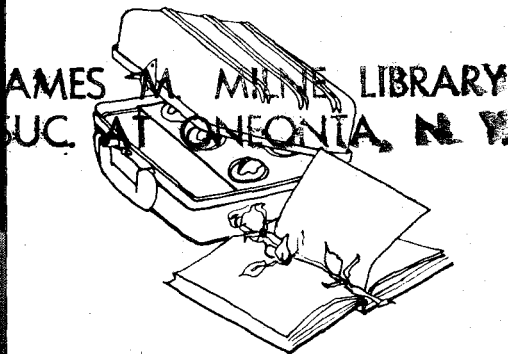
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Photo: Phillip March

This is the Relax-A-cizor you read about in the editorial article, "It Buzzes Away the Bulges" in CORONET.

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Users report results . . . Mrs. Evelyn Brantweiner of Allentown, Pennsylvania, writes: "I've lost 4 inches from my waist, 3 inches from hips and 2 inches from my thighs in 3 months." Mrs. Caglia of San Jose, California says: "After about 3 weeks I took my hips down from 46" to 37½", waistline from 33" to 26". She says that she did not diet. Mary A. Moriarty, New Bedford, in 1 month lost 3 inches around her waist and her hips; her dress size went from 20½ to 18.

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with nitric and sulfuric acids. To this, very sensitive explosive absorbents are added such as wood pulp, sawdust, or Kieselguhr—the substance used in the original mixture discovered by Nobel.

For marketing, the dynamite is generally put into cylinders of brown paper coated with paraffin. These firecracker-shaped sticks are from one to two inches in diameter and about eight inches long. When ready for use, the charge may be set off by a detonator or blasting cap.

Dynamite, and closely related explosives, come not only in sticks but also in powders, pellets, pastes and cans. In certain forms it won't explode if you toss it in a fire—in others it can be made to explode underwater.

This versatility is achieved by varying the amounts of nitroglycerin and mixtures of other chemicals. Some explosives which are loosely called "dynamite" have even been compounded without the nitroglycerin at all, using instead the less sensitive ammonium nitrate.

However the chemists juggle their contents, all dynamites get their power from the principle of the chemical explosion, a reaction in which solid particles are transformed instantly into hot gases. In their furious effort to escape, these gases hurl aside rocks, steel, or anything in their paths, thereby performing the tasks set for them by the engineers.

Though nearly a billion pounds of dynamite will be used this year, the nation will not be deafened, nor will it rock and roll. Most blasts will whisper, not roar. The experts have

taken the bang out of blasting by means of a new blast-silencing gadget called a delay cap.

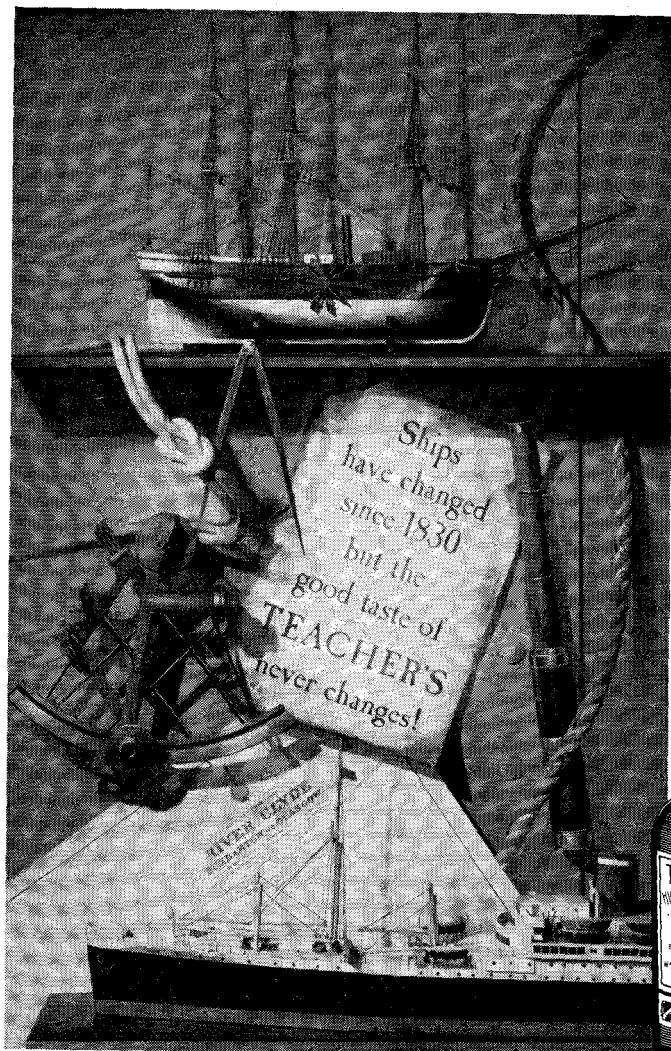
This is a firing device that delivers the vibration and sound of a blast on the installment plan. It can, for example, divide a 500-pound blast into five 100-pound ones fired a fraction of a second apart. Such an explosion has the full power of a 500-pound blast, but no more noise and vibration than any of its 100-pound parts.

One of the world's biggest peacetime dynamite explosions ripped apart a Tennessee mountain in 1949. Ferdinand "Slide Rule" Bickel, a du Pont explosives expert, spent months consulting with TVA men who later honeycombed the mountain with more than a mile of tunnels. Placed in them, each designed to blast out a particular section of rock, were 55,425 cans totaling more than a million pounds of a blasting agent called Nitramon. Bickel made thousands of intricate calculations to determine that each charge would play an exact part in the symphony of violence.

When the mountain was blown apart, people in Bristol, Tennessee, just a few miles away, did not even know there had been an explosion. Spectators standing half a mile away from the blast heard only a dull, muffled *c-r-u-m-p*. Dr. L. Don Leet, the Harvard seismologist, reported that vibration of the earth at this point was hardly greater than that which shakes your house when you slam the front door.

"All the force went into smashing rocks," Bickel explains.

Not all of the dynamiters' jobs call



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OCTOBER, 1958

109

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Why Anita Ekberg won't fool with fad diets

by *Bobbie Reynolds*



After unhappy results from drastic diets the stars have now found a pleasant, painless way to stay slim.

A STATUESQUE blond stepped from her limousine to face a battery of popping flash bulbs and throngs of admiring fans. Anita Ekberg had arrived for the première of her latest acting triumph "Paris Holiday"—a Tolda Production filmed in Technicolor.

"Did you ever see such a gorgeous figure in your life?" exclaimed a rather fat and frumpish fan, leaning across the red velvet rope for a better view.

The woman's companion sighed

resignedly. "They say she loves to eat, too. Me? A few Swedish smorgasbords and I'd be like a blimp. My guess is she goes on starvation diets to stay slim!"

Lucky Anita wasn't within earshot. For if there's one thing she refuses to fool with, it's mad fad diets. "No drastic dieting for me!" exclaimed Anita to this writer at a special interview. "There are just too many risks!"

Anita knew from Hollywood history what she was talking about.

(Advertisement)

Fact is, in the early days of moviedom, fad diets more than once put the "kiss of death" on careers and stars. For Hollywood used to lose its head in frantic efforts to shed unwanted flesh. Epsom salts, black coffee and bananas, buttermilk and nothing but—such was the torture. The stars went wacky with "wonder" diets that often brought on collapse.

Many will remember Barbara La Marr of "Three Musketeers" fame and Renee Adoree of "Big Parade." Tragic cases both—for it's been said drastic dieting led to their deaths—as it did to that of Louis Wolheim, the hard-boiled captain of that famous film "What Price Glory."

But today's stars have a sensible new way to reduce that's absolutely safe. Anita Ekberg has discovered it—as have Alexis Smith, George Brent and scores of others.

"Out here in Hollywood when we want to lose weight," said Anita, "the first thing we think of is this amazing 'candy that makes you thin!'" Then she held up two small squares. "You take off pounds without dieting, and you don't even feel hungry."

Readers will probably wonder, as did this writer, how candy could possibly do that. This is no ordinary candy. It's a special low-calorie, vitamin-and-mineral candy called Ayds. Taken before meals as directed, it curbs the appetite so you automatically eat less and lose weight. And what a figure-saver it's been for Hollywood!

Take, for instance, Rory Calhoun and his stunning wife, Lita Baron. "Staying down to an ideal weight is hard—even with all the exercise

I get on the ranch," commented Rory to a director friend. "But Lita and I have found a way to lose weight together and it's fun!"

"We take that miracle reducing candy Ayds," chirped Lita. "Rory likes the chewy caramel kind and I the new chocolate fudge-type. Both work equally well, we find."

The Calhouns, like Anita Ekberg, read about this reducing plan candy in a magazine article, based on a Medical Journal report. Not a "pill" or a dangerous drug, Ayds is what is known as an "appetite deterrent." A look at this article revealed a clinical investigation had been made at a Boston Medical Center to determine the value of "appetite deterrents" in reducing.

The leading weight-reducing products, plus a strict diet alone, were tested. And the doctors discovered that those taking Ayds lost the most weight. What's more, they suffered no hunger pangs, loss of sleep or other harmful side-effects. "Just what the doctor ordered," for movieland!

As Pamela Mason, talented wife of actor James Mason, commented: "Before I knew about Ayds, I tried all kinds of diets—including fat diets—but nothing worked as well as Ayds." Then with a glance in the mirror, she added: "It's done amazing things for my figure."

Any fans who'd like to "star" in their own circles with stunning new figures would do well to take Anita Ekberg's advice: forget fads and remember Ayds (regular vanilla caramel or new chocolate fudge-type) found at drug and department stores everywhere.

for spectacular blasts using giant charges. Dynamite has proved useful in all sorts of unlikely tasks.

The desperate owners of a big Virginia apple orchard, for instance, were about ready to give up and cut out hundreds of trees which had stopped bearing. Agricultural experts advised them the trouble was that air was no longer reaching the roots through the hard-packed earth. No cultivating machine could dig deeply enough—so a dynamiter was called in. He plugged the orchard full of one-pound sticks of dynamite. The explosions shattered the earth, let the air through to the roots and the orchard started bearing again.

For daring use of dynamite, the blasters may never top their exploit on the Saguenay River in Quebec. At a spot called Chute-à-Caron, builders set out to construct a dam. To build it, they had to first construct a cofferdam to divert the river. Long lines of trucks dumped ton after ton of giant boulders, but the furious waters swept them away like pebbles.

In desperation, the harassed engineers hit on an idea that at first glance seemed too crazy to work. Nevertheless they sent in a rush call for one of the world's greatest blasting experts, Sam Russell of the du Pont Company. Russell took a look at the river, listened to the engineers'

explanation, and agreed to take a crack at the toughest blasting job in history.

What the builders proposed was to build the cofferdam vertically, as a solid 11,000-ton chunk of concrete, and then push it over so that it would drop right into place. It would be fashioned in an irregular shape that would fit the river bottom exactly. Dynamite would give it the shove.

The danger was that too big a push might make the dam hit the opposite shore and break. Not big enough and it might topple into the stream at the wrong point.

At the base of the structure, which, when on end, towered to the height of a seven-story building, Russell placed half a ton of dynamite. Engineers hardly dared watch when he set it off.

For an instant the massive dam seemed to stand in shuddering balance, then it slowly started to move. It hit the water with a gigantic splash and settled into place. Measurements showed the incredible fact that it had fallen exactly one inch from the spot the engineers had picked as its ideal resting place.

"Couldn't have done better if I'd somehow been able to put it in that river bed with my own two hands," Sam Russell said afterwards. "It's wonderful, what you can do with dynamite."

Missing Links

(Answers to quiz on page 77)

1. art; 2. rot; 3. men; 4. not; 5. net; 6. red; 7. ten; 8. arm; 9. low; 10. her; 11. eat; 12. war; 13. all; 14. end; 15. ill; 16. leg; 17. one; 18. rag; 19. the; 20. win.



"I save by mail and earn 5¼% a year *It's safe . . . and so much easier . . .*

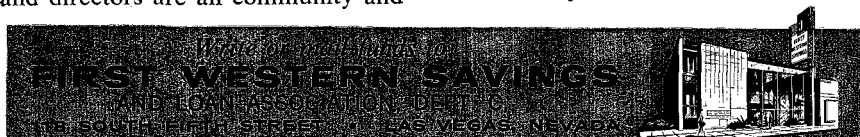
I work hard for my money, so when I chose a savings account I had to know my money was safe and working hard for me. At First Western my savings earn 5¼% a year, and interest is paid every quarter. That means I can easily withdraw funds without losing interest, or I can let the interest remain in the account for compound earnings, every three months.

Few savings institutions can offer so much. First Western can do it because it is located in the fastest growing area in the country, where dollars are needed to finance expansion. Of course, I checked them out thoroughly and found that First Western is the largest savings and loan association in Nevada, with total resources over \$25,000,000.00. Their officers and directors are all community and

state leaders of long standing. They have always paid withdrawals instantly, and have a history of dependable performance as well as above-average earnings.

Another important point. Saving by mail is the easiest way to save, no traffic, no waiting in line, no wasted time. I find I save more, and earn more, by transacting my savings business from my own home, with a First Western Savings Account."

You can open a save-by-mail account with as little as \$1.00. Accounts under \$5,000 earn 5% a year, accounts of \$5,000 or more earn 5¼%. Interest is paid quarterly on all accounts. Funds received by the 15th of any month earn from the 1st.



Enter FREE!

**CAPTAIN PETE'S
TREASURE HUNT
CONTEST**

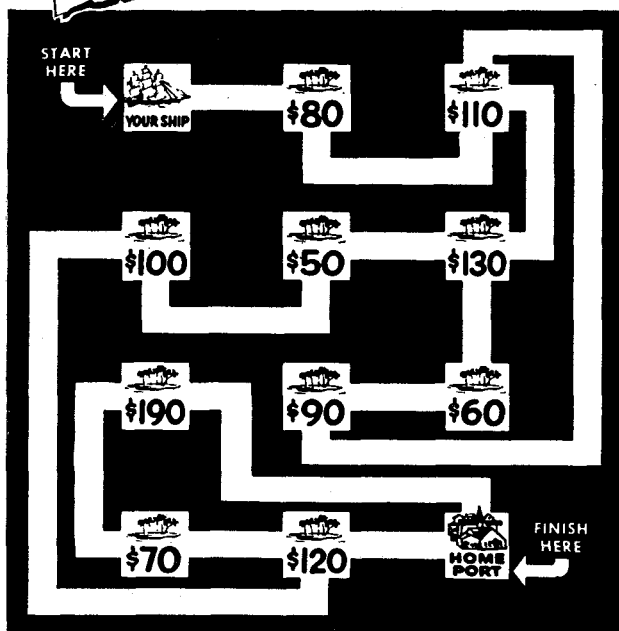
\$1,000.00 FIRST PRIZE

2nd PRIZE \$100 3rd PRIZE \$50
4th to 20th PRIZES, each \$5



**HIGH CORRECT SCORE
FOR THIS PUZZLE
WILL BE MAILED TO
EACH ENTRANT WITHIN
14 DAYS!**

HEAVE TO, my hearties, here's a treasure hunt that's really fun. This Free Entry Treasure Hunt Contest is sponsored by Ingram Lather Shaving Cream and Razor Blades and there's plenty of loot for you to find! Just sail from isle to isle and pick up the booty! Whoever finds the most treasure in accordance with the official rules wins First Prize of \$1,000.00 Cash...and there are other Cash Prizes for skillful treasure hunters. This is a puzzle contest that's really exciting...and everyone in the family can enter! There must be a winner for each prize...you have just as much opportunity as anyone else! Send in your entry today!



HOW TO SOLVE THIS PUZZLE

Simply trace out a route from "YOUR SHIP" to "HOME PORT" on the Puzzle Diagram at left. Trace your route only along white ship lanes from island to island and collect the "treasure" from each island you visit. The idea is to collect as much treasure as possible.



**NOW AVAILABLE
AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S**



No Box-Tops! No Jingles! No Statements!

Solve The Puzzle On Facing Page

ENTER CONTEST FREE!

EASY RULES

1. HOW TO ENTER Send in your solution on one of the Entry Coupons below... let a friend or member of your family enter on the other. First trace out a route from "Your Ship" to "Home Port" on the puzzle diagram. Trace your route only along white ship-lanes (white squares) more than once—and travel on no ship lane (white lines between islands) more than once! Collect all the treasure indicated on each island you visit. On one coupon, list in the order you visited each island, the amount of treasure you found on each island plus the total amount of treasure you found! Collect no treasure from islands you did not visit!

2. PRIZES Contestants finding the most "treasure," in accordance with the official rules, will win the prizes, which will be awarded in order of relative scoring rank.

3. WHO MAY NOT ENTER This contest is closed to employees, agents, relatives, and others connected with this contest, including anyone who has won over \$500 in a puzzle contest prior to January 15, 1958. Please note: there is only one Captain Pete Contest—Do not enter more than once.

4. TIES Ties are to be expected, in which event tied-for prizes will be reserved until ties are broken. Such tied contestants will compete in as many additional FREE puzzles as required to break ties, but not to exceed eight more, after which if ties still exist, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Tie-breakers will be similar to the entry puzzle but more difficult. Each tie-breaker puzzle will be required to be solved and judged only if ties still exist after the judging of the preceding puzzle. No payments or purchases of any kind will be required with tie-breaking submissions to compete for the \$1000 First Prize and the other prizes listed in the headline, including the Bonus Prize. At least 3 days will be allowed for the solution of each mailed tiebreaker. If necessary, tied contestants may be required to do one or more tie-breaking puzzles under supervision and without assistance in

a 2-6 hour period per tiebreaker. Sponsor has right to make such further rules as sponsor deems necessary for proper conduct of contest.

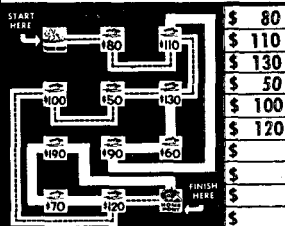
5. DATES Entries must be postmarked not later than Nov. 29, 1958. Everyone in the family may enter—but only one entry per person. Each entry must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Entries NOT accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope may be disqualified! You may draw by hand a facsimile of the Entry Coupon and use it to enter. Neatness does not count but illegible or incorrectly scored entries will be disqualified. Sponsor has right to offer increased, additional or duplicate prizes. Contest subject to applicable State and Federal regulations. All submissions become property of sponsors. Judges' decision final. Sponsors not responsible for lost or delayed mail or delivery thereof. Prize money on deposit in bank. **HIGH SCORE** for this puzzle will be mailed to each entrant within 14 DAYS of date entry is received.

6. BONUS PRIZE Get someone else to enter this contest and you will receive a Bonus Prize of an extra \$500 cash if you win First Prize! To prove you were responsible for your friend or relative entering, have him print your name on the back of his or her Free Entry Coupon. Send in your Free

Entry Coupon NOW—have him send in his Free Entry Coupon in a separate letter including his own stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SAMPLE SOLUTION

This Sample Solution shows you how to find \$590 by visiting only 6 islands. So you can see this is not a very good solution. To get the best solution you should visit as many islands as possible and collect as much "treasure" as possible. Now try the puzzle yourself!



TOTAL TREASURE FOUND **\$590**

ENTER ON ONE COUPON—

LET A FRIEND OR RELATIVE ENTER ON THE OTHER

SEND IN COUPON ONLY—DON'T SEND PUZZLE ITSELF

FREE ENTRY COUPON

In the order you visited the islands, list in the column at right the amount of "treasure" you found on each island, and the total "treasure" you found.

111

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ I enclose a 4¢ stamped, self-addressed envelope.

MAIL TO: CAPTAIN PETE

Box 1492, Grand Central Station

New York 17, N. Y.

TOTAL TREASURE FOUND \$ _____

SEND IN COUPON ONLY—DON'T SEND PUZZLE ITSELF

FREE ENTRY COUPON

In the order you visited the islands, list in the column at right the amount of "treasure" you found on each island, and the total "treasure" you found.

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MAIL TO: CAPTAIN PETE

Box 1492, Grand Central Station

New York 17, N. Y.

TOTAL TREASURE FOUND \$ _____



ENTRIES NOT ACCOMPANIED BY A 4¢ STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE MAY BE DISQUALIFIED

TERROR AT TWILIGHT

by S. T. BLAU

The highway death toll leaps with the lengthening shadows of dusk

TWILIGHT in modern, motorized America is very popular among undertakers. For whether you are sitting at the wheel of a car, hurrying down a city street or sauntering along a rural lane, the hours of four to eight P.M. are the most dangerous in your life.

Nearly 30 percent of all automobile accidents and one-quarter of all such deaths occur between those twilight hours, according to the most recent figures published by the National Safety Council. One-third of the pedestrians killed by autos each year die between five and eight P.M.; and children are twice as likely to be struck down.

Part of the explanation can be found in the fact that an overwhelm-

ing majority of our 67,231,000 vehicles choke the highways during the four twilight hours in a vast exodus from factories, fields and offices; housewives rush to meet suburban trains or do last-minute shopping; and children begin the slow trek home from school and play.

During most of the year, too, this period brings sunset with it, and in the half-light of waning day, death plays some of its cruelest tricks.

This becomes especially important when you consider that the average driver has to cope with 300 distinct traffic situations in every mile of city driving, 100 situations on the highway, and makes *at least* one error in every 40 decisions. (According to Dr. Leon Brody of New York Uni-

Continued on page 120



BEFRIELSE

*the Norwegians
had a word for it!*

WHEN Olaf Birkeland left Canada, his adopted homeland, for a trip to his native Norway he had no idea it would turn out to be something of a voyage of discovery; a discovery moreover which would bring immeasurable help to a vast legion of chronically afflicted people. Olaf himself was a chronic gastric case, suffering for many years from long bouts of acute stomach distress which seemingly nothing short of lengthy and expensive medical treatments could relieve. Then, one day in Oslo, Olaf made his discovery; suffering from a particularly severe attack of stomach pains, he reluctantly consulted a physician who, after a very thorough examination, gave him a prescription with the assurance that this would bring immediate and prolonged "befrielse" . . . relief as it had done to many Europeans who'd taken it. Sceptical, but desperate enough to try anything, he had the prescription made up; results were immediate and startling, his pain not only vanished but subsequent attacks were progressively milder until they ceased altogether.

A pleased and happy man, Birkeland brought the formula back to Canada and had a supply made up for some of his many friends. Their stomach distress was soon a thing of the past, too. Then, five years ago, convinced of its lasting effectiveness Olaf formed the RECLU DRUG COMPANY LIMITED to manufacture and market the new drug in Canada. Its success was immediate; thousands of sufferers from chronic and acute stomach disorders found rapid and long-lasting relief from pain and discomfort after taking the new medicine . . . from Canada's Maritimes to the rugged British Columbia coast the reports poured in; "Gave me lasting relief from pain" "After suffering stomach

distress for 7 years, your medicine has given prolonged relief" "For the first time in 12 years I can eat, and I feel 100%" "No recurrence of hyperacidity since taking your medicine" Soon such reports became commonplace on the company's files. Drug stores right across Canada stocked and recommended the company's product, sales soared.

Then the word spread across the border to the United States . . . a ball player playing major league ball told other

players in the Pacific Coast League about RECLU, and they told their friends; an elderly lady visiting her nephew in Portland suggested he try RECLU for his acid indigestion, he tried it successfully and passed on the recommendation to others.

And so the demand grew, slowly at first but gathering momentum with each new RECLU consumer. One

man's almost accidental discovery of "befrielse" in

far-off Norway has brought new hope and long-lasting relief

to thousands of people condemned by gastric disorders to constant pain and discomfort.

Now, due to the increased demand for this pharmaceutical product of proven therapeutic value, the company has opened a warehouse in Seattle. In the United States, as in Canada, a large bottle of RECLU sells for only \$6.00 . . . trial size bottles for only \$3.25. Some leading drugstores already stock RECLU; however, due to limited supplies, RECLU is not available in all areas. If your druggist has not yet got RECLU on his shelves, write to our head office, RECLU DRUG COMPANY, 1931 Aurora Avenue, Seattle 9, Washington for further information on our product and your closest source of supply. All Canadian enquiries should be sent to Reclu Drug Co. Ltd., Vancouver 10, B.C.



(advertisement)

OCTOBER, 1958

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New Yorkers were ASTOUNDED
By A Frank Newspaper Article That Discussed
VITAMIN PRICE COMPARISONS
Now You Too Can Learn How To SAVE...

STOP PAYING HIGH PRICES FOR
VITAMINS

A recent public service study of Patent Medicines in one of New York's leading evening newspapers, devoted one entire installment to VITAMINS and disclosed many interesting highlights about the sale of Vitamins and Vitamin-Mineral combinations.

One of the startling revelations in this frank article was the wide variance of Vitamin prices.

The following three paragraphs taken from the series, as it appeared, are of particular concern to every family buying Vitamins.

Hudson Vitamin Products has been serving doctors and nurses for over 25 years and now you, too, can purchase your Vitamins DIRECT from Hudson at savings that are up to 50% and more. Page after page in the Free Hudson Catalog shows tremendous dollar savings on Vitamins, Vitamin-Mineral combinations and Food Supplements.

Here is one example: Vitamin "A" 25,000 U.S.P. units sold nationally for an average price of \$4.10 per 100, sells for only \$1.00 through the Hudson Vitamin Catalog.

"Any particular vitamin bottled under one label is, for all practical and therapeutic purposes, the same as if it is bottled under another label. The fact is, most of the Vitamin concentrates consumed in America are produced by only a few companies.

"The list of ingredients in a Vitamin compound is one thing the consumer can almost always depend on to be correct. Any company which fails to label the bottle with the exact formula and amount (or unit strength) of each ingredient risks a seizure by the U. S. Government.

"Bearing that in mind, it is interesting to pick up a few Vitamin catalogs and compare the prices charged by different companies for the same Vitamin compounds."

Following publication of the installment we received hundreds of telephone calls requesting copies of the Hudson Vitamin Catalog. This interest prompted us to tell the entire nation our story.



HUDSON NEO-VI DROPS
Multi-Vitamin Drops
for Infants and Children

*One of the Hudson Vitamins
awarded the
PARENTS' MAGAZINE
COMMENDATION SEAL*

Here is another: a well-known high potency vitamin formula with Vitamin C and minerals, nationally advertised at an average price of \$5.75 per 100 . . . can be purchased for only \$2.75 per 100 direct from the Hudson Vitamin Catalog.

These are only two examples that you will find in our 32 page catalog that is simple, easy to read and has been a Vitamin buying guide for millions from coast-to-coast.

Write for the Catalog and show it to your doctor if you like—but, by all means, discover for yourself why Hudson has become a DIRECT MONEY-SAVING source for Vitamins throughout the nation. All Hudson Vitamin Products are sold with a complete money back guarantee.

HUDSON VITAMIN PRODUCTS, INC.

11 West 19th Street, Dept. M-541,
New York 11, New York

Mail This Coupon Today!

HUDSON VITAMIN PRODUCTS Inc.

11 West 19th Street, Dept. M-541, New York 11, N. Y.

Please mail me your Free Hudson Vitamin Catalog.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

versity's Center for Safety Education, more continuous attention is required by a motorist at the wheel of his car than by an airplane pilot in his cockpit.) And just at the hours when the motorist most needs all his faculties to meet the added strain of driving, he is least able to summon up these resources.

What is even more disturbing to scientists and safety authorities is the fact that *the average person is not aware of the subtle changes taking place in and around him* that convert him from a reliable driver into a highway menace.

Why are drivers so tragically wrong at twilight?

"Fatigue and the lack of attention resulting from it are the chief causes," says Paul Blaisdell, Director of Traffic Safety for the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies. "At the end of a hard day's work a motorist is in the same shape as a person who has driven 500 miles on a superhighway. Yet he may not be aware of being tired. So he doesn't adjust his driving habits to his physical state.

"The pedestrian is no better off," Blaisdell warns. "And by twilight, kids too are worn out, and less alert and careful."

As you begin to tire, researchers have found, your reaction time slows down (it takes longer to hit the brake when you spot danger); you are bothered more by glare (your tired eyes need more time to recover from the glare of the setting sun or approaching headlights); your judgment gets sloppy, and your ability to concentrate attention decreases.

And this is where a bitter irony

enters. For at the end of the day, motorists need to look longer and harder to penetrate the half-light.

Twilight driving seems to bring out the worst even in the best of drivers. According to psychiatrist Edmund Ziman, "Many drivers develop a kind of twilight neurosis. In their anxiety to get home, worn out by work, harassed by their daily troubles, drivers lose patience more easily. They get behind their big 300-horsepower engines and are gripped by a need for power.

"In this frame of mind, a motorist may try to take out the day's irritations, worries and frustrations on the other driver. He becomes impulsive and ducks in and out of traffic carelessly. Or perhaps he gets aggressive and cuts off a motorist who annoys him. He may become more competitive and try to beat the other fellow at the light."

TO THE DESPAIR of safety experts and the families of accident victims, many drivers try to work off their daily tensions at the nearest bar before going home. The National Safety Council calls the "quickie" cocktail a leading cause of accidents in the four-to-eight period.

Strangely enough, fatigue, tension and the natural desire for relaxation at the end of the day combine to make it more probable that you will die near your home than in the crowded traffic of the city. For the motorist and the pedestrian, studies have shown, residential areas seem to be the most dangerous. During much of the year, you arrive in your residential area (which is often poorly lighted) at a time when visi-

Don't lie awake again tonight!

**Just Take this* Safe,
Effective Sleep-Aid
Before You Go to Bed**

Yes, you can go to sleep quickly and sleep soundly all night *every* night—with none of the risk of using harmful, habit-forming drugs.

SLEEP-EZE TABLETS bring sleep swiftly and *safely*. In repeated hospital tests reported in leading medical journals, the exclusive SLEEP-EZE formula proved just as effective as barbiturate sleeping pills. Yet SLEEP-EZE contains *no* barbiturates, *no* narcotics, *no* opiates or other toxic ingredients.

Don't put in another sleepless night. Get safe, gentle-acting SLEEP-EZE TABLETS today. Sleep like a baby tonight. Wake up clear-eyed and refreshed, with no morning grogginess—or your money will be refunded in full.

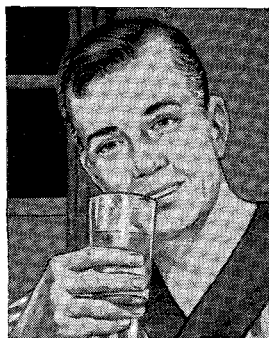
Ask for SLEEP-EZE TABLETS by name at any drug counter. Get them today. You'll be glad you did.

NO PRESCRIPTION NEEDED

***CORONET
MAGAZINE**
reports Sleep-Eze
"well within
the safe
medication zone"
—the only sleeping
tablets so
designated.



79c



**Take a Sleep-Eze Tablet
or two at bedtime.**



**Minutes later, drift into
sound, healthful sleep.**



**Get up fully rested,
full of vim and vigor!**

bility is bad and your attention at a minimum.

The pedestrian is also less cautious on his home ground; and that is why experts warn parents that their children are in greater danger in their own neighborhood than in heavy downtown traffic.

The light changes rapidly as the sun disappears from the sky; shadows fall sharply and shapes seem to become less stable. Thus color contrast, which is important as an aid to sharp vision, fails as most colors fade into soft blues, grays and blacks. The bright red-and-black car which whizzed by a few miles back is now barely perceptible against the black macadam road ahead. And it is harder to judge the car's distance because your depth perception—the ability to estimate the distance between objects—is less efficient as darkness grows.

One of the chief reasons the eye has more difficulty adjusting to twilight conditions is the complexity of lighting between four and eight P.M. Although there may still be some light in the sky, heavily shaded or hilly areas can be quite dark. A driver passing through a series of small towns often notices annoying differences in the number of street lamps and in the times at which they are turned on. Frequently, along such a route, he feels as if he's driven from a well-lighted street into an inkwell.

Add to this the crazy-quilt lighting patterns of roadside signs and you have a picture of the visual chaos the eyes must adapt to as a person drives at twilight. Yet at 60-mph our eyes have precious little

time to adjust to these rapidly shifting light conditions.

Because the bulk of our adult drivers are on the road in the four-to-eight period, it is probable that many people with health problems are also at the wheel. It is always risky for sick people to drive without their physician's approval, because some illnesses affect your ability to see at dusk. Diabetes, cirrhosis of the liver and a few food deficiencies, for example, cut down on vision under reduced light. So does pregnancy.

And this applies in general to all of us as we get older. For after 50, even those with perfectly normal vision begin to suffer from difficulty seeing after sundown.

So what can you do to make sure you arrive home safely at the end of a day? If you're driving between four and eight P.M.:

- 1) *Slow down.* Allow enough time to reach your destination at a safe speed.

- 2) *When leaving a brightly illuminated area, drive cautiously until your eyes become accustomed to the darkness.*

- 3) *Beware of twilight neurosis.* If you've had a particularly pressure-filled day take time out for a "decompression period" before driving home. But don't spend it over a cocktail or beer! When you're on the road all day, interrupt the trip with frequent rests, and plan an early stop for the evening.

- 4) *Drive defensively!* See aggressively! Watch what the other fellow is doing and be prepared for the unexpected. Keep your eyes moving, ready to pick up traffic situ-

Now! Easier,
surer protection
for your most intimate
marriage problems



Tested by doctors... trusted by women

1. Germicidal protection!

Norforms are *safer and surer than ever!* A highly perfected new formula releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients *right in the vaginal tract*. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

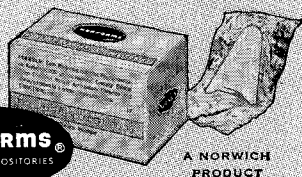
2. Deodorant protection!

Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are deodorant—they *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. Convenience!

These small vaginal suppositories are so easy and convenient. Just insert—no apparatus, mixing or measuring. Greaseless and keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

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*Tested by doctors...
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FREE informative Norforms booklet

Just mail this coupon to: Dept. CR-810
Norwich Pharmacal Company
Norwich, N. Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet,
in a plain envelope.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)
Street _____
City _____ Zone _____
State _____

ations that may spell sudden danger.

5) *Avoid excessive exposure to sunlight and glare.* Studies have shown that wearing dark-tinted (low-transmission) sunglasses during the day reduces the difficulties of dark adaptation. However, make sure you remove the sunglasses for night driving.

6) *Turn on your headlamps at twilight.* Your parking lights are not bright enough. This is done not so much to add to your vision as to let the other driver know where you are.

7) *Have your eyes and health carefully checked.* If your doctor finds some defect, follow his advice.

Pedestrians are advised to:

1) *Cross at lighted intersections wherever possible.* It takes twice as long for a driver to stop if you appear in his path at some place where he does not expect to encounter you. Experiments have shown that a pedestrian can see a car in the evening

long before the driver can see him.

2) *Stay on the sidewalks.* When there are no walks, use the left side of the road facing traffic.

3) *Dress for darkness.* Make sure you can be seen by carrying a flashlight or wearing something white.

Garments made of a new reflectorized fabric are now on the market. This specially treated material reflects light back to the driver when his lights pick up a pedestrian, but the clothing itself does not look different from ordinary apparel.

Safety authorities warn that we are now approaching the most dangerous part of the year for drivers and pedestrians on the move between four and eight P.M. Fall and winter, with their additional hours of darkness, always bring mounting automobile deaths. But if you follow these basic rules, the experts are confident that the rest you'll find at day's end won't be eternal.



Apt Answer



WHEN OUR SHIP ANCHORED at Antalya, a city in South Turkey, I acted as guide for five teen-age American girls. As we wandered through the shopping center, I noticed a young boy who was staring particularly at one of the girls who was wearing blue jeans.

"What's the matter, boy," I asked, "haven't you ever seen a girl before?"

He looked surprised, then answered slowly, "Yes, I have seen."

"Then why in the world are you staring at her?"

"Well," said the young Turk, somewhat embarrassed, "if I have worn a dress, wouldn't she stare at me?"

—A. N. MIMARI

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THE RAPE OF VENEZUELA

Murder, plunder, looting and corruption marked Pérez Jiménez's five-year strangle hold on Venezuela. In this exclusive report, Coronet reveals for the first time the behind-the-scene events that flamed into civil war — and drove the dictator into exile

by Geoffrey Bocca

NUMBER 4609 PINE TREE DRIVE in Miami Beach, Florida, is a sprawling white stucco mansion complete with swimming pool and beach, cabanas, palm trees and hibiscus. Early this year it was bought for an estimated \$400,000 by a fat, balding little man with thick horn-rimmed eyeglasses and a clammy handshake.

This man lives in the house with his plump, smiling wife and four daughters. He seldom leaves it, nor has visitors. He is constantly surrounded by bodyguards with sinister-looking .45-caliber pistols.

The pudgy man is General Marcos Pérez Jiménez—until early this year dictator of the South American Republic of Venezuela. He is enjoying the lush life of a multimillionaire as the fruit of five years of rule marked by plunder, oppression, torture, cold-blooded murder and debauchery on a vast scale.

As recently as January 23rd of this year, the general and his small gang of confederates fled by plane from his capital city of Caracas. They left just a jump or two ahead of angry, screaming mobs that



In 1953, army conspirator Pérez Jiménez seized power, held it ruthlessly for five years.

would have most certainly torn their deposed leader limb from limb had they been able to lay their hands on him. Behind the ex-dictator, agonizing and shocking evidence came to light, revealing how vicious and rotten his regime had been.

In Caracas, for example, I stood in the ruins of the headquarters of the Seguridad Nacional—Pérez Jiménez's private Gestapo—and saw the dungeon walls striped black from the whips used to lash prisoners. When the political prisons were opened by the January revolution they disgorged girls with their heads shaved, students who had been blinded, tortured by electric shock and beaten, had their genitalia burned by cigarettes and blow-torches, or tattooed with needles.

The list in the possession of the present Venezuelan authorities is far from complete, because there are so many gaps in the documents. The nearest they can get to assessing the

political assassinations is to say that they numbered "many thousands." Hundreds just vanished, perhaps tossed into the Orinoco to be eaten by alligators or by the vicious little piranhas.

No one was too high or low or distant for the attention of the Seguridad Nacional. An old, frail and distinguished Venezuelan journalist, Dr. Mario Briceño, was living in exile in Madrid. An official of the SN, Daniel "Gumshoe" Colmenares, was sent there at government expense to beat the old man into silence. Briceño was duly beaten—but he was not silenced.

A distinguished geologist, Gamez Pérez, was poisoned in Chile by the SN in 1955. Antonio Rojas, a student, had his tongue slit in the dungeons of the SN headquarters in the Plaza Morelos, Caracas. German Gonzalez, a respected political figure, was shot down in the streets by the SN, who pumped 30 bullets into him.

The January revolution shook out spies in every section of the community. When Pérez Jiménez's house was searched, a book, much-thumbed, came to light with intimate and scurrilous reports on prominent Venezuelan figures, supplied by Seguridad Nacional spies for the dictator's personal use and information.

The man responsible for these crimes, Marcos Pérez Jiménez, was born on April 25, 1914, the third of four brothers, in Michelena, a beautiful village in the Andean state of Táchira. His father was a well-to-do businessman. His mother sensed something ominous in the boy's rest-

lessness. "If you turn your back on your home," she told him prophetically, quoting a local proverb, "you turn your back on everything."

But young Pérez Jiménez, impatient for advancement, joined the army with a view to political rather than military advancement. An indifferent officer, in 1943 he married a middle-class girl, Flor Mariá Chalbaud. In 1948, a vague, left-wing novelist of distinction, Rómulo Gallegos, was elected President, and promptly overthrown by a three-man military Junta of which Pérez Jiménez was a member. In 1950, the President of the Junta, Colonel Delgado Chalbaud (no relation to the wife of Pérez Jiménez), was assassinated. The third member, Llovera Paez was content to remain ornamental, and Pérez Jiménez became the head of the country.

FROM THE START, it was suspected that Delgado Chalbaud had been killed by agents of Pérez Jiménez, and the little man was regarded with a new sense of fear in political circles. His was a remarkable achievement. He was only 36 and had worked his way to the top by the tricky art of not being noticed on the way up.

In private, too, Pérez Jiménez was a queer fish. His passion was for dominoes. He drank only a special cocktail made of sweet vermouth, grenadine and soda water, topped with a pineapple slice and a maraschino cherry. He had simple tastes in food, and was happiest with a plate of rice and beans.

The elections of 1953 saw him emerge as a dictator. Knowing that

he was being resoundingly defeated at the polls, he appropriated the ballots, formed a Congress of his own and had it declare him President unanimously. His political enemies scattered hastily into exile.

Asked to explain his audacity, Pérez Jiménez laughed. "You have noticed how much I play dominoes," he said. "The lesson I have learned from dominoes is that it is the man with the smallest not the largest number of points who wins."

He modeled his regime openly on that of Trujillo of the Dominican Republic. Back in 1933 when Trujillo was young in the ways of dictators, he received Machado y Morales, the Cuban dictator, on his way to exile.

"Whatever you do," said the Cuban, "keep the Americans on your side. Do anything, *anything* to avoid bad publicity in the United States." Trujillo has spent millions of dollars following this advice and he passed it on to Pérez Jiménez. The next bit of advice was, "Make as much money as you can and invest it outside the country—just in case." The most fabulous grab-act in Latin America, apart from Trujillo's own, now got underway.

Pérez Jiménez selected for his police chief, a sexy, slangy young thug called Pedro Estrada, who had learned all about torture in the Dominican Republic where he had studied with the secret police. Both concentrated on worming their way into the good graces of the U.S.

Pérez Jiménez first set out to transform the old red-tiled Colonial face of Caracas with an ambitious rebuilding program and new super-

highways. All this was designed—successfully—to encourage American capital.

On the political level, the dictator earned the esteem of our State Department by outlawing the Communist Party, which had been one of the most feeble and useless in Latin America.

Pedro Estrada was equally successful in the matter of cultivating influential Americans. An example of this occurred after the first uprising, on New Year's Day this year, which was viciously suppressed by Estrada. Our ambassador to Turkey, Fletcher Warren—who as ambassador to Venezuela from 1951 through 1956 had observed the phony elections of 1953—read of the revolt in the European press, and wrote Estrada a laudatory letter from Ankara.

"Dear Friend," wrote Warren, "Your letter of November 12, 1957, contributed to making the holidays happier for Wilhelmina and me. We wish we were near enough to call on you and Alicia during the holiday season. At any rate we send you our warmest regards and best wishes. May 1958 bring you everything you desire. . . . Willa and I were sur-

prised at the attempted coup but note that it was put down successfully and quickly. I wish I could come in and discuss it with you. According to the Paris papers you must have been very much on the job, as usual. My cordial and most respectful greetings to your Chief. Willa and I send him our best regards for 1958 and trust that it will bring him his heart's desires. . . ."

This remarkable document was found when the mobs ransacked Estrada's house, and made public shortly before Vice President Richard Nixon's visit to Caracas.

Pérez Jiménez, Estrada, and their gang were careful to make sure that their friendship with the Americans was carried on in full view of the Venezuelan people. "See how the Americans like my regime," the little dictator was telling them in effect. "Don't try anything rash or you will have the *Yanquis* down on your neck as well as the *Seguridad Nacional*." And Venezuelans could believe it.

Slowly the U.S. State Department began to be identified in the Venezuelan mind with the regime, while families throughout the country were losing fathers, brothers, sons to the *Seguridad Nacional*. The outlawed Communist Party which was teaching students how to make Molotov cocktails began to be regarded with new respect.

As the years passed and the arrests increased and the terror became worse, Pérez Jiménez locked himself away more and more inside his small circle and made his demands for cash greater and greater. One typical business deal with an

Fierce fighting raged in streets of Caracas as dictatorship was overthrown last January.



CORONET

American company setting up a Venezuelan affiliate specifically included shares amounting to \$250,000 for Pérez Jiménez, \$83,000 for his wife, and \$135,000 for others of his family. The impressive public works and building programs were inflated sky-high to accommodate the cut for the dictator.

Everything was designed to impress the American government and investors. The Caracas-La Guaira highway, for example, is the most expensive per foot in the world, ten miles costing \$65,000,000. The spectacular cable car and the Hotel Humboldt at the top of one of the mountains looking down on the city cost \$45,000,000 and already the swimming pool is sliding through shoddy workmanship.

The Caracas race track cost \$72,000,000 although, as Dr. Hector Santaella, private secretary to the present Junta told me, Venezuela is not a thoroughbred producing nation, and there were no agricultural credits in the Pérez Jiménez budgets for cattle or horsebreeding. The skeleton of a new luxury hotel on the seashore has already cost \$31,000,000. All these have involved United

Ousted Pérez Jiménez and family now live in this well-guarded, \$400,000 Miami Beach home.



States, German, British, French, and Italian contracts.

At the same time, Venezuela has on its hands 500,000 abandoned children and 600,000 without schools in a population of 6,000,000. A school for nurses built in 1937 has been turned into a makeshift hospital for sick children. In the city's only maternity hospital two and three women sleep in one bed.

The spectacular university—an architectural triumph—built by Pérez Jiménez was caged in by a steel fence with all exits and entrances manned by guards of the Seguridad Nacional. Both the faculty and the student body were constantly thinned by arrests.

Trying to assess the national losses, the current government has discovered that the Petro-Chemical Institute in Caracas has lost \$115,000 somewhere, untraceable, gone. LAV, the national airline which has won safety awards for 22 years of accident-free operations, has been given \$10,000,000 by the government to make up inexplicable deficits.

Everywhere the story was the same, vast contracts, tremendous expenditures on sumptuous luxury projects, and neglect for the underprivileged. Everywhere money by the millions mysteriously disappearing. Pérez Jiménez had gone mad with power and he had an entire country at his mercy.

The island of Orchilla off Venezuela's coast is one of the loveliest in the world. Pérez Jiménez turned it into a Nero-esque pleasure island, with a 25-room, \$3,000,000 palace, and a score of beach bungalows. It cost the Venezuelan taxpayers \$170,-

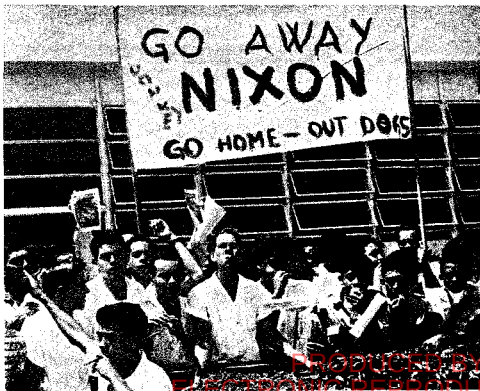
000 a month to maintain. Girls were imported from Cuba—the fountain of prostitution for the whole Caribbean—and even flown in from France and Spain. What must have been an ambiguous spectacle was the sight of Pérez Jiménez seated astride a Vespa with a huge butterfly net pursuing a girl across the sands.

Besides Pérez Jiménez and Estrada, the two evil geniuses of the Venezuelan dictatorship, there were others whose names became a by-word of terror among the people.

Estrada's chief henchmen, Miguel Sanz and Luis Rafael Castro, were both second-rate intellectuals. Sanz, a giant of a man, was called "el Negro" by the Venezuelans. For sheer brutality he was the man most feared by the people. He swaggered around the capital as if he owned the place, as in a way he did. Castro, for his part, made a practice of appearing in evening clothes after a party, to watch prisoners being beaten.

The other important aide was Laureano Vallenilla Lanz, Minister of the Interior, who had been educated in France and loved that

After U.S. granted asylum to Pérez Jiménez, rioting students stoned Vice President Nixon.



country far more than his own. He would quote La Rochefoucauld to Pérez Jiménez, who didn't understand it but liked it.

In this pyramid of corruption, spies spied on spies and cheats cheated on cheats. Large sums were paid by the SN to informants. Estrada and Vallenilla Lanz felt, reasonably, that it was a shame to waste good money on common spies. So they sat up nights busily forging receipts for their own benefit. (These receipts were shown to me by the Caracas Office of Illegal Enrichment, which estimates that the two men gathered close to \$160,000 by these means alone.)

By the end of 1957, and with new "elections" coming up, Venezuelan affairs were in chaos. This nation, so rich in oil that peasants could rub the earth into the wheels of their carts to lubricate them, was broke. A fortune of \$1,000,000,000 had simply disappeared, much of it traceable to Pérez Jiménez personally, who, it is said, has it cached away in banks in the United States, Canada and Switzerland.

When the dictator announced new elections at which he was to be the only candidate, the nation revolted.

On New Year's Day, 1958, the Venezuelan Air Force took to the skies with the idea of frightening Pérez Jiménez into resigning. But the dictator was no coward. He moved quickly to immobilize the army and arrest the rebel leaders.

Then jovially he went off to a midnight party while the Seguridad Nacional rounded up and tortured 1,300 enemies of the regime. The

CORONET



THE FOREIGN SERVICE
OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

ADDRESS OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE TO

American Embassy
Ankara, Turkey
January 10, 1958

Dear Friend:

Your letter of November 12, 1957, contributed to making the holidays happier for Wilhelmina and me. We wish we were near enough to call on you and Alicia during the holiday season. At any rate, we send you our warmest regards and best wishes. May 1958 bring you everything you desire.

Willa and I were surprised at the attempted coup but note that it was put down successfully and quickly. I wish I could come in and discuss it with you. According to the Paris papers, you must have been very much on the job, as usual.

My cordial and most respectful greetings to your Chief. Willa and I send him our best regards for 1958 and trust that it will bring him his heart's desires.

With warmest regards,

Your friend,

Fletcher Warren
Fletcher Warren

Mr. Pedro Estrada,
Director of National Security,
Ministry of Interior Relations,
Caracas, Venezuela

During revolution, letter from former U.S. Ambassador to Pérez Jiménez's brutal secret police chief, Pedro Estrada, was discovered. Letter was exploited to foment anti-American feeling.

terror reached a pitch that it had never done before. People scarcely dared speak even in the company of their own families.

Three weeks later, under the nominal direction of Admiral Wolfgang Larrazábal, a young, handsome and wealthy career officer, the country revolted again. This time the Pérez Jiménez regime disintegrated. Ev-

everyone who had been part of it packed hastily and prepared to move out.

Only the SN was left to cover the retreat.

Pérez Jiménez tried to make a last-minute deal with representatives of the army, navy and air force. When he failed, he rushed home to pack his family and his effects, leav-

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ing behind, however, evidence showing his personal fortune amounted to a fantastic \$100,000,000. This included large holdings in the swanky Hotel Tamanaco, the newspaper *El Herald*, the Bank of Venezuela, major office buildings and a highway project.

The last night of the regime in Caracas made a suitably grisly climax to five years of murder and butchery.

The police had imposed a 6 P.M. curfew. But mobs ignored it and spread everywhere.

Meanwhile, Pérez Jiménez and his family had left their residence in a heavily armed, 11-car convoy bound for the privately owned Carlotita Airport and a DC-4 which took them to the more congenial atmosphere of the Dominican Republic.

Three weeks before, after the January 1st revolution, Vallenilla Lanz had boarded a plane heading for his beloved Paris—"the cradle," as he pointed out, "of civil liberties." Estrada was not long behind him, on his way to the Dominican Republic, and thence to the United States and Spain.

Castro, the evening dress sadist, was not so lucky. Caught by troops under one of the stucco arcades of the old city, he pleaded and shrieked to be allowed to get to the Nicaraguan Embassy for asylum. Instead, he was taken to jail where he blew his brains out.

Asylum would not have saved him. The mob charged into the Nicaraguan Embassy in pursuit of an SN official, dragged him out and shot him. Other rioters burst into the offices of *El Herald*, Pérez

Jiménez's official newspaper, and wrecked it.

The main mob, reinforced by regular troops, stormed the SN building in a battle that lasted nine hours. Eighty-five rioters were killed; SN casualties amounted to 15.

While the mob roamed through the building, looting and burning, the Communists among them were behaving more scientifically. They were after all the documents they could lay their hands on. Those that would hurt their cause they sought to destroy. The rest they intended to publish. This accounts for many of the gaps in the present government's documentation.

From the rest of Venezuela came reports of similar uprisings, lynchings, and the release of scarred and disfigured political prisoners, many of whom had been given up for dead years before.

The dictatorship of Pérez Jiménez was truly over.

In the Dominican Republic, Pérez Jiménez got a diplomatic passport from the Venezuelan Foreign Ministry. Then, on March 29th, he took off for Miami Beach.

At the moment, the house on Pine Tree Drive is silent. Up the deserted drive and past the New Orleans grillework of the entrance, through the silent drawing room paved with black and white tiles and into the empty patio there is little sound. But the rubber-soled bodyguards with their loaded .45s are always there—always on the watch to protect the pudgy little man who has so far gotten away with mass murder, and an almost unimaginable fortune in the bargain. 

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*Bill Cullen, host of America's most
popular daytime TV show,*

**THE PRICE IS RIGHT, MONDAY-
FRIDAY AT 11 A.M.** *Test your skill as
an appraiser—you might win a gigantic mer-
chandise prize! **Then stay tuned for...***

**11:30 A.M.
CONCENTRATION**

*TV's newest, most challenging
quiz-show! The tension mounts
at every turn, as Hugh Downs'
guests try to remember where the
prize-winning combinations lie!*



**2:00 P.M.
TRUTH OR
CONSEQUENCES**

*Just about the funniest
participation show on television!
Laughter sends the minutes
flying, as contestants who can't
answer Bob Barker's queries
pay hilarious penalties!*





**12:00 NOON
TIC TAC DOUGH**

An exciting game... a stimulating quiz! Jack Barry's the man who asks the questions. One right answer wins a square, but you need three squares in a row to win TIC TAC DOUGH!

And that's not the half of it! Look at these other great shows:

12:30 P.M. IT COULD BE YOU (also in color) Delightful participating show, with one surprise on top of another! **2:30 P.M. HAGGIS BAGGIS** (also in color) Identify the "mystery" portrait, and you may win the big merchandise jackpot! **3:00 P.M. TODAY IS OURS** Drama of an attractive young mother whose failure in marriage has shaken her faith in the future. **3:30 P.M. FROM THESE ROOTS** Absorbing story of a small-town family's efforts to cope with the emotional conflicts of our time. (Times given are New York Time. Check your newspaper listings for exact time and channel.)

**MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY, TV'S FINEST
DAYTIME ENTERTAINMENT IS ON** **NBC**

ARCTIC DASH AGAINST DEATH

by Tom Mahoney

DIPHThERIA IS DANGEROUS even when there are doctors, hospitals and ample antitoxin. When these are not available, it can be a strangling black death, as it was in winter-isolated Nome, Alaska, at the end of January in 1925.

The killer had become epidemic in this old gold mining town of 1,500 just below the Arctic Circle. Five persons were dead, 27 ill and at least 100 intimately exposed and likely to develop diphtheria if they did not receive antitoxin. Caring for them was a lone physician, Dr. Curtis Welch, and heroic nurse Emily Morgan.

"Help immediately," Mayor George Maynard begged in a message to the Associated Press. "Help by plane is the appeal of Nome, not for sourdoughs but for children. . . ."

But air mail was still in the future, and the coldest sub-zero weather in 20 years prevented emergency flying. There was no railroad into Nome. Ice blocked the waterfront and the whole Bering Sea coast.

The nearest antitoxin was at the railroad hospital in Anchorage, which had just received a 300,000-unit shipment. This would treat 150 persons.

It could be shipped north to Nenana by the Alaska Railroad, which operates all winter. From there it would have to go 658 miles by dog sled along the Tanana and Yukon Rivers, then through a pass to Unalakleet and around an arm of the Bering Sea to Nome.

The route was little-traveled. Mail carriers made the distance in 25 days and it was believed this could



Hauling vital antitoxin, the dogs mushed 658 icy miles in just 5½ days

be cut to 15 by day and night travel. It was the only chance.

By radio and telephone the Army Signal Corps in Nome arranged a series of relay posts and appealed for men and dogs to relay the serum. Arctic-born Leonard Seppala, whose dogs had won most of the Alaskan races, at once started east from Nome to intercept it.

The postmaster at Nenana was instructed to hire the fastest drivers on the Yukon to start the antitoxin westward. But money was neither asked nor offered.

The thermometer registered 60 degrees below zero at 11 o'clock Tuesday night, January 27, when William Shannon took the 20-pound package containing the antitoxin from the train at Nenana. He lashed it to his sled and mushed away behind his team of nine dogs. The night was clear and the frozen Tanana stretched away, a ribbon of moonlight. Fresh and traveling a familiar trail, his dogs raced the 52 miles to Tolovana in 12 hours.

Edgar Kalland's dogs were harnessed and waiting. They carried the serum the 31 winding miles to Hot Springs. Kalland, his hands frozen and the hood of his parka caked with ice, passed it on to Dan Green who took it 28 miles to Fish Lake.

It was only 50 degrees below zero there and the next driver, Johnny Folger, made the 26 miles to Tanana in the racing time of two hours and 40 minutes, an average of about nine miles an hour.

Here the trail turned west down the frozen Yukon, but Titus Nicolai, Dave Corning, Sam Joseph, Harry Pitka and Bill McCarthy kept up the

killing pace. Swarthy, fur-swathed Ed Nollner, Charles Evans and Tom Patsy pushed the antitoxin on through the bitter cold.

At Kaltag, the trail turned away from the Yukon uphill into the mountains between the river and the sea. Snow began to fall and a rising wind swirled it into deep drifts which at times blocked the trail.

Nevertheless, Jackscrew, an Eskimo driver, left Kaltag at 2:00 P.M. Friday, January 30, and made the 40 miles to Old Woman, a shelter cabin, by 9:15 P.M. Communications stopped there and there was no word of the antitoxin on Saturday.

NOME HAD more cases of diphtheria that day and Mayor Maynard appealed again for an airplane. But the weather was worse than ever. A sub-zero blizzard began to rage at Nome and knocked out telephone service to the east.

By this time, the drama of the gallant race against death had touched the heart of the world. Prayers for "the men and dogs on the way to Nome" were offered in hundreds of churches on Sunday.

The men and dogs, meanwhile, struggled on through the blizzard. Victor Annannia had left Old Woman at 9:30 P.M. Friday and staggered into the missionary settlement of Unalakleet, 34 miles away and the first station on the Bering Sea, at 3:30 A.M. Saturday. Myles Gonangan pressed on 38 miles to Shaktolik where young Henry Ivanoff took over.

A short distance out, Ivanoff met Leonard Seppala who had come 169 miles from Nome with his two Si-

berian dog teams, one riding and resting while the other pulled. There was trouble transferring the package of antitoxin. The scent of reindeer was strong on the trail, and the three dog teams started to fight. In the melee, Togo, one of Seppala's famous lead dogs, ran away.

Though he already had mushed 42 miles that day, part of it across the creaking ice of Norton Bay, Seppala turned around and retraced the same distance in the blizzard, traveling 84 miles in all that day before stopping at Isaacs Point for the night to feed and rest his dogs, several of whose feet had been cut by sharp ice.

While the churchgoers were praying on Sunday morning, Seppala pressed westward along the frozen shore in the still-raging blizzard. He stumbled through Moses, Elim and Walla Walla and late in the day at Golovin turned the antitoxin over to Charlie Olson, a mine owner who had driven his seven dogs east to meet Seppala.

Nome was 78 miles away.

Olson and his dogs struggled 25 miles westward in five hours, the sled sometimes slipping from the trail. Olson's hands were frozen and several of the dogs bleeding when they arrived in Bluff at 8:00 on Sunday.

Gunnar Kaasen, a Nome miner, and his team of long-haired male-mutes were waiting there to carry the serum the 32 miles west to Safety where Ed Rohn and his dogs would take it the last 21 miles into Nome. It was 30 degrees below zero and the wind was so strong that Kaasen waited two hours for it to

die a little before setting out in the darkness.

As lead dog he had a big half-wolf called Balto, then six years old and named for Lapp Balto, an early Alaskan figure. He and Kaasen had been with the Arctic expedition of Roald Amundsen two years earlier. Balto knew the trail.

They set out at last into the storm. "I gave Balto his head and trusted to him," explained Kaasen. "He never once faltered."

But the wind rose again and whipped snow in his face with such fury that Kaasen could barely see his struggling dogs. Without realizing it, he drove dazedly past the dark roadhouse where Rohn was waiting at Safety. When a landmark later revealed what had happened, there was nothing to do but go on.

Through the blizzard, Balto led the team into Nome at 5:30 A.M. on Monday, February 2, with Kaasen stumbling along behind, temporarily blinded. Four of the 13 dogs were partly frozen. The antitoxin also was frozen, but after thawing proved usable. It had been carried 658 miles in sub-zero weather in five and a half days, almost three times as fast as was believed humanly possible.

The antitoxin stopped the epidemic. There was only one more death. Additional serum dispatched from Seattle arrived by dog sled and airplane a few days later. The month-long quarantine was lifted on February 21.

By dramatically calling attention to the seriousness of diphtheria, the gallant dash to Nome—and particularly Balto's part in it—popularized immunization against the malady

so thoroughly that it has become a rare disease. Deaths in the U.S. have dropped from more than 6,000 to around 100 annually. In New York City, the largest city in the world, nobody died of diphtheria last year.

The drivers who relayed the serum all received gold medals from the Government. Some also shared in money collected spontaneously in several cities. In addition, Gunnar Kaasen and his dogs had a brief fling at Hollywood and vaudeville.

Kaasen's fame naturally proved irritating to Ed Rohn, the driver he passed by in the night. Until his death in 1956, Rohn still believed Kaasen did it on purpose.

"Nonsense, I was blind," Kaasen, who lives in retirement at Everett, Washington, has always insisted.

And what of Balto?

A committee of Cleveland residents, with the support of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, raised \$2,362.94, some of it in one-cent contributions from school children, and bought Kaasen's famous team for the Cleveland-Brookside Zoo. Balto lived happily there, the idol of thousands of boys and girls, until his death in 1933. He was more than 14 years old, the equivalent of 98 years of human life. His body, mounted, is now one of the principal attractions of the Cleveland Natural History Museum.

Before his end came, Balto witnessed calmly the unveiling of a bronze statue of himself in New York's Central Park. Tail curled and eyes alert, bronze Balto still stands there, looking to the North, above the legend "Endurance, Fidelity, Intelligence."



Savory Speech



COUNTERMEN IN DINERS and lunch rooms speak a language all their own. Its origin was the need to save words in relaying orders. But, like any language, "dinerese" has progressed from mere utility to a vehicle expressing wit. Among its high spots are:

<i>Where</i>	<i>Customer Orders</i>	<i>Counterman Shouts</i>
Chicago, Illinois	A plate of hash	Sweep the floor!
Chicago, Illinois	Hash for two	Sweep the floor twice!
New Haven, Connecticut	Toasted English Muffin	Burn a Redcoat!
Ft. Wayne, Indiana	Fried egg sandwich	Scrape the breakfast dishes!
Greensboro, North Carolina	Ham sandwich	Put the pig to bed.
Williamstown, Massachusetts	Apple pie a la mode	Frost one in the orchard.
New York, New York	Cherry pie a la mode	Kill George! Freeze his feet!
London, England	Steak sandwich, well-done	Give 'im a burnt offering.

—NOEL FERRIN



stork realities

by Frank L. Remington

THERE'S NO TELLING what whims the wily old stork will come up with next. In Asheville, North Carolina, for instance, Doc Stork beat a mother-to-be to the maternity ward, just as he had on a previous occasion. Driving to the hospital with her husband, she gave birth to her second child at the same street corner where her first child had come into the world six years before.

After 12 years of childless marriage, a discouraged Los Angeles couple decided to adopt twin girls. Completely overjoyed with their bawling bits of humanity, the happy couple rounded out the family by adopting twin baby boys. Only then did the somewhat surprised but joyous wife become pregnant—subsequently giving birth to triplets!

But her surprise hardly equalled that of a Lansing, Michigan, mother whose "blessed event" came like a bolt out of the blue. "I noticed I was putting on a little weight," she re-

ported, "and went on a milk diet." She didn't consult a doctor and never expected the stork. Physicians later explained that the infant doubtlessly was "carried high."

A California wife had the reverse experience. Her doctor advised her the stork would soon wing its way to her door and so she quit her job, bought equipment for the expected arrival and accepted shower presents from friends. Then the doctor dropped a bombshell: he'd made a mistake. The diagnosed pregnancy was in reality a glandular disturbance that caused a weight increase. The indignant woman sued the careless doctor for over \$25,000.

Papa, too, figures prominently in the fuss and fume fostered by Junior's arrival. One father who specialized in selling insurance to protect prospective fathers from the high cost of multiple births didn't bother to insure himself. Evidently he didn't believe his own sales talk. It was, perhaps, poetic justice that his wife presented him with triplets.

A new papa in Galesburg, Illinois, didn't even get to view the new addition to his family. Hospital rules forbid visitors under the age of 16. Being but 15, Daddy didn't qualify.

Harried though they may be, new fathers generally are somewhat less than subtle in announcing the glad tidings. In his front yard, one overjoyed man propped a 15-foot-high poster that proclaimed: "It's a girl!"

But one of the strangest cases of all occurred in New Britain, Connecticut, where a Boy gave birth to a girl! At the General Hospital, Mrs. Robert Boy proudly announced the arrival of her daughter. 👑 👑 👑

The second in a series of articles
by a leading expert on consumer problems
and family money-management

money-wise

by Sidney Margolius

HI-TEST GAS: how high the octane for your car?

Motorists were perplexed enough over which grade of gas to use when service stations sold only two. Now in many areas there are three. One chain even offers six blends to fit your car's particular needs.

Octane number—which measures a gasoline's ability to produce power—is one of the chief differences between the grades. Which your car requires depends primarily (but not solely) on its compression ratio. The pistons of your car, as they move up and down inside each cylinder, travel a set distance. As each piston moves up on the compression stroke, it squeezes or compresses the fuel-air mixture. The engine's compression ratio, therefore, measures the degree to which the fuel-air mixture is compressed before it is ignited by the spark plug. In general, the more tightly

the fuel-air mixture is compressed, the more power it can be made to deliver when ignited.

In a 9 to 1 compression ratio engine, the fuel-air mixture is compressed to one-ninth its original volume.

The higher the compression ratio, the higher the octane required and the more efficient the engine, that is, the more power you get out of the same amount of gasoline.

If you do not know the ratio of your model and year, any dealer in your make car will be able to tell you.

Engine compression ratio, while important, is not the only thing which determines your car's octane requirements. Other factors include the design of the engine, the way the carburetor and distributor are adjusted—and the kind of driving you do. The 1958 model cars have

compression ratios ranging from about 8 to 1 to 10.5 to 1. Half of these cars need a gasoline of 95.5 octane number or higher to operate satisfactorily. Any car must have a high enough octane gasoline to deliver its maximum power and miles per gallon. If not, and "knock" sets in, the engine in time will lose power, overheat and, in severe cases, be damaged. On a country-wide basis, tests by the Ethyl Corporation in mid-1958 showed that regular-blend gasolines averaged 91.2 octane, and premium gasolines 98.5. The new super-premium gasolines, available chiefly in the East so far, range between 100 and 103.

But gasoline is not the same quality all over the country. Regular gas tests highest on the highly competitive East Coast. Octanes are lowest in mountain country. Engines can get along with lower-test gas at high altitudes.

Thus, many engines of under 9 to 1 ratio probably will be happy enough with the lower-cost regular gas, especially in the East or North Central States. Most cars up to 1957 have compression ratios under 9 to 1, except for some of the most powerful.

Of the more recent cars, most sixes and a few eights still are under 9 to 1. But some late-model eights are 9.5 to 1 and over, and a few are as high as 10.5. These are more likely to need premium gas for maximum efficiency, especially on the Pacific and Gulf Coasts.

Significantly, octane ratings of both regular and premium have increased each year. Five years ago, average regular tested out at 84, and average premium at 91.8. For many middle-aged cars on the road, today's regular is the equivalent of premium in the years they were built.

OIL BURNERS: getting more heat for less money

Many homeowners submit to annual cleaning of heating plants only reluctantly, or skip them in order to save the fee. But more Tender Loving Care for your oil burner can keep a carbon-clogged, inefficient burner from wasting up to 25 percent of your costly fuel and its resultant B.T.U.'s one expert warns. (A B.T.U., or British thermal unit, is the quantity of heat required to raise the temperature of one pound of

water one degree F.) the quality of service that you receive makes a big difference, too.

The best time to have your boiler and furnace cleaned and serviced is just before the heating season starts. Summer is hard on a burner because, since it operates infrequently, combustion is incomplete and carbon settles on the interior surfaces. The carbon insulates the heating tubes so they do not heat up as readily.

A clue to whether or not a serviceman makes a thorough adjustment of your oil burner is if he uses instruments to make these final tests:

1. The carbon dioxide content of the flue gas. The higher the carbon dioxide content, up to a certain point, the more complete the combustion.

2. The draft intensity over the fire, and in the smokepipe. If the products of combustion are not removed quickly, they

tend to smother the flame. But too-high draft pulls out heat too quickly.

3. The stack temperature. This test measures the effectiveness of the heat-exchange process.

Not all service firms equip their men with the necessary instruments, and sometimes servicemen themselves neglect to use them. If you think you may be burning too much fuel, it would be worth having your serviceman make these tests.

EYEGLASSES: the facts behind the charges

Some opticians charge as much as \$30 for ordinary single-vision eyeglasses, others as little as \$10, or even less, for a similar prescription. Differences in charges for bifocals are still wider.

Why this variation? Eyeglass dispensers indicate that some variations stem from actual differences in quality of lenses and frames, and care in fitting. However, price differences often have nothing to do with quality, and result merely from differences in volume and overhead expenses, and if kickbacks are paid to eye doctors.

Charges for frames vary most—from \$5 or less to as much as \$30 and more for highly decorative styles. But there are differences in lens quality, too. Some dispensers use inexpensive Japanese lenses or second-quality lenses from U. S. factories. Quality of Japanese lenses is improving, but in gen-

eral is not considered as uniformly reliable.

Too, some opticians prefer to use for all prescriptions the costlier "corrected curve" lenses. In the "toric" or simple lenses, the outer edge is generally standard and only the center area is ground to prescription. Simple lenses are considered suitable only for the simpler eyeglass prescriptions.

A large New York warehouse union's optical service suggests these ways to make sure you get first-quality lenses and careful fitting, whether you pay a low or high price:

1. Specify beforehand that you want first-quality lenses.
2. Ask for the guarantee that comes with the lenses, or the envelope they came in. It will indicate whether the lenses are first quality. A reliable optician will gladly guarantee the quality in writing.
3. Have your doctor recheck

money-wise

the glasses. He can make sure you got what he specified and also guard against mistakes.

4. Note how carefully the op-

tician fits the finished eye-glasses to your face. The minimum time for careful fitting is five minutes'.

CREDIT INSURANCE: can the con men con you?

Credit life insurance pays off the balance on your loan or installment debt if you die while still in debt. Most banks, finance companies, and some installment retailers now require such insurance if you borrow money or buy on time. At a moderate extra charge of 30-60¢ per \$100 of debt, this is all right. You get a temporary insurance policy at a time when you need it most—when you are in debt. If you depart this vale of installments before you finish paying your bill, your wife or cosigner won't have to complete the payments. It is group insurance, so everybody pays the same rate, and no medical exam is required.

But some lenders and installment dealers try to squeeze extra profit out of this insurance. They charge \$1 per \$100 of debt, sometimes more. In some cases, the higher rate is a result of unnecessarily writing the insurance on an individual rather than the less costly group basis. And in the hands of unscrupulous small-loan and time-payment firms, credit insurance has become a way to side-step maximum finance charges recently established by many states.

Two groups especially have

been charging exaggerated fees and also requiring debtors to buy accident insurance at steep rates. These are fringe auto dealers, and some small-loan companies, especially in the Midwest. Kenneth Barnard, Better Business Bureau credit expert, says the "kickbacks" dealers get from insurance companies on credit-insurance sales already amount to millions of dollars a year and are increasing.

Most of the time, car buyers are not even aware they are paying for such insurance. A lump sum is added to the installment contract for life, accident, bail bond, towing and similar insurance, whether you want it or not. So when you borrow or buy on time, keep an eye cocked for these clues to credit-insurance overcharges:

1. A fee, well over 60¢ for each \$100 of your balance.

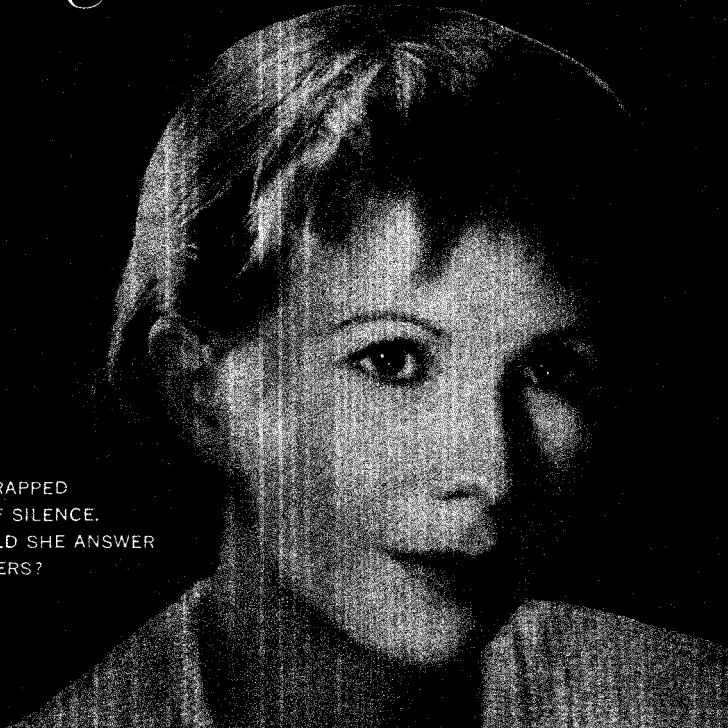
2. Insistence that you buy accident as well as life insurance.

3. A tendency to withhold the insurance policy. If anything did happen to you, your family might never know you were covered by such insurance.

4. A policy written on an individual rather than a group basis.

JOHNNY DEHLINDA

starring **JULIE HARRIS**



SHE WAS TRAPPED
IN A WORLD OF SILENCE.
HOW COULD SHE ANSWER
HER ACCUSERS?

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"AH, WILDERNESS!"

(Check your newspaper TV page for date, local time and channel number.)

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NEW YORK'S Madison Avenue, home of the grey flannel suit, the "hard sell," and the three-hour lunch, is primarily a man's world. Yet it has its girls in grey flannel suits, too. Every day they prove that creativity and efficiency under pressure are not masculine monopolies. Typical of these women is 31-year-old Nan Marquand — a 5' 4½", 109-pound brunette. As casting director of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborn, the nation's fourth largest advertising agency, she scouts out and supervises talent for radio and TV commercials sponsored by 35 clients. An ex-actress, Nan made as much as \$15,000 a year on the stage. Today she earns considerably less—"but I'm happier and more secure." And as pictures on the following pages show, she finds working in a man's world both hectic and fascinating.



Text by James A. Skardon Photographs by Ray Shorr

MADISON AVE.

career

Nan Marquand offers dynamic proof that a talented woman can fit as neatly as any man into the fabled grey flannel suit of New York's Advertising Row

Trying to solve her big problem
of lack of time, Nan eats lunch
as she sits nervously under a dryer.





Agent tells frustrated Nan that actor she seeks is unavailable.

"I like the hectic pace, do my best under pressure"

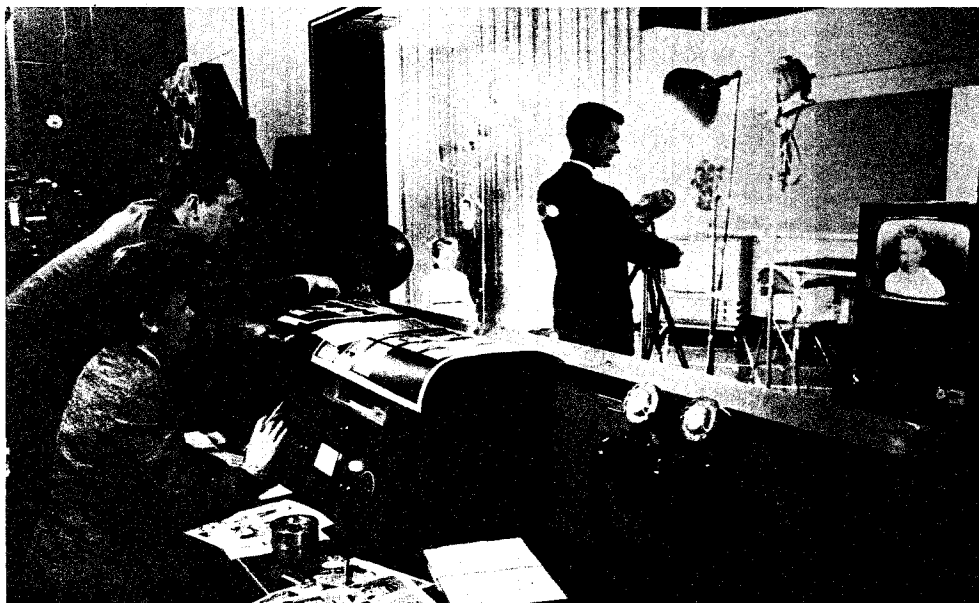
Nan, who started out to be an actress, appeared in summer stock and on radio dramatic shows while attending high school in Upper Darby and Lower Merion, Pa. After graduation, she played in several Broadway shows, was signed to a Hollywood contract, but wound up as a TV actress. She liked TV at first because she got a chance to play "bad" girl roles instead of the "sticky" ingenue parts in which she had always been cast. But eventually she tired of acting and became assistant to an ad agency TV producer. Soon she was producing and directing a sports show and handling commercials on the Mike Wallace and other shows. "I sat in a chair and called the shots," she says. "I had about 40 men working for me."

She casts a critical eye at hopeful young dancers. Once Nan held skating test on busy midtown street.





After viewing several film versions of a commercial, Nan and colleagues try to decide which the sponsor will like.
(Below) Auditioning room where Nan tests up to 42 actors a day.



(Right) Nan "talks shop" with actress Sloan Simpson, who has done commercials for her.



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"Doing a good job is what counts

**— whether you're
a woman or a man!"**

In her cubbyhole office, Nan has vast card and picture files of actors and actresses available for TV work. She usually deals with them and their agents by phone or in the audition room. But she also works extensively outside the office, hunting talent at parties and even at her home. Nan shies at the term "career girl." "That implies you're cold and hard," she says. "That's not me. I love my job, but my marriage comes first." Nan's husband, Don La Vine, writes TV commercials for a rival ad agency. They met when both worked on Sid Caesar's *Your Show of Shows*. "If he could like me after working with me," she says, "it must have been love." They have no children, but Nan declares emphatically, "Sure I want them—and I'll have them."



Nan chats with TV personality Bess Myerson, an ex-Miss America.



Ernie Kovacs and Nan share a laugh on one of her many visits to studios.



At a cocktail party, Nan discusses casting problems with actor Donald Woods (left) and Arthur Willi, of Goodman talent agency.

Watching TV even at dinner is part of the job. Unlike most people, Nan and husband concentrate on commercials, checking those they worked on.



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At a fashion show, Nan searches out models whose personalities she senses will project on TV.



"My job: demanding, exhausting — wonderful"

Off the job, Nan manages to read three books a week and tidy up her four-and-a-half-room East Side apartment (in a building where apartments of that size start at \$185 a month). A maid comes in three times a week to help. Nan and Don look forward to Saturday night when they cook steak for a

dinner party of two — "us," she says. She works three evenings a week, seldom has time to shop for the walnut furniture she wants for her apartment. But Nan finds her busy life worthwhile. "For me, the ad business is fulfilling," she says. "Helping to do a good commercial is a satisfying accomplishment."

After standing, walking or running most of the day,
Nan rests her feet a moment
before meeting husband and heading home.



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COAST TO COAST

WHEN JOHN BARRYMORE scored his first hit on Broadway, he took an apartment in New York's Greenwich Village and spent his newly found wealth buying furnishings for it. He even built a garden on the roof. To accomplish this, tons of earth had to be hauled up.

Soon after the garden had been completed, it belatedly came to the attention of the owner of the building.

"What have you done?" he wailed to the actor. "This roof cannot sustain such a weight. It will collapse!"

"Are you sure?" said Barrymore.

"Of course I'm sure. Now what are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to move, of course!" retorted Barrymore. "You don't expect me to live in an unsafe building, do you?"

—E. E. EDGAR

AT CAPE CANAVERAL, FLORIDA, one guided-missiles expert—a veteran of many countdowns—was boasting about how smart his little boy was. "My youngster can't count from one to ten yet," he said proudly, "but he can sure count from ten to one!"

—BOB PIERRON

ON THE ADVICE OF HIS DOCTOR, a busy executive took a leave of absence from his firm and settled down in a very small Vermont town for a lengthy rest. Finding the quiet life rather hard to take, he decided to enter into the town's activities. To find out what was going on, he stopped at the general store and asked for the local newspaper.

"Got no need for papers around here, Mister," twanged the proprietor. "Ain't you got a party line?"

—A. F. WILSON

IN SANTA ANA, CALIFORNIA, they were having one of those forty-mile-per-hour desert storms the Chamber of Commerce never mentions in its brochures.

A pedestrian, racing madly down the main street, was pursued by a small boy seeking to earn a few cents.

"What color is your hat, mister?" the boy yelled as he ran.

"Hat, my eye!" the man shouted. "Keep your eye out for a green sports car!"

—GARDEN GROVE NEWS

LAST YEAR IN MACON, GEORGIA, they were running short on natural gas because of a cold spell. As a public service, the local radio station kept broadcasting a request that its listeners turn down their thermostats five degrees so that the gas supply would hold out.

Toward the end of the day, a listener telephoned the radio station. "I've been turning down the thermostat five degrees every time you asked," she said. "It's now 40 degrees in the living room and I'm freezing to death!"

—BARBARA ATTON

An all-time high of 200,000 babies were born out of wedlock during the last year. A noted authority on this shocking situation explains the emotional upheavals that can lead young women to trouble

UNWED MOTHERS

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

IN A BEDROOM of a \$20,000 split-level home in Detroit, a young girl blows her sand-blonde cowlick away from her eyes and puzzles over geometry homework. This is Terry, who is 15 and a sophomore in high school. She has just returned from practice with the cheerleading squad.

Terry seems like a normal, attractive girl—yet six weeks before, she left a hospital in another county after giving birth to an illegitimate child. She never saw the baby, which was signed over for adoption at once.

It may shock you to learn that, in the past 12 months, probably more than 200,000 illegitimate infants

were born in the U.S., many to high school girls like Terry. The figure is an all-time high.

In 1956, the National Office of Vital Statistics reported 193,500 out-of-wedlock births in the nation. This was more than a 120 percent increase during the past two decades. (And nobody knows how many young women registered in hospitals as married, or gave false information on birth certificates.) In Washington, D. C., illegitimate births doubled in the past ten years alone.

What is the reason for this frightening increase in unwed mothers? And what can be done about it?

In the first place, it is necessary to

by **Mary Louise Allen**, Executive Director of the Florence Crittenton Homes Association as told to **Lester David**

clear up some misconceptions about the pathetic mothers of these poor little nameless children. The most generally held, I have discovered, is that an unwed mother is a member of a girl gang which acts as auxiliary to a bunch of street toughs called Clawing Panthers or Frankenstein Monsters or some such name. Or that she is a bop-talking, hip-swinging female from the other side of the tracks. Or a farm girl seduced in a hayloft by a city slicker.

These stereotypes are false. Worse, they are dangerous because they lull people into the belief that unwed motherhood is peculiar to a certain type of girl and thus cannot strike close to home. It can and it does.

The truth is that there is no such thing as a "typical unwed mother." I see them every day in my work with the Florence Crittenton Homes Association. We are the largest organization of its kind in the country, with 51 affiliated agencies for unwed mothers-to-be. We have helped hundreds of thousands of them. Yet I could no more "spot" one (as so many persons think they can) than I could tell a girl's name by the color of her hair.

Like it or not, you must accept the fact that an unwed mother is any American girl. She is bright—sometimes amazingly so—and she is intellectually limited. She is stunningly beautiful, in-between, plain. She comes from a fine home, she comes from an impoverished home. Her father is a minister, industrialist, salesman, shopkeeper, laborer.

She can be anybody's child—your neighbor's, your own.

Some of the specific facts we have

discovered about the unwed mothers-to-be cared for at Florence Crittenton homes are illuminating. For the most part, for example, they come from middle-class families composed of proud, self-respecting people accustomed to a comfortable standard of living. A few are desperately poor, an occasional one is wealthy.

Curiously, and again contrary to general belief, rarely do we get a case like Anita, a 14-year-old waif referred to us recently by a juvenile court. Anita had been beaten and starved by her drunken father who periodically deserted his family and then reappeared. Her mother held a miserable little job and was away most of the day.

On two separate occasions, horrified neighbors saw the father chase the screaming child into the backyard and attack her. Anita is now with us, pregnant with her father's child.

The attitudes of unwed mothers toward marriage with the men responsible has undergone a remarkable change, too, we have discovered.

In prior years, girls who found themselves pregnant generally married the man—if he could be found and was willing.

This philosophy of erasing the stigma and giving the child a name at any cost is no longer widely accepted. Nowadays, officials at the homes find, many girls have the opportunity to marry the child's father—and turn it down. They realize that a permanent relationship with the men involved might not be a solution at all, and in many cases

would cause even more unhappiness in the long run.

Furthermore, only one in five mothers kept her baby, while 75 percent relinquished them for adoption. In Seattle, for example, 90 percent gave up their infants. A small percentage put the children in boarding homes until they would be able to care for them.

SALLY MORROW, former director of the social service department of the Florence Crittenton Hospital in Detroit, reached these disturbing conclusions about unwed mothers-to-be at Crittenton homes:

Girls 19 to 25 (the largest group) are just emerging into economic and social independence. They are beginning first jobs, are away from home in college, and may be preoccupied with first plans for marriage.

Overwhelmingly, they are confused and bewildered by the privileges and responsibilities of adult life. They fight adult authority every step of the way, but most particularly do they fight parents and parent substitutes.

Girls 15 to 19 (the next largest group) are usually still in school or making the first awkward attempts to find a job. Many are doing both, with the result that they cannot decide whether the protection of school or the power of a pay check is more appealing.

These youngsters are overtly aware of their own sexuality and of the sexuality of the opposite sex. It is a forthright, fairly innocent self-expression that is distressing to adults, since it is like the giant

who doesn't know his own strength.

They are impulsive, volatile persons who are thoroughly unrealistic about their goals and capacities. They rush headlong into pain and suffering at every turn. They are defiant of parental and social restrictions in a more headstrong, unaware fashion than the older group, and thus are incapable of saving themselves from trouble.

Among this group, the illegitimate pregnancy more often appears to be an impulsive mistake than with the other group.

Women 25 to 35 are often unhappily married. Many, discarded by husbands, seek associations elsewhere.

Among the unmarried ones, many have become bored with jobs, though they may be good jobs, and lonely and dissatisfied with their social lives. Sometimes they seem to be showing a strong reaction to a job failure.

Some are persons who have lost firm control over a deep-seated neurosis. These are the young successful career women—schoolteachers, nurses, businesswomen—who jeopardize status in the community by their pregnancy.

Most in this age group have an acute and excruciating awareness of the social meaning of their indiscretions. They punish themselves with self-degradation and overwhelming guilt more completely than the most vindictive society might do. However, they realize, if they will not admit it, that they will not capture the longed-for husband with the pregnancy.

Children 12 to 15, because of their

youth, often have no conscious awareness of what is happening to them. Sometimes the pregnancy is the result of childhood exploratory play. Often it is the outcome of years of uncontrolled, undisciplined self-expression.

One such child had been the focus of school authorities for several years. The parents had been warned that lack of discipline and supervision of play might result in serious trouble. At 13, the little girl became pregnant while in the constant company of a group of older teenage boys who roamed the streets at night.

We at Florence Crittenton believe that the vast majority of unwed mothers are not "bad" girls but badly adjusted girls.

Why do they get into their pitiable plight?

One doctor recently blamed the rise of illegitimate pregnancies on the exposure of our young people to so much raw sex. He cited the over-emphasis on the bosom, the writhings of popular singers, the stress on erotic qualities of perfume.

Our experience convinces us that those who look no farther than this—plus violent TV shows, torrid movies and the like—for an explanation find superficial answers. These factors play a part, but they are not the whole answer by any means. They are stimulating to adolescents whose built-in behavior controls have not yet been fully developed. But we must look deeper.

Is it the desire to please the boy, the fear on the girl's part that dates won't be forthcoming if she refuses attentions? These are certainly fac-

tors in a large number of cases.

Barbara fell in with a fast crowd at high school, a crowd which labeled the soft-drink, home-at-ten set "squares." Their parties involved post-midnight rides, hard liquor and sex. Barbara wanted to belong, was swept along with the tide and got in trouble.

This can happen to girls such as Barbara. But why to her and not to Edna, who also fell in with the same group but got out when she learned what was expected? Again, we must search deeper.

A few blame the rising tide of illegitimate pregnancies on the going-steady trend. Others say we have given our young people cars with which they can get far away from home and supervision. Lax law enforcement which winks at youngsters registering at cheap hotels and cabins is also indicated. The girl who becomes pregnant out of wedlock is often buffeted by underlying emotional conflicts.

Any of these things may set the scene, but they are not the main cause.

All my experience in this work has taught me that if we would resolutely strip away all attempts at sensationalism, we would find that unmarried motherhood can most often be traced back to this fundamental cause: *poor parent-child relationships that are usually characterized by emotional neglect, extreme permissiveness, or overprotection.*

If a girl is rejected at home, if she feels unloved and unwanted, she cannot get along with her friends. She doesn't date easily, or at all.

She's more and more a wallflower, sits home more and more often and starts to develop a feeling of apartness.

She begins to seethe with rebellion and now there is danger. She is vulnerable to the first relationship that comes along which promises to fill her human need for affection. She gratefully accepts what is offered as love and feels she is really needed and can meet someone else's need. She doesn't realize all this, and is convinced the great love of her life is here.

And *now*, at *this* point in the relationship, exposure to torrid movies, erotic dancing, sensuous music, increased mobility, ease of registering at secluded cabins and other factors may enter the picture. The stage is set but it took years of emotional neglect to do so. Now, under stimulation of other forces, the girl may yield.

If she does, and becomes pregnant, her parents will inevitably cry: "How could this have happened to us?"

On the other hand, not long ago, a mother told the head of a Florence Crittenton home: "I don't know that Joan will be able to come here. She can't live up to the routine. She's just not accustomed to getting up that early." (Getting up time was 8 A.M.)

Mother had never required Joan to toe any kind of mark in family or group living. Joan always called the turn at home. She had temper tantrums if thwarted, and got what she wanted. Her father was a shadowy figure in the background. Her mother was actually afraid of her.

Thus Joan grew up without the built-in controls which are instilled in a child reared with normal discipline. These controls form the conscience of a child. If they are lacking, events can move swiftly to a tragic conclusion. They did for Joan.

Is there a solution to the unwed-mother problem?

There is indeed. It is more love, more acceptance of children, more wholesome family living. Bringing up children to understand and accept discipline. Helping them to realize as early as possible that there are rules—rules to follow in family life, social life, any kind of life. Knowing and understanding a child. This is the solution.

Vitally needed, too, are more resources where parents of unmarried mothers can obtain expert help in dealing with their family problems. Where they can get understanding answers to the question they ask over and over: "Where have I failed?" The demands of living are changing rapidly and parents need help, too.

The unmarried mother with her unborn child of course should have care wherever she is, according to her need. For her, legally chartered, professionally run homes like the 51 Florence Crittenton establishments are a vital necessity.

These homes were founded in 1883 by Charles Crittenton, whose four-year-old daughter, Florence, had died suddenly of diphtheria. He wanted the child's memory to live in humanitarian service. He opened the first home in New York City. Since then, they have spread to 33 states.

The homes accept unwed mothers

regardless of age, creed, residence or legal status. Each is expected to pay according to her resources. But nobody is ever turned away for lack of funds.

So that the young mother need not interrupt her schooling, the homes offer education programs in co-operation with local school systems and colleges. They also provide psychiatric help and case-work service. The latter starts before the girls enter and continues after they leave.

The girls share in the housework, have meals together, receive regular medical attention. About three weeks after delivery, they leave—better able, we hope, to master the daily problems of living.

These girls need help. They need sympathy and understanding. If they had gotten enough of both in earlier years, most of them would not be walking up the steps of our homes, feeling lost and frightened, to have babies before they are wives.

With the Maestros

THE NAME OF TOSCANINI was always synonymous with a raging search for perfection and with great bursts of Italian-phrased temper against the unfortunate musician who might falter or lag. Once, after a particularly stormy rehearsal session at Carnegie Hall, a cellist was asked how he felt about playing under the fiery baton of the Maestro. "He's a great artist, a creator, a perfectionist," enthused the cellist, "but, boy, am I glad I never learned Italian."

—MILTON WAYNE

AT A PARTY, VIOLINIST FRITZ KREISLER was entertaining his fellow guests with a dazzling display of card tricks. Later, one of the guests approached him and said:

"Would you care to perform at a party I am giving next week?"

"See my agent," said Kreisler. "He makes the financial arrangements."

The agent was consulted the next morning and the contract was signed. The following week, when Kreisler arrived at the party, he placed his violin on a chair and started to rub his hands to get the chill out of them.

His host, entering the room, took in the scene at once.

"Well," he whistled, "you play the violin, too!"

—E. E. EDGAR

ONCE, DURING A PERFORMANCE at Carnegie Hall, conductor Leonard Bernstein, in order to illustrate how composer Moussorgsky imitated children's voices in one of his works, played a portion of the piece on the piano and pointed out how the music approximated a child whining, "I want it, I want it," over and over again. For emphasis, Mr. Bernstein had the orchestra repeat the phrase while he continued to imitate the spoiled youngster's plea. After several of Bernstein's "I want it"s, a small boy in the audience was heard to remark to his mother, "If he wants it that bad, why doesn't he say 'please?'"

—Music Views

Harness racing's golden reign



An old-time country sport has hit the big towns—and the big money

by Martin Abramson

ONE night recently, a couple in party dress drove to a brilliantly lit development just outside New York City. They parked their car and rode an elevator to a plush, air-conditioned emporium called "The Cloud Casino." There they dined on lobster and crepes suzette while looking out over a vast expanse of landscaped scenery.

During the evening, they watched an exciting series of entertainments take place on the other side of a large plate-glass window.

Was this a Wall Street tycoon dining with his wife at a suburban version of the Waldorf-Astoria? Not at all. The diners were a couple of racing fans come to watch and bet the harness horses at Roosevelt Raceway.

Visitors to modern night harness events find significant differences from the daytime thoroughbred races. Harness tracks are usually a half-mile in length—about half the size of the flat tracks—and thus provide the spectators with a close-up view of the action.

Generally, only eight horses compete in a race, as against 20 who may run in a flat event. The harness horses need room to pull their

streamlined, bicycle-wheeled carriages or "sulkies." Because of the carriages, there is less maneuverability in a harness race, and the drivers always face the danger of locking wheels or colliding while traveling at high speed.

A driver named Henry Thomas, for example, was thundering down the stretch at Roosevelt Raceway when another sulky bumped him from the rear and bounced him out onto the turf. Seven horses, and seven carriages, went over his prostrate body.

Carried off the track with practically every bone in his body broken, Thomas was back at the races within 12 months, and won the driving championship two years later.

During another race, a sulky driven by Clint Hodgins locked wheels with a competing sulky, and Hodgins was catapulted out of his seat into the lap of driver Darrell Maher.

"What are you doin' here?" Maher demanded.

"Shut up and keep driving. You can still finish in the money," Hodgins yelled back.

With Hodgins keeping him company, Maher did indeed finish third.

Harness horses may either be "trotters" or "pacers." Outstanding pacing horses, like Belle Acton, Dottie's Tick and Diamond Hal, are a second or two faster than the best trotters, who include Demon Rum, Trader Horn, Hickory Smoke and Charming Barbara. Trotters and pacers do not compete against each other, however.

In the typical one-mile harness race, the horses will trot or pace twice around the track. These horses

get long warm-ups, however, and may do eight to 12 turns around the course before the race even starts.

Unlike the running horses who spring out of a stall, harness horses are sent away by the Phillips starting gate, or one patterned after it. This is a mobile, double-winged, folding contraption which permits horses to begin the race at high speed.

ALL ACROSS the country the sport, long identified as a bucolic, "gypsy" affair with carnival trappings, is now enjoying a spectacular boom. As an after-dark attraction featuring stadiums that sparkle in iridescent colors, are ringed with acres of formal gardens, and provide unprecedented creature comforts, it has become as much a social activity as a sport. Incidentally, about half of its 18,000,000 followers are female.

More than 100 new tracks have been laid down or been rebuilt in the last few years, mostly in the environs of our urban centers. These include the \$20,000,000 Roosevelt Raceway "Dream Track" on Long Island, the Northfield Park and Grandview Raceway in the Cleveland area, the Hazel Park Raceway near Detroit, the Buffalo Raceway, the Brandywine Track near Wilmington, the Richelieu Park in Montreal, Monticello Raceway in New York's Catskill Mountains.

Monticello has the unusual feature of being backed by the owners of the country's largest resort hotels. They felt harness racing would lure more guests if they built a track in their own back yard.

Last year, Roosevelt, the pioneer and kingpin of all the "big-time"

harness tracks, drew a record 2,500,000 fans. This season, both Roosevelt and Yonkers expect to top that.

The charioteers of ancient Rome were in a sense antecedents of today's sulky drivers. But harness racing as a sport is a native American product, dating back to a spring morning in 1788 when an English import named Messenger disembarked on a Philadelphia wharf. In a fit of temper, incidentally, he nearly kicked his handler into the water.

The ornery Messenger was a pure-blooded running horse, direct descendant of one of the three Arabian stallions who founded the thoroughbred breed.

But through some miracle in genetics—one that has yet to be explained—Messenger transmitted to one branch of his family tree a propensity for the harness gait, and became the progenitor of the majority of America's best standardbreds.

A horse's natural gait is the gallop, a fast springing gait in which all four feet are off the ground once in each stride. But when it is placed under harness to pull carriages, coaches or wagons, the horse must be trained to develop a high-stepping trot in which the legs move in diagonal pairs and all four feet are off the ground twice during each stride. Or it may develop a stiff-legged, side-wheeling pacing gait—in which the legs move in lateral pairs, the animal being supported alternately on the right and left legs.

Messenger's offspring had the thoroughbred quality of speed. When some of them developed into trotters they were used in harness. They displayed such bursts of speed

pulling carriages along the open road that many impromptu races were run. Eastern gentlemen of quality began to corral Messenger's progeny to stage sulky races against one another.

The first organized trotting race was run over the Harlem Lane in New York in 1806. Each owner bet \$100 on his horse, the winner to take all. A trotter named Yankee won, going the mile in 2:59. (Today's record is 1:55.)

Harness racing then spread like a brush fire, with tracks springing up in New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Trenton. Nabobs like Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, August Belmont and Jay Gould paid fabulous prices for fast trotters and raced them on both tracks and open lanes while spectators jammed inns along the course to watch.

In 1849, a descendant of Messenger named Hambletonian was born in Sugar Loaf, New York. Though no ball of fire as a sulky-puller himself, Hambletonian achieved immortality as the greatest sire in equine history. He fathered a total of 1,331 offspring. They were of such high quality they were continually cross-bred, with the result that 99 percent of all harness horses running today are Hambletonian products.

The Hambletonian Stakes, formerly run in Goshen, New York, but now held in Du Quoin, Illinois, is named for the great breeder. The \$108,000 Messenger Stakes, richest event for a single dash in harness racing, is held at Roosevelt Raceway each summer to honor the sport's founder.

After the turn of the century,

automobiles replaced carriages in the cities, and real-estate developments encroached on the tracks. The focus of harness-racing interest then shifted to county fairs and carnivals. In this small-time setting, drivers found the pickings slim.

Harness racing would probably still be languishing there if it had not been for a peppery, resourceful, 69-year-old lawyer named George Morton Levy. Levy saw his first night trotting race in 1939 when he was visiting friends in Ohio. It fascinated him and he became convinced that this old-time pastoral afternoon sport could be promoted successfully in a nighttime urban setting.

So Levy organized the "Old Country Trotting Association" and selected for a raceway an abandoned automobile track in suburban Westbury, Long Island. It had been carved out of the original Roosevelt Air Field where Charles Lindbergh took off for his historic flight to Paris in 1927. On Roosevelt Raceway's opening night in September, 1940, only 7,000 fans turned out. An ancient harness horse dropped dead in the first race—but the Raceway was in business.

Gradually, the city slickers discovered trotting. Attendance shot up to 40,000 and 50,000 a night. Purses rose from an annual total of \$2,000,000 to \$20,000,000 and the betting handle from \$200,000 to \$500,000.

The sport's big-money look has changed the harness drivers from penny-ante drifters to modern Midases, who make \$100,000 and more a year. Still they are a colorful lot. Some are garrulous, grizzled vet-

erans straight out of an old Guy Kibbee movie, like 79-year-old Fred Egan. "Grandma" Burright, only 75, has been cracking her whip in county-fair races for 40 years and still insists a woman can do as well in the sulky as the men-folk. But today's top drivers—among them Billy Haughton, Stanley Dancer, Johnny Simpson, Joe O'Brien and Del Miller—are in their thirties or early forties.

Almost all of these drivers started as grooms or stable-hands at small, county fair tracks. You hear them conversing with their horses around the barns and paddocks, and they will insist that every word is understood. The old-fashioned, multi-hued shirts they wear as well as the ear-lap caps they use in training—they are now compelled to wear steel helmets during races—also stamp them indelibly as country boys.

The drivers not only drive horses, but train them and maintain stables as well. Stanley Dancer, for example, was a struggling groom when his wife dug into her savings for \$300 to buy him a crippled trotter named Candor. Dancer nursed the horse back to health and won \$12,000 with him. He then went on to become a champion driver and trainer.

The color and homespun charm of the sport seem to delight city folk. And it is further spiced by the inveterate fans who follow it. One, a moustached gentleman known only as "The Fabulous Frenchman," bets up to \$30,000 a night. He swears softly in French when he loses, trills the "Marseillaise" when he wins.

Until his recent death, a New York photographer named Sam

Platnick used to come out to Roosevelt every night, visit the horses in their barns, and scream at them in any one of eight languages. He bet only those horses who screamed—or at least neighed—back at him.

Both pacers and trotters are more placid in temperament than their skittish running cousins. They also run much truer to form.

Some of the trotters' women fans do not bother to bet on the races at all; they come strictly for "the show," or to spend a cool evening under the stars. But for the man who likes action, harness racing gives him more than his due, for the track is never still. The warm-up schedule for the horses in between races has them doing four to six

miles at increased speeds each trip before they actually go to the post. A schedule like that would drive a running horse daft, but the trotters and pacers, who are somewhat smaller than the runners and race at about three-quarters their speed, go gracefully about their business.

Several years ago, when Steve Allen was on the "Tonight" show, a trotter made an appearance on the TV program and stood around quietly for an hour, showing no concern whatever at the excitement around him. At the end of the tension-packed show, the perspiring Allen stared at his cool guest and muttered, "What we all need in this business is the temperament of a horse—a harness horse."

Newsworthy Notes



A RECORD STORE IN Dallas, Texas, had a fire and in a few days was sporting the following sign: Hillcrest Records Top Tunes. Ritual Fire Dance, Great Balls of Fire, Smoke Rings, Too Hot To Handle, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, My Old Flame, Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight, I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire and On Top of Old Smoky.

—PAUL CRUME (*The Dallas Morning News*)

TWIN BROTHERS OF OLATON, KENTUCKY, jumped into their cars about the same time to go to each other's home to plan a hunting trip.

On the way, they met when their cars collided. Neither was hurt, but the cars, both the same make, were damaged \$250 each. They called off the hunting trip.

—GENE FARLOWE

A PATERSON, NEW JERSEY, WOMAN won a preliminary divorce decree on testimony that her husband not only stood her repeatedly on her head but once brought home a very inebriated sailor and put him in the bathtub.

—CHARLES F. WILLOUGHBY

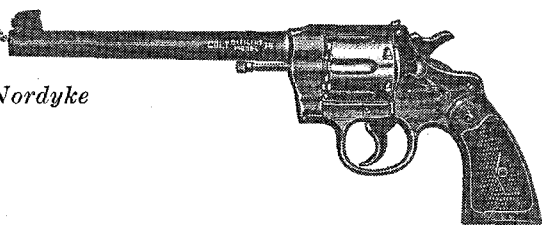
IN BRANDFORD, CONNECTICUT, A MAN who was admitted to the hospital with a serious burn, after he had rubbed his aching feet with alcohol, explained they had caught fire when he tried to warm them over an open coal stove.

—A. C. WILLIAMS

Even today, the six gun is often the judge and the jury

Lawful murder in Texas

by Lewis Nordyke



OLD-TIME TEXANS liked to sum up their heritage in this "two-Sam" statement: "Sam Houston made us free and Sam Colt made us equal." The reference was to General Houston, the hero of Texas' war of independence from Mexico in 1836; and to Samuel Colt, who invented the revolver in 1835.

The Colt six gun was called an "equalizer" because—in theory, at least—it was as effective for a little man as for a big one. And there was a strong implication in this equality business that, given a good gun, a Texan could take care of himself without the aid of sheriff or court.

This old idea of do-it-yourself law enforcement is still evident in the big, individualistic state. The homi-

cide rate in the city of Houston has been among the highest in the nation for several years, with Dallas and other Texas municipalities not far behind. For the antiquated, frontier-time laws under which Texans shoot virtually give them the right to kill. Certainly they are balanced in favor of the killer.

The "unwritten law"—that is, the right of a man to take any means, no matter how extreme, to protect the sanctity of his home—has often been used as an excuse for cold-blooded murder; at least, it is badly abused, as in the case of the Texan who hadn't taken his wife out for nine years, and then shot a TV repairman who did.

In Texas, more men have been

lionized than convicted for shooting down men who paid attention to their wives, regardless of whether the wives may have initiated the situation, or cooperated a little.

Not long ago there was a classic example of the workings of the unwritten law in a central Texas county. A railroad trainman, who was away from home a great deal, learned that a neighbor was calling on his wife in his absence.

Whereupon, the trainman went to the neighbor and warned: "If you bother my wife just one more time, I'll kill you."

When he arrived home from his next trip on the road, the trainman met his wife and the neighbor coming out of the trainman's home. The trainman whipped out an automatic pistol and shot the neighbor between the eyes. He then went to the sheriff's office and surrendered, making a full confession of the shooting.

The grand jury, which in Texas investigates criminal cases and decides whether an accused person should be brought to trial, exonerated the trainman, congratulated him, and took him to lunch.

The odd thing about the unwritten law in Texas is that it is really written. In 1912, an all-male Texas Legislature put it on the books and there it remains. The lawmakers must have been thoroughly aroused, for they fashioned a very broad law, a man's law, which leaves it up to the husband to size up the situation and decide whether circumstances point toward seduction, or even planned wrongdoing.

In effect, the law says: "It will be sufficient if the husband sees them

(his wife and another man) in such a position to indicate with reasonable certainty to a rational mind that the wife has been or was about to be unfaithful."

The statute pertains only to men—husbands and their right to crack down on the other man. About the only protection the wife has under this strange law is that it does not give the aggrieved husband the right to kill her; and, moreover, it does not provide that a wife may shoot an unfaithful husband or the other woman she may find in his arms.

However, Texas also has a sort of gallantly nebulous unwritten law for women. It has been almost impossible to send a woman to prison for killing her husband, or any man. Some time back, for instance, a Dallas nightclub entertainer, who billed herself as Candy Barr, was tried on a charge of attempted murder for shooting and severely wounding her husband. She was acquitted.

It is a rare case, indeed, when a husband accuses his wife of initiating an extramarital affair; invariably she was "talked into it" by some clandestine Romeo. Not long ago, a man living in a western Texas town journeyed halfway across the state and shot down a preacher. He claimed that a year or so before, the preacher, while the family's pastor, had had a sustained affair with his wife. The husband contended—and successfully in court—that the minister had taken advantage of his wife at times when she had gone to his study in connection with church work.

Next to protecting the home from amorous wolves, the most effective

defense for murder in Texas has been the claim of self-protection. In fact, the state's laws on self-defense have been largely responsible for so much killing.

Dan Walton, 39-year-old district attorney of Houston, has the chore of prosecuting more of these killers than any other man in Texas. For two years Houston has been known as "Murdertown, U.S.A." because it has had homicide approaching mass murder—109 killings in 1956, and 136 in 1957.

Finding himself under pressure from a public that was demanding relentless prosecution and extreme penalties as a way of combating the murder mania, Walton took a searching look at the old frontier homicide laws under which he was operating as prosecutor.

These laws had been enacted in the 1880s, when the sprawling state lived mostly by the law of the gun. In the scattered settlements, sheriffs were few and far between, and men were obliged to enforce their own rules. This made acceptable the Texas practice of shooting first and asking questions later.

Those were the days when a man might be shot—and no questions ever asked—if he failed to smile when he spoke certain words. It was the accepted thing for men to meet on the town square or in front of the corner saloon and settle differences with their six guns. Stealing a horse was considered a worse crime than killing a man.

One of the best examples of the Texas attitude of the time is that of a rancher who caught a horse thief and made ready to hang him. Word

that he had strung up the thief reached town and the sheriff commented: "Good riddance."

However, it turned out that at the last minute the rancher had changed his mind and horsewhipped the thief instead of swinging him from a limb. When the sheriff heard this, he was irked no end, and hurriedly dispatched a deputy to arrest the rancher. It was, the sheriff pointed out, against the law to horsewhip a man!

The fine point of the philosophy of the law on which Texas' homicide statutes were based was epitomized by an early-day judge when a murder case was brought to trial in his court. "The main thing we want to find out here," he said, "is this: was it a fair fight?"

Legislators of the era, many of whom toted pistols themselves, carved out laws to match the rugged conditions, allowing plenty of leeway for men to rely on their own judgment when facing danger, or when angered. These laws were revised only once—in 1916—but the only change of consequence made at that time was the repeal of an article which had permitted the killing of hostile Indians.

Almost everywhere except Texas, the killer who pleads self-defense is required to prove that he attempted to prevent the homicide, that he retreated or tried to. But in Texas, a man who has reason to think his life is in danger can pull the trigger without batting an eye or backing up an inch. Not only that, he can chase his victim until he gets a good shot.

The Court of Criminal Appeals, the last resort in murder cases, has

also held that danger does not actually have to exist. As in the case of the written version of the "unwritten law," a Texan can use his judgment. What he thinks in his own mind—or what he later says he thought—is important.

"If at the time of the killing," the court's decision says, "the conduct of the deceased, viewed in the light of all the circumstances, was such as to create in the mind of the defendant a reasonable apprehension of death or serious bodily injury, although in fact no such danger existed, his right to kill would be as complete as if the danger had been real."

It is fairly easy for any killer to claim that he *thought* his life was in danger, and that is sufficient if he can prove it to a jury.

SELF-DEFENSE under Texas law can be twisted into weird patterns. A recent case handled by Prosecutor Walton involved a woman and two men, Emmett and Theodore. Emmett walked into a tavern and saw a former girl friend of his drinking, laughing and talking with Theodore. Highly incensed, Emmett threatened the woman with a knife.

Theodore jumped up, pulled a pistol and fired, hitting Emmett in the shoulder. Then, in a swift bit of action, Emmett plunged his knife into Theodore and killed him.

Emmett's plea of self-defense stood up, although he had started the trouble. (Oddly, if Theodore had been successful with his pistol and killed Emmett, Theodore likewise could have won acquittal.)

Texas law provides that any citizen can come to the defense of a third party who may appear to be in danger, and kill in defense of the third party if it seems necessary in order to save a life.

In Texas, when a man is accused of killing, a formal charge of murder is filed in Justice of the Peace Court. Then the case goes before the Grand Jury, composed of 12 men (or men and women).

The Grand Jury can indict, which means the accused must stand trial; or no-bill, which exonerates. If there is convincing evidence of self-defense, as defined by the state law, the Grand Jury can no-bill. Taking Houston as an example, of 108 murder cases investigated by the Grand Jury there last year, 44 no-bills were voted. A majority of these claimed self-defense.

If a killer is indicted, he can plead self-defense before the trial jury of 12 citizens. Prosecutor Walton says that such pleas often result in acquittal or short prison terms.

The long-reliable six gun, as of old, is the lethal instrument in most Texas killings. Yet, with one notable exception, it is against the law for an ordinary citizen to pack a pistol in the state. The exception is: "a bona fide traveler is permitted to carry a pistol in his saddlebags."

The law is still alive, "saddlebags" now being interpreted as applying to glove compartments of cars. Thus the law permits a traveler out of his home surroundings (any Texan who "travels" from one portion of the state to another), to carry a pistol in his private conveyance. Anyone bent on murder can easily take

advantage of this loose interpretation.

Furthermore, the laws on search and seizure give him certain protection. If a policeman notices a suspicious-looking bulge on a man's hip, the officer cannot walk up, feel around, and take it if it happens to be a weapon making that bulge. As long as the person isn't violating any law, that would be illegal search.

About the only way a policeman can legally nab a pistol-toter is to actually see the gun on him, to be informed by a reliable person that he is carrying a gun, or to find it on him after he has been picked up on other criminal charges.

It is against Texas law to carry a dangerous knife, dirk, brass knuckle and similar instruments of violence. But there has been widespread contempt for the law. Houston police

estimate that in that one city from 20,000 to 30,000 persons arm themselves with knives of sufficient deadliness to inflict fatal wounds.

For around 70 years there have been sporadic attempts to modernize the state's laws on homicide, self-defense and weapons. Yet they are still essentially the same as they were in the days of saddlebags and the Chisholm Trail; and Texas, which boasts of its rapid growth and vast riches, continues to live up to its longtime reputation as a cuttin' and shootin' state.

However, when the Legislature meets next January it is sure to face strong public demand for action designed to prevent so many modern Texans from either getting shot or getting by with murder under their outmoded code of the old Old West.

I Might Throw It

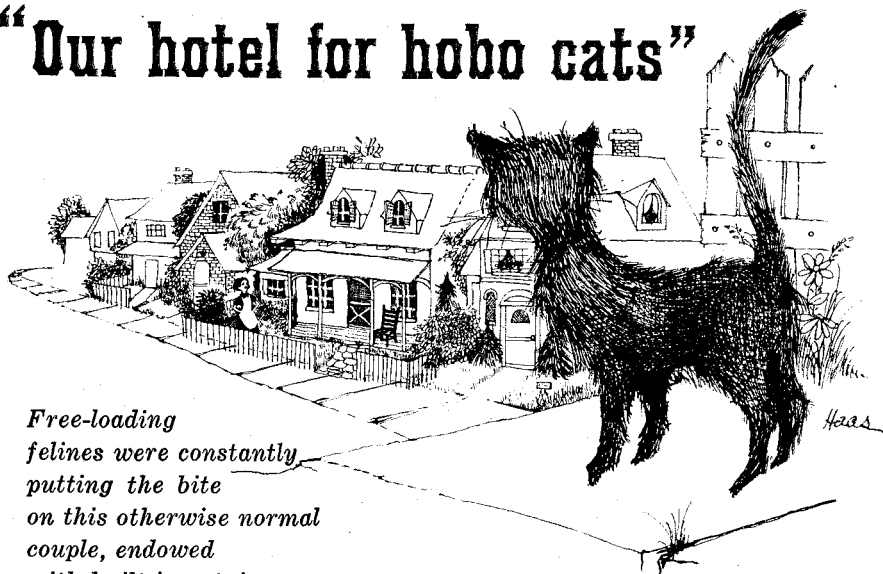
When I was just a little chap,
My father used a razor strap
To keep me in the straight and
narrow—
The sight of it would freeze
my marrow.
My son, however, fears me not
And discipline has gone to
pot.
He sees how helplessly I
stand,
Electric shaver in my hand.



—RICHARD ARMOUR (*Wall Street Journal*)

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover Joern Gerdtz; 20 CBS-TV; 34 Irving Cantor; 37 left Wide World, right Irish Linen Guild; 40 Columbia Records; 42 San Francisco Examiner; 46-61 Eberhard Seeliger from Photo Representatives; 64, 66, 128, 130 Wide World Photos; 129 United Press International; 146-155 Ray Shorr from PIX; 163 Wide World

"Our hotel for hobo cats"



*Free-loading
felines were constantly
putting the bite
on this otherwise normal
couple, endowed
with built-in catnip*

by Helen Fislar Brooks

WHEN I was a little girl, tramps invariably passed all the neighbors' houses to turn in at our gate, and my father said our house had a secret mark somewhere. In Nebraska, years later, when I had a family of my own, I decided there must be some kind of a mark outside our door visible only to cats.

The Ham was the first. A thin, gray wraith, he peered through the screen door one summer afternoon and timidly mentioned that he hadn't eaten for some time.

I opened the door and he slithered in, sad-eyed, shrinking against the wall, shuffling his feet and somehow creating the illusion that he was

turning a battered hat in nervous fingers.

I gave him warmed milk and a scrap of left-over chicken. He polished the bowl, looked up at me, voiced his gratitude with a soft purr, and curled up for a nap.

When my husband came home, The Ham seemed to realize that this was the Head of the House and went into a Humble Servant act, going so far as to delicately lick The Master's shoes.

Flattery got him someplace, too, for The Master fixed a bed for him—a low box, lined with a piece of old blanket.

We lived on the outskirts of town,

next to a field overrun with rabbits. Every afternoon, The Ham would fare forth in his role of Intrepid Hunter, invariably returning just at dinnertime with a limp, dead rabbit, which he laid at our feet as a token of his esteem. These offerings did nothing constructive for my appetite, but he always seemed to expect applause.

A King and Peasant bit—assuming a lordly right of way over a car—proved a mistake, however, and we buried The Ham with deep sorrow.

A FEW WEEKS later, as I sat by the window, mending, I spied a cat coming down the street. He passed the neighbors' houses without a glance and bounded up the steps of our porch.

"Wah-h-h!" he squalled, demanding entrance.

He was, I guess, just about the malest male in all catdom—superbly arrogant, with insolent, tawny eyes and magnificent whiskers. When I opened the door, he stalked in, darkly handsome in a charcoal gray coat and white vest, and, in a let's-have-no-nonsense voice, demanded dinner on the double, hop, *hop*.

I offered him milk and he looked at me scornfully. Unnerved, I set out chopped beef, although it meant stretching the meat loaf with bread crumbs.

When he'd finished eating, he toured the rooms, acquainting himself with his new home. There was no doubt, whatever, that he was there to stay.

We retrieved the box from the basement and, because he was an independent, give-me-liberty-or-give-

me-death sort of cat, named him Patrick Henry.

Patrick's favorite perch became an old Morris chair in one corner of the living room. At Christmastime, when we put up the tree and decorated it, Patrick sat in his chair and watched, his eyes enormous, his nose twitching. When we'd hung the last glittering bauble, he advanced stealthily and prowled about it, sniffing. Tentatively he batted at a low-hanging bell and it swung back and forth, tinkling.

Entranced, he sprang into the lower branches and shinnied up the trunk. The tree swayed and toppled amid a shattering of Christmas balls.

Patrick leaped clear, regarded the shambles broodingly for a moment, then yawned and walked away.

With the coming of spring, he began to spend much of his time out of doors. We had a large garden plot in the back and an even larger side yard, shaded by huge old elms and hedged with thick, arching spirea. He liked to lie inside the hedge in the sun, or promenade the garden path, inspecting the vegetables.

One part of the garden was planted to cucumbers, which regularly disappeared as soon as they reached a decent size. Since Patrick was mad for cantaloupe, I set a watch on him—and found he was equally mad for cucumbers.

One day, after a particularly hearty cuke binge, he was sleeping inside the hedge when a large black dog came loping into the yard and spied him.

Patrick, literally caught napping, sprang straight up in the air, spitting and bristling, and came down, more

by luck than good management, on the dog's neck. He dug in. The dog howled and departed, with Patrick—warbling a high, keening battle cry—crouched above him like a jockey.

From that day on, he was drunk with power. He would lie in wait, hidden by the hedge, and by summer's end, not a dog in town would venture down our street.

One afternoon, some visitors, my husband and I, were in the yard, sipping Rum Collinses. My husband set his drink on the grass beside his chair. When he reached for it, Patrick's head was burrowed in the glass and half the drink was already down his hatch.

Pried loose, he licked his whiskers, hiccupped delicately and lurched to his feet, eyeing the big elm tree. He launched himself through the air and gave it a mighty belt with his paw.

That it didn't topple obviously surprised him. Perhaps he remembered the ease with which he'd felled the Christmas tree.

He blinked, looked about for other fields to conquer and spotted the young hollyhocks. Weaving across the yard, he had a go at them, and swaggered away, smirking.

The next morning, as I passed his box, he lifted his head and said something uncomplimentary in a low voice. When my husband, considerably heavier of foot, passed, he hissed.

Patrick was hung-over.

One day, when he'd been with us for some three years, I heard him scratching at the door. That's odd, I thought, as I opened it. Usually,

he demanded entrance at the top of his lungs.

Patrick swayed on the doorstep, dripping blood. As I stared, horrified, he lifted his head, gazed at me tenderly, uttered one soft, never-before-voiced, caressing chirrup and fell over dead.

How he'd been hurt, we never knew. But that he'd struggled home to tell me with his last breath that he'd really loved us all along and thanks for everything, was beyond all doubting.

I was heartbroken. I would never, I declared, have another cat. Never. Not if I lived to be a hundred.

The weeks passed. One afternoon, as I sat on the front stoop, I saw a small puff of fur tumbleweed-ing down the street.

"I won't take him," I muttered, stiffening my spine.

All along the block, people sat outside, seeking a breath of coolness. Did that kitten give them a glance? Don't be silly.

When he reached our house, he hesitated, found the magic sign and turned in, advancing to the steps where he squatted on his ridiculous little rump and looked up at me confidently.

A tiny, square-faced handful of dark, oddly mottled Persian fluff, he opened his mouth soundlessly, for, being Persian, he had no voice save a high, queer yodel in times of extreme stress.

I went inside and warmed some milk. After all, he was just a baby. It would be indecent to send him away hungry.

When I brought it out and lifted him to the stoop, he fell to, his little

stomach dilating like a pumped-up basketball as he drank. When he'd finished, he snuggled in my lap, gave my hand a swift, thank-you lick and went to sleep.

"You may rest," I told him, "but you're not staying."

He roused, suddenly, scrambled off my lap and tumbled down the steps, making for the soft dirt around the rosebushes. In a few minutes he came scampering back, looking virtuous.

I shook my head. "Don't try to con me, my friend. I'm not the least bit impressed. Cats are *born* housebroken."

Slowly, laboriously, he began to climb, hooking his claws in the crevices of the stone steps and hitching himself up. At last he reached the top and scrambled into my lap.

He was still asleep when I took him in the house and plumped a cushion for him in one corner of the kitchen.

"Just until he wakes up," I told the family at dinner.

We named him Gully—short for Gulliver—since he was a great traveler. As he grew older—and enor-

mous—he confined his excursions to the night hours, sleeping away the days on the cushion. And litters of part-Persian kittens with dark, mottled fur appeared in incredible numbers for miles around.

Early each morning, he scratched at the door for admittance. When the snow was deep, as it often was during a Nebraska winter, he would bound in, covered with ice which melted in dirty puddles as he defrosted by the radiator.

Although merely courteous to all other humans, the great, silly beast was intensely affectionate with us, and would never eat, although ravenous, until I'd cuddled him.

When he was about five years old, we moved again, this time halfway across the continent. Realizing he could never adapt himself to a life of confinement in New York City, and the house having been rented to the people next door, whom he knew and who promised to care for him, we reluctantly left him behind to continue his travels and live on in the place that was home to him.

It was a blow, but in New York some cat will find us. It's inevitable.

The A.B.C. Symbol

This symbol represents our membership in the Audit Bureau of Circulations, your assurance that our circulation facts are verified by independent audit, measured by recognized standards, and reported in standardized reports. These audited facts, available without obligation to interested persons, provide a factual basis for advertising rates, evidence of subscriber interest, facts on market coverage, and facts for appraising our circulation quality and editorial vitality.



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ESQUIRE'S SILVER ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

OCTOBER, 1958

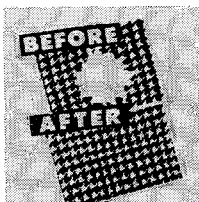
177

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities, offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.



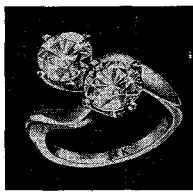
MAKE BIG MONEY AT HOME



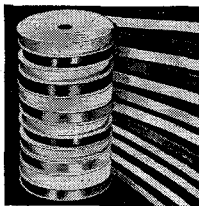
Invisible Reweaving pays up to \$10.00 in an hour! Be the invisible reweaver in your community. Make cuts, burns, moth holes, tears in suits, coats, all fabrics—disappear! Do it at home in spare time. Steady demand from tailors, cleaners, stores, etc. Write for full details sent Free! Fabricon, Dept. 3910, 6238 Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois.

MORE BRILLIANT GEMS THAN A DIAMOND

Jarra Gems surpass all other gems in fiery brilliance. Hard to distinguish this man-made stone from a diamond, handcut & polished by expert craftsmen. Send for free booklet! Tells amaz. story of Jarra Gems. Shows variety of Ladies' & Men's ring. Unset Jarra Gems (1-5 carats) \$25. a carat, tax incl. Dept. CR2 Jarra Gem Corp., 489 5th Ave., NYC.



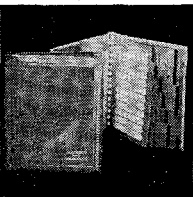
SATIN RIBBON 1¢ A YARD!



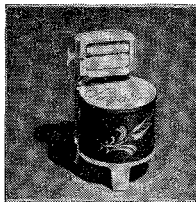
50 yards of finest quality satin ribbon for only 50¢. Less than you pay in stores. 1/2 inch wide, with fused edges. Wonderful for gift packages, hair ribbons. Choice of colors in 50-yd. bolts. Money back guarantee! Order Ribbon Roll in red, white, blue, green, gold or pink. Only 50¢ each, pp. from Sunset House, 2522 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.

PERPETUAL ADDRESS BOOK—\$1.98

Lasts a lifetime—never out of date! Simply insert new tab to make a change. Spiral bound with 15 big pages for address & telephone lists. Gorgeous leather-like tooled finish. Pages for birthdays, anniversaries, etc. 50 extra tabs for changes. Never obsolete! Reg. \$3.98. Now Only \$1.98 ppd. Guar. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-J Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.



COLORFUL LI'L WASHER ONLY \$1



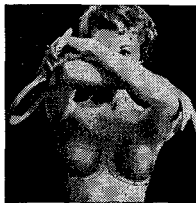
Add gaiety to your table! Adorable miniature's hand-decorated tub serves as sugar bowl or planter. Real swivel wringer has pop-out rollers holding salt and pepper. In colorful red, white, and gray plastic. \$1.00. We pay postage. Write for our free 56 page catalog brim full of gift items. Adriane, Inc., 8-896 Finch Building, St. Paul 1, Minnesota.

OLD FUR COAT INTO NEW CAPE \$22.95

Made by Morton's, World's largest, oldest one-price fur service and most praised by style magazines. If fur coat is worn-out or out-of-style, you'll be delighted with Morton's glamorous restyling. \$22.95 incl. New Lining, Interlining, Monogram, cleaned, glazed. Write for Free 1958 style book. Morton's, Department 150-J, Washington, D. C.



SELF-SUPPORTING BRA



New adjustable 1/2 bra for youthful, natural curves. No straps, no hidden wires or bones. Magic patented shape controlling feature. Holds & molds you to perfect young bustline. Soft, pliable, sizes ABC, 3 mo. supply of 4 pr. only \$5.98. For glamour secrets, send 10¢ for 36 pg. cat. Fredrick's of Hollywood, Dept. 5610, 1430 No. Cahuenga Blvd., Hollywood 28, Cal.

FREE SHOE CATALOG—SIZES 1 TO 5 ONLY

Specializing in beautiful shoes to fit and flatter your little feet—famous catalog offers enormous variety of styles for all occasions—spikes, mid-ways, casuals, formals, flats, even bed-slippers. Shoes shown in tan, red or white glove-leather with ripple crepe sole, \$10.95. Send for catalog—Cinderella of Boston, 85T South St., Boston 11, Mass.



To advertisers interested in placing ads in this Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 189

Silver Linings

A FAMILIAR SIGHT along streets of our town is the old blind man who plays surprisingly good music on a battered old violin.

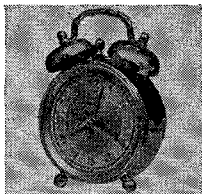
One night, we were greeted outside a movie theater with the familiar music of the old man and his violin. Only this time he was not alone. Three young pilots from a nearby base were drumming up a brisk business for the beggar.

Two of them passed among the rapidly growing crowd, collecting coins in their overseas caps, while the third gave a pep talk that would turn a carnival barker green with envy. By the time we left, the blind fiddler had more requests than he could ever play in one night, and the happy tinkle of coins dropping into Air Force-blue caps was, without a doubt, the most beautiful music of all.

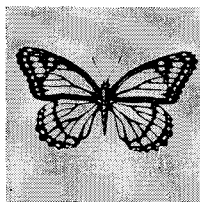
—L. MARIE MABBOTT

"OLD FASHIONED" ALARM CLOCK—\$4.95

A superb quality precision made alarm clock guar. to keep perfect time for years. Called the "Bang," it is a miniature (2½" dia.) replica of old-fashioned 2-bell alarm. 2-tone luminous dial. Highly polished brass case. 90 day warranty. Send \$4.95 chk. or M.O. If COD, fee extra. Money back guar. Scott Mitchell House, Dept. SS-10, 415 S. Bdw., Yonkers, NY



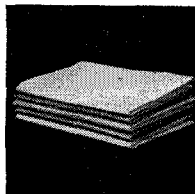
12 JUNGLE BUTTERFLIES—\$1



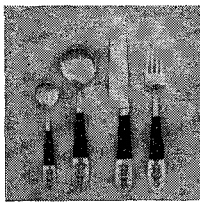
Vivid! Exotic! Ready to mount! Tropical splendor to make stunning table and dresser tops, serving trays or framed. Gorgeous specimens up to 3" across are genuine imported beauties. Each already processed to lay flat. Fantastic, never-before price for 12 all different—\$1 ppd. Greenland Studios, Dept. CO-1, 5858 Forbes St., Pittsburgh 17, Pa.

40 LARGE NEW TOWELS—2½¢

40 large, brand new unwoven cotton towels in beautiful colors & white, as shown in unretouched photo . . . only \$1.00 plus 10¢ for postage and handling. We sell at world's lowest prices because we buy by millions . . . over 5,000,000 in 1957 alone! Money-back guarantee. 40-Towel Co., Department A-130, Box 881, St. Louis, Missouri.



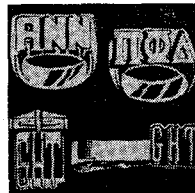
SIAMESE BRONZEWARE



From Siam...exciting tableware of mirror-finished bronze with handles of polished buffalo horn—the look & feel of black ivory! On the handle-tip, a carved Thai god. Four-piece setting you'll use daily or save for best: knife, fork, teaspoon, soup spoon, only \$3.99 postage collect from the Akron, 4371 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 29, Calif. Money-back guarantee.

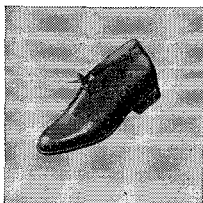
TREASURES IN SOLID STERLING

Beautiful rings, cuff links, tie clasps, handkerstifts from blocks of Sterling Silver with initials or name to 5 letters. Greek letters, too! Rings & tie clasps \$8 ea. Cuff links \$12 pr. Money back guar. Send ring size (specify man or woman) & check or M.O. No C.O.D.'s Free catalog. Sterling Artists of America, Dept. 34, 1511 S. Madison, Tulsa 20, Okla.



YOU CAN BE ALMOST 2 INCHES TALLER

It's true! You put on these amazing "Elevators" shoes and instantly you "grow" almost 2 inches taller! No one will know how it's done because "Elevators" look like any other smart shoes. They add not only to your height but to your poise and confidence. For free booklet showing over 30 styles, write Stone-Tarlow Dept. 2-108, Brockton 68, Mass.



EXCLUSIVE DIA-PLEAT SHIRT



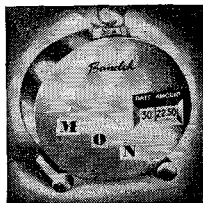
Imported broadcloth with "never-iron-out" diagonal pleats. Originally custom made: avail. now as open stock. Fashion-right for dress-up & business. White, French cuffs, 14-19 neck, 29-37 sleeves. \$8.95 ea. Chk. or M.O. No COD. Write for free catalog. "Lew Magram's Conversation Creations in Men's Fashion." Lew Magram, 830-7th Ave., Dept. C10, NY

14K GOLD "COCKTAIL" TIE TACK

The most talked-about Tie Tack that's ever tacked a tie! An exciting new idea—a really great gift! The Martini has a genuine Emerald "olive," \$15. Manhattan has a genuine Ruby "cherry," \$15. Gibson has a genuine Diamond "onion," \$20. Tax included. Postage prepaid. Money back guarantee. Write Dept. CO-10, Merrin Jewels, 530 Madison Ave., N.Y.



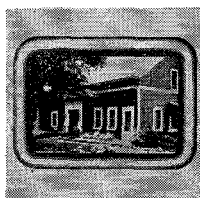
FORCES YOU TO SAVE \$100.00



a year automatically! Get Perpetual Date & Amount Banks. 25¢ a day keeps Date up to date. Also totals amount saved. Makes you save daily, or calendar won't change date. Use year after year. Reg. \$3.50. Now only \$1.99 ea. 3 for \$5.75; 6 for \$11, ppd. Personalized with Gold fin. Initials, \$2.99; 2 for \$5.50 ppd. Mail to Leecraft, 300 Albany Ave., Bklyn, N. Y.

PHOTO TRAY

Simply send in any loved photo of house, boat, child, dog, etc. for repro. and enlargement on a hanger-equipped, lacquer protected tote tray for daily use and enjoyment. Neg. preferred, but print or slide will do nicely. Sepia print on black and gold tray, 12" x13", \$5.50 ea., 8" round tray, \$3.50 ea. Holiday House, 910 Bellevue Thru. Bldg., Upper Montclair, NJ.

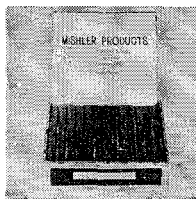


Silver Linings continued

WHILE I WAS WORKING in the office of a rehabilitation center for handicapped children, the popular director of nurses left to take another job. Her successor, Nurse Brown, was an older woman who habitually wore a stern expression on her face. With the cruelty of which children are capable, the young patients made her feel unwelcome by praising the former director in her presence.

One day, hearing a commotion outside the office, I went to investigate. Stygie, my kitten, had started to climb a tree and, thinking it would make her come down, one of the children had turned the hose on her. Frightened, she climbed still higher, almost to the top of the tree. Standing atop a tall ladder, starched

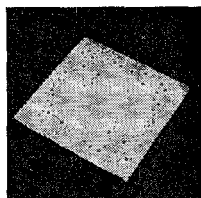
CIGARS—TAMPA HAND ROLLED ONLY 8¢



Imported Havana wrapped Longfellows. You must try them at only \$4 for box of 50 US post ppd. For samples send 10¢ for postage & handling, & this ad.—Connoisseurs—Hand Made all guar. Havanas—Long filler—spec. natural or gr. wrapper. 25 for \$6.50, 50 for \$12.75. Allow 2 weeks. Samples—25¢ & this ad. Mishler Products, Dept. C3, Box 3431, Miami 30, Fla.

WORLD'S SHEEREST NAPKINS

Hand-made so ingeniously sheer they float on air—yet sturdy enough to use as napkins or dollies. Beautifully & colorfully decorated, these Oriental napkins are real conversation pieces. Add distinction to every table. Make food look & taste better! Pkg. of 50 only \$1.00 ppd. 3 pkgs. \$2.75. 6 pkgs. \$5.00. Hano Gifts, Dept. C-10, 1598 3rd Ave., N.Y.C.



cap and all, was Nurse Brown. Grouped around the tree and watching were all 42 of her patients. We hardly breathed as Nurse Brown succeeded in reaching the kitten.

Carefully holding Stygie with one hand, and grasping the ladder with the other, Miss Brown began her perilous descent. When she finally reached the ground safely, I took the frightened ball of fur from her and started toward my office. Behind me, 42 youngsters in wheelchairs and on crutches converged on Nurse Brown in sudden articulate admiration. She never heard of her predecessor again.

—ODETTA GOVER

WE HAD BEEN MARRIED for three years and, with a small son, house payments, etc., our finances were somewhat limited. Singer Nelson Eddy, one of my great favorites, chose this time to hold a concert at a nearby town. I gushed that I must see him in person.

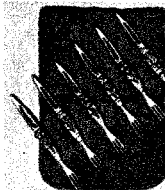
U. S. GOV'T OIL AND GAS LEASES



Congress now gives citizens equal rights to obtain Government leases. Large profits plus oil income possible for you. You do no drilling. 30 acres—\$200 (terms available). For free information and maps of booming area, write today. Licensed & bonded oil brokers, Western Lease & Land Co., 8681 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, California.

THE HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTEST

Your guests will compliment you when they see this delicately designed 6 piece Hors D'oeuvres Fork set, with carrying case. Will never tarnish or stain. Available in Gold or Silver finish. Gift packed in clear view box. Direct from manufacturer \$2.50 each ppd. (2 for \$4.75 ppd.) Money back guarantee. Personal Monogram Co., 2 East 23 St., N. Y. C.



LOOK AND FEEL NORMAL AGAIN

after breast surgery . . . even in bathing suit, sweater. Like natural breast. Identical® Form adapts to body movements. Fits any well-fitting bra, never slips. Doctors recommend its equalized weight, normal contour. Regain complete comfort and confidence. Write for free lit., where-to-buy. Dept. C, Identical Form Inc., 17 W. 60 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.



100 CAPSULES ROYAL JELLY 50 MG. \$7



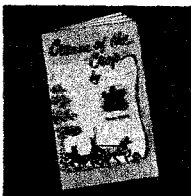
Don't pay \$20—or even \$10—get 100 natural Dupree Royal Jelly capsules, full 50 milligram potency and save! 50 caps. \$4; 100 caps. \$7; 250 caps. \$16; 500 caps. \$30; 1000 caps. \$55. postpaid. Moneyback guarantee. Save money, buy with confidence direct from Dupree Medical Co. (Est. 1895), Dept. C10, 20 E. 17 St., New York 3, New York.

WANTED: MOTEL RESORT MANAGERS

Men-women! Qualify for hundreds fascinating well-paid executive positions now open with luxurious Motel-Resorts coast-to-coast. Pick location, climate! Employment assistance. Experience unnecessary. Learn at home, spare time. Free booklet, write Motel Managers School, Dept. P-120, 612 S. Serano, Los Angeles 5, California.



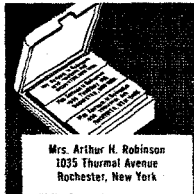
YOUR OWN MAIL ORDER BIZ



No Inventory! Pretested mail-order cat. of unusual, fast-moving products, shipped ppd. directly to your customers. Full profits. Printed with your name & address. Co-op plan puts you in fabulous mail-order business. Operate anywhere, full or part time. Low cost. Proven profitable. Sample catalog & details free. Write Gaylords, North Adams 9, Mass.

1000 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS \$1

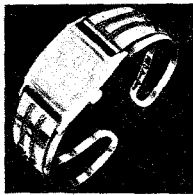
Any 3 different orders \$2 ppd. Your name & address handsomely printed on 1000 finest quality gummed labels. Padded. Packed with Free Plastic Gift Box. Use them on stationery, books, cards, etc. Special—Save Money. Any 3 different orders \$2. Satisfaction guaranteed. Handy Labels, 1087 Jasperston Bldg., Culver City, California.



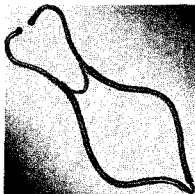
Mrs. Arthur H. Robinson
1035 Thormal Avenue
Rochester, New York

WATCH BAND OF MODERN SIMPLICITY

Sensationally new contour Don Juan watch band, a patented clasp-on type band made of resilient surgical stainless steel. Can be taken apart and cleaned—no other band has this feature. Tarnish and perspiration-proof, non-corrosive. Only \$4.95 at your jeweler or write direct. Free brochure on request. Don Juan, 29 E. Madison St., Chicago 2, Illinois.



U.S. MED CORPS STETHOSCOPE



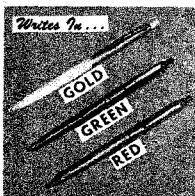
Ever try to buy one of these? Hard to find, and usually expensive, this is a Medical Corps stethoscope. Brand new, it's ideal for doctors, engineers & mechanics (to check trouble spots in motors, etc.), educational for kids and adults. (Handy in the country.) \$2.95 ppd. (half-regular price. Chabon Scientific, 411 Lincoln Bldg., N. Y. 17.

PRINT YOUR OWN NAME & ADDRESS—\$1

Print your name and address (or any 3 lines of wds) on any stationery, checks, books, photos. Printer and compact case with automatic inkier, fits pocket or purse. Use at home, office—useful gift. Get one for every member of your family! Money-back guar.! Printer, only \$1. post.pd., Sunset House, 2517 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.



CHRISTMAS PENS WRITE SPARKLING GOLD



... Red or Green! For a gay note on cards, packages, etc., write in sparkling metallic gold, red or green—with long-lasting spring action ballpoint Christmas pens, each 39¢. Any 3, \$1.3 refills of any 1 color, 50¢. All ppd. Free with order, year's subscription (6 issues) to our famous Gift Magazine. Spencer Gifts, 921 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N.J.

SPOOK HAND GETS LAUGHS—\$1

Realistic, skin colored Spook Hand has red fingernails, bony knuckles. Picture fantastically real fake hand poking out from auto trunk, "opening" a door, clasp shoulder. Sticks anywhere. Adhesive tape incl. Use over & over. Weird! Astonishing! Great gag! Guar. or money back! Only \$1, pp., Carol Beatty, 2580 Beatty Bldg., Culver City, Calif.



Silver Linings continued

My husband went to get tickets and returned, saying that, since there was only one seat left, I should see the concert while he and our son went to a movie. Completely selfish when it came to my hero, I agreed.

Later, I learned that while I enjoyed the concert, he and my boy sat listening to the car radio.

The one seat had left him no movie money. Of such love are Silver Linings made.

—E. HYER

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our columns, "Silver Linings," we will pay \$50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

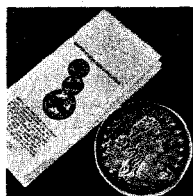
REMOVE HAIR . . . EASILY



No razor, liquids or creams. Baby Touch gives you satin-smooth face, chin, arms and legs. No stubby regrowth. No odor. No chemicals. Safe, clean. Smooths your skin, too. We will send you 4 pads for \$1.00 in plain wrapper. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Baby Touch, 734-C Front Street, San Francisco, California.

\$2,000 PAID FOR THIS COIN!

19,000 were minted, only 13 have turned up, where's the rest? Are you spending pocket change worth hundreds of times face value? Send \$1 for illustrated coin catalog that lists all the coins they want to buy! \$1 purchase price refunded on any coin purchased. Send \$1 to: Hobbies Unlimited, Box 488, Dept. DF, Hempstead, N. Y.



Driving Dilemmas

IN EDMONTON, CANADA, a woman was trying to unpark from a solid line of cars at the curb. First she drove ahead and rammed the car in front of her; then she backed up and rammed the one to the rear. Then she drove ahead and banged the front car again, at which point its driver slowly climbed out and walked toward her.

"Oh dear," wailed the woman, "I do hope I haven't damaged your car."

"No," replied the other driver thoughtfully. "Maybe you'd better try again."

—Maclean's

TWO NUNS IN ALAMEDA, CALIFORNIA, anxious to keep their dental appointment in Oakland, were seemingly thwarted by a transportation strike. Finally, one of their students said her boy friend would be glad to take

THE ONE GIFT THEY DON'T HAVE!



New Mopper after-bathrobe towels. Dry instantly, cozily. Thick, white Cannon terry. Full size fits men, women. Huge collar, raglan sleeves, carry-all pocket. In plastic bag with 3" press-on init. \$6.95 (3 for \$20). King size for over-6-footers, \$7.95. Add 35¢ pstg. each Mopper. No COD. Immed. Dely. Woodmere Mills, Inc., Drawer C1, Bennington, Vt.

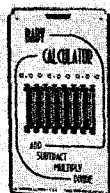
PERSONAL TUMBLERS—8 FOR \$5.95

Personally yours from Hultberg's. Your initial exquisitely fashioned in lifetime silver on 14 oz. sham tumblers. Rim is silver, too. Won't tarnish, safe in dishwasher. Ideal for self or as gift. Set of 8 matched tumblers only \$5.95 pp. No COD. Letters Q, X, Y, Z not avail. Send for new, free gift-laden catalog. Hultberg's, Dept. C1, Rockford, Ill.

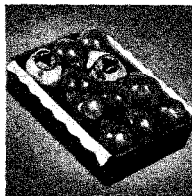


REAL ADDING MACHINE ONLY \$2.95

Only machine of its size & price that counts to 999,999. Adds, subtracts, mult., div. Ideal for business, home, students, tax work. Send name, address. \$2.95 plus pstg. COD, if ck. or M.O., we pay pstg. (\$3.04 in Pa. incl. 3% tax). Leatherette case. 10-day money bk. guar. Agents wanted. Calculator Machine Co. Box 126, Dept. O-85, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.



COMICE PEARS FOR CHRISTMAS



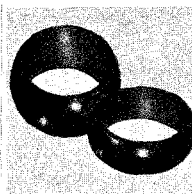
These large, creamy Pears from Medford, Oregon, make distinctive gifts. Box #1 (8 to 14 individually wrapped pears) is \$3.70 delivered for Christmas if your order, complete with names and addresses of recipients is postmarked on or before Nov. 20, 1958. Regular price \$3.95 delivered. Pinnacle Orchards, 473 Fir Street, Medford, Oregon.

HOUSEWIFE SOLVES MYSTERY

Free Catalog ends search. Mrs. B. Billow, 538 Roscoe, Chicago, says, "I found full-time protection for furniture from dust, dirt. Now I have shaped-to-fit Window Clear plastic covers that keep my furniture clean without hiding its beauty." Get Free catalog of over 150 low-cost styles & sizes. Schiller, 60 E. 25 St., Dept. C-108, Chicago 16, Ill.



GENUINE JADE RINGS—MEN & WOMEN



An exciting new ring fashion! Hand cut and polished from one solid piece of precious Jade. For ages the oriental token of affection and good luck. Choose from three widths 5/16" \$12.50; 3/8" \$15; 1/2" \$20. Tax included and postpaid. Unconditionally guar. Please specify ring size when ordering. International Gem Corp., 17-A Maiden Lane, New York 38.

NEW GEM HEARING AID HIDES DEAFNESS

New Behind-The-Ear hearing aid ends hearing loss embarrassment. Enjoy sports, beach, full business & social life. All hidden. Fits snugly, securely. No button in ear, dangling cord, clumsy batteries. Choice of colors. 2 Yr. Guar. Men & women. See Dealer or write Dept. "O" for Free Bklt. Gem Earphone Co., 89 E. Jericho Tpke., Mineola, N.Y.



MORE DAZZLING THAN DIAMONDS

Diamonds cost at least \$1000 for 1-carat, yet comparable selected 1-carat Capra Gem is only \$27, tax incl. — 1/30 of diamond cost! Brilliantly beau. hand-cut & polished, amaz. Capra Gems acclaimed miracle of modern science. Priced within reach of all. Write for bklt. of easy-pay details. Send no money. Capra Gem Co., Dept. CT-108, P. O. 5145, Phila. 41.



BE A MODEL*—OR LOOK LIKE ONE!



(*Fashionette) N.Y.'s oldest model school. Grads enjoy top ratings in Fashion Showings; Photography; T.V.; & Motion Pictures. Luxurious classrooms... supervised dorms. Free placement. Day-evening classes. Low rates for teenagers. Lic'd by State Education Dept. Get book 9M. Grace Downs Model School, 477 First Ave., NYC 16; OR 9-6440.

TRIMS, SLIMS ON-THE-SPOT! \$4.95

New vibrating unit is designed to relieve tension and tiredness. Helps to break up fatty tissues. Feather-light, operates on one flashlight battery. Straps on any part of body. Use on chin, scalp, thighs, waist, feet. Use anywhere —no disrobing necessary! Guar. or money back! Only \$4.95, pp. Order Viber-8, Sunset House, 2508 Sunset Bldg., Beverly Hills, Calif.



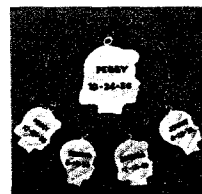
500 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS 25¢



World's greatest Label offer! 500 Gummed Labels printed with Any name and address, 25¢ per set! 4 sets (same printing or all different) \$1.00! Two-tone Jewel-type plastic gift boxes 10¢ extra, 4 for 25¢. Order as many sets and boxes as you want. Money-back Guarantee! Order Now! Western Stationery Company, Dept. 948, Topeka, Kansas.

FOR PROUD MOTHERS & GRANDMOTHERS

She'll wear her heart on her wrist when she encircles it with a 7 1/4" heirloom bracelet of Sterling Silver or 12K Gold-Filled Boy and Girl Silhouettes. Each engraved with a child's name and birth-date, up to 10 letters a line. 3/4" wide. Silhouettes \$1.10 each, Bracelet, \$1.10. Incl. engraving, tax, and Zenith Gifts, 203 P.O. Bldg., Brighton 35, Mass.



them in his jealousy. The nuns climbed aboard primly and tried to ignore the amused stares they were getting en route. When they arrived at the dentist's office, they understood at last. In big letters on the trunk of the car was: "We like blondes, but we'll settle for the two with us."

—DICK NOLAN (San Francisco Examiner)

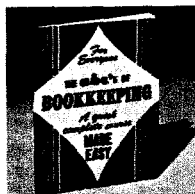
IN HOUSTON, TEXAS, a good-looking redhead was driving home from work recently, when the driver of the car behind her began honking his horn furiously. A moment later, the hornblower pulled out to pass her. As he drew alongside, the redhead spied a woman—presumably the driver's wife—sitting alongside him.

The redhead smiled warmly, blew the man a kiss and yelled, "Why haven't you called me lately?"

When last seen, the driver was too busy explaining to honk his horn.

—MRS. C. W. SHAW

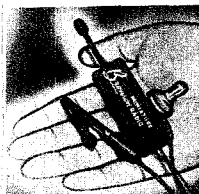
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Bookkeeping for everyone —made easy. A simplified course by a Certified Public Accountant. Teaches you record-keeping for your business or profession. Includes an all-important chapter "Bookkeeping and Budgeting for the Housewife." A complete course with illustrations, practice sets, \$1.98 ppd. Fine-line Co. (Dept. 473) 303 Fifth Ave., New York 16.

WORLD'S SMALLEST RADIO! ONLY \$3.95

No Batteries—No Tubes—No Electricity. Can be carried in pocket or purse. Designed to last a lifetime—Nothing to wear out or replace. Use at home, work or sporting events. Personal ear speaker lets you listen in private. A world of entertainment is yours. Order yours Now! Send \$3.95 to Galentine Novelty Co., 519 E. Jefferson St., So. Bend, Ind.



THE MAN in the big Cadillac had tried for 20 minutes to pull away from the small foreign car that had been traveling behind him.

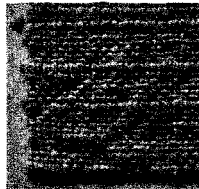
As he hit 90, the small car drew alongside. "I say," yelled the driver, "do you know anything about this make car? I can't get her out of low gear!"

—Quote

MY FRIEND CLARA and I went up to a Forest Ranger station in the High Sierras to spend a few days with her husband, Bob, who was stationed there. On the first day of our visit, Bob got a call and had to leave the station for a few hours. He was quite concerned about leaving the station unattended, since campers were coming in for fire permits, but Clara assured him that she could easily handle this clerical matter.

"Be sure and fill in all the questions and, above all, get their auto license numbers," Bob cautioned her as he drove off.

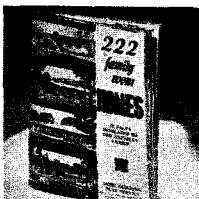
ONLY \$2.98 A YARD AND 10 FEET WIDE!



California decorators "up-end" it to drape the widest window floor to ceiling without seams! Heavy "primitive" textures in 3 weaves, unfinished or preshrunk, to wash & fluff dry, never ironed. Natural, white or custom dyed. \$2.98 to \$4.98 yd. Avail. French-pleated. Send 25¢ for catalog. Homespun House, 291 So. Robertson, Beverly Hills 14, Calif.

SAVE \$1000 WHEN YOU BUILD

Pick your dream home from big library of illustrated home plan book: "222 Family Room Homes," "260 New Trends in Selected Homes," and "225 Block Masonry Homes," \$1 each. Send \$2 for all 3. Master designed blueprints and materials lists at low, low cost. Home Building Plan Service, Studio 21, 2454 NE Sandy Blvd., Portland 12, Oregon.



NATURAL HAIRPIECE FOR MEN!

Now! — a realistic hairpiece, by Louis Feder. Looks, feels like your own hair; friends invariably approve. Comb it, sleep in it, swim in it—it's hurricane-proof! Individually designed. Choice of styles, including popular crew cut. Average price \$170. Write for Booklet D, "The Only Solution to Baldness," House of Louis Feder, 545 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 17.



\$100 A WEEK FREE SAMPLE POLICY!



Unusual new policy pays up to \$5000 while in the hospital. Only exceptions—pre-existing conditions, mental illness or normal childbirth. Renewable at option of company. No limitations. For free sample policy, send name and address on postcard to Bankers Life & Casualty Co., 4444 Lawrence Ave., Department 8000, Chicago 30, Illinois.

REMOVE CALLOUSES NATURALLY—\$1.

Safe and easy! Natural Lava Stone helps rub away rough caloused spots on hands, feet, elbows, etc. They disappear like magic in minutes. Thousands of microscopic abrasive edges remove dead skin swiftly, painlessly, without risk. Sanitary germ free stone, in easy grip handle. Only \$1 ppd. Money Back Guar. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 56-J Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N.J.



RARE MEXICAN SHRIMP PLANT



Blooms indoors and outdoors almost all year! Exotic flower-like sheaths change color, from yellow to pink to rose to red-bronze and gold. Graceful spikes are tipped with white and purple flowers. Needs little care. Grows up to a cascade 18" tall. \$1 each; 3-\$2, 6-\$3.75; 10-\$6. Prepaid. Stern's, Department 140, Geneva, New York.

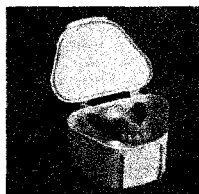
FREE 100 WORLD-WIDE STAMPS

Rush reply. 100 choice stamps Free. Just released—some not even cataloged. Antarctica, Siam, Israel, world-wide. All genuine, different, mint, used. Act now—may not be repeated. 1 packet to collector & Free "Collector's Guide," other offers for free inspection. Rush name, 10¢ for post., handling, to Garcelon Stamp Co., Dept. 10C RW, Calais, Maine.



NEW! HYGIENIC DENTURE BATH

Den-Shur-Cup to meet your denture care needs at last! Safe, appropriate container is unbreakable opaque plastic. Spill-proof sealed lid, slip-proof finger grips. Endorsed by dentists—over 140,000 in use for dentures, plates, bridge-work. Specify white, pink, blue, green. \$1.00 ppd. Cash ck., or m.o. from Den-Shur-Cup Co., 3092G Steinway St., Long Island City, N.Y.



MEN AND WOMEN 50 TO 80



INSURANCE

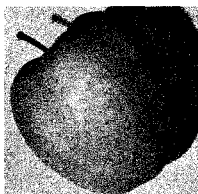
Yes, you can still have Old Line Legal Reserve Life Insurance. A \$500.00 policy helps pay last expenses. No burdening family or friends. Sold by mail, money back guar., low monthly rates if in good health. 50 to 80 yr. olds, send name, age & address to Security Life Insurance Co. of America, 137-J East Grant St., Minneapolis 3, Minn.

1 CARAT BRILLIANT WHITE DIAMOND \$395.

Double your appraiser's fee plus all your money back unless our diamonds appraise for at least 50% more than the purchase price. Full refund within 60 days regardless of reason. Ring mailed for inspection without payment if reference given. Diamond illus. enlarged. Free catalog. Empire Diamond Corp., Empire State Bldg., N.Y.C. 1, Dept. 10 C.



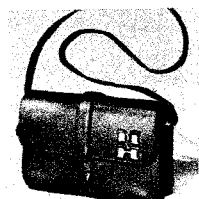
GOLDEN DELICIOUS APPLES BY MAIL



Order now for delivery in late October or early November! Beautiful gift boxes of golden prize-quality Delicious apples from Oregon orchards . . . full of juice and tangy flavor. Order Gift Number 10G, shipping weight about 10 pounds. Only \$4.15 delivered. Write immediately to order. Pinnacle Orchards, 472 Fir Street, Medford, Oregon.

PERSONALIZED SPORT BAG . . . \$1.00

Our luxurious imported bag beautifully monogrammed. (Add 25¢ for each initial.) Fully lined in soft rayon. Adjustable strap lets you wear it overarm, on your shoulder or as a clutch bag. 9"x6". Colors: Beige, Red, Tan, Black. Rush \$1.50 for monogrammed bag, or \$1 for each plain bag. Add 25¢ post. No COD. Mercury Products, Dept. O, 1265 Broadway, New York 1, N.Y.



Throughout the day, everything went smoothly and Clara issued several permits. Then an elderly man came in and asked for a permit. After he had filled out his blank, Clara asked, "What is your car license number, sir?"

"I don't have a car, ma'am, I'm riding a horse," he replied.

Clara was nonplussed—but only for a moment. "Well, then," she inquired, "what's your horse's name?"

—NAN HAMPTON

A DASHING YOUNG MAN and a venerable old Quaker were driving in opposite directions along a narrow country road. They met face-to-face

7 GIANT DINOSAURS FOR \$1

Up to 4 Ft. Tall—all 7 of these Giant inflatable toys for \$1 plus 25¢ post. Prehistoric monsters who once ruled the Earth. Toss-up feet action, 1-piece quality latex. Count them: Ceratosaurs, Trachodon Protoceratops, Sea Serpent, Spheonacodon, Plateosaurs, Tritasnaptus. No CODs. Money back guar. Giant Dinosaurs, Dept. H16, 114 E. 32 St., N.Y. 16 N.Y.



DONKEY ON ROCKERS



The Toy of the Year—The Kiddies love this beautiful plush Donkey. Sturdy steel frame on hardwood rockers, colorful saddle & bridle. 27" high x 22" long x 10" wide. Strong enough to hold adult. \$8.95 (reg. \$15). Donkey with music box \$12.95. Check or M.O. No COD. Pay exp. shipping chg. on arrival. Guaranty Sales Co., Box 176, Dept. C10, Teaneck, N.J.

WONDERFUL PERSONALIZED GIFT

Personalize your doorway with this famous door mat, large (18"x28"), self-draining all rubber. Your name (up to 13 letters) molded into red, black, green or blue mat. 7,000 rubber scraping fingers. \$5.45. C.O.D.'s accepted. Pay mailman small postage fee. Mitchell Rubber Products, 2120-B San Fernando Road, Los Angeles 65, California.



and neither could pass without the other moving onto the shoulder of the road.

After some dispute between the two as to which should have the right of way, the young man pulled a newspaper from his pocket and started to read it.

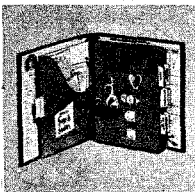
The old Quaker calmly asked, "Friend, has thee another newspaper in thy pocket?"

"No," replied the young man, in an obviously perturbed voice. "Then when thee has done reading the one thee has, I would thank thee to loan it to me."

—JOHN HALL

LOOSE-LEAF COOK BOOK

Clip recipes . . . and tuck them into the pockets on the 9 tabbed index pages. When you're ready, mount your recipe collection on the 30 filler pages. (You can order more pages, if needed.) Includes oven and temperature charts. Fabric cover is washable. Gift boxed . . . only \$2.75. Clarion Products, Dept. 710, Highland Park, Ill. Write for free catalog.



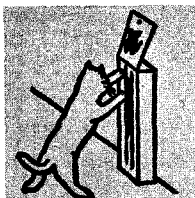
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Beautifully Embroidered Imported Chinese Satin Slippers fit for a Queen. Inners padded for comfort, sturdy construction, leather soles. In colors Blue, Black, Red, Pink, Gold, Green. For Ladies, Men, Children. Order by shoe or stocking size. \$1.25 pr. ppd., 2 pr. \$2.25. Child sizes \$1 pr. House of Chinese Products, Dept. C10, 1604 Broadway, N. Y.

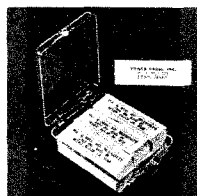
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Permits cat to flex its claws without damage to drapes, furniture. May be used on floor or on wall. Treated with catnip to attract kitty . . . ideal gift for friends who own cats . . . If not available at local pet counters, order direct at \$1.50 postpaid. Get free folder on Lowe cat products—Lowe's, Inc., C-10, Cassopolis, Michigan.

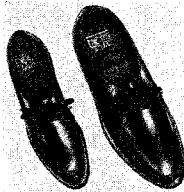


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and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just \$1 postpaid! Worth much more! 3 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-RT, Lynn, Massachusetts.



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We specialize in Large Sizes Only! Sizes 10 to 16; Widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual, golf shoes, insulated boots, socks, slippers, rubbers. Also dress and sport shirts in your exact extra-long sleeve length. Mail only, satisfaction Guaranteed! Write for Free Style Book Today! King-Size, 818 Brockton, Massachusetts.

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START TO PLAY IN 15 MINUTES



This proven successful short cut method teaches you to play songs with both hands in 15 minutes. No scales, exercises, or practice. Secret is the patented Automatic Chord Selector. Sample lesson, chord selection, note selector and 5 simple "play-at-once" songs for the price of the postage—10¢. Dean Ross, 45 W. 45, Dept. S-2152, New York 36.

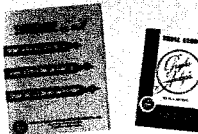
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Develop your personal, creative power. Awaken the silent, sleeping forces in own consciousness. Learn to push aside obstacles with new energy. The Rosicrucians help you create health, abundance for self. Write for Free book. Tells how you may receive & use these teachings. Do it today! Write Scribe A.Q.F. The Rosicrucians, San Jose, Calif.

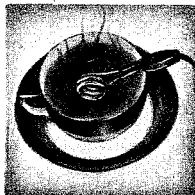


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Analyze handwriting for more income, prestige, success! Earn money on radio, TV, talks, helping others. Eunice Smith, Ohio reports \$224 business result one talk. Ezell Eiland, Texas, \$20.00 an hour! Exciting, uncrowded field! Write for free 48-page book. Trial lesson. I.G.A.S., Inc., Desk 23, 2307 National Station, Springfield, Missouri



POCKET-SIZED ELECTRIC HEATER—\$1.00



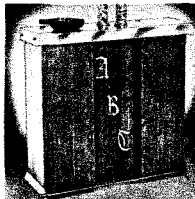
Boils water instantly. Simply plug into any outlet, immerse in liquid, and in no time it prepares soups, coffee, baby's bottle... any instant food for regular or emergency use. 6½"x2½" chrome plated heater comes complete with cord & carrying case. 110 Volts, AC-DC. Reg. \$2.98. Now Only \$1.00 ppd. Guar. Mrs. Dorothy Damar, 55-J Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N.J.

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Handsome, Personalized Bar of aluminum laminated multi-flute fibreglass, with wood grain and gold finish. Built-in shelf holds supply of bottles, glasses, etc. Full size bar top holds drinks, chips, etc. Set up in a jiffy—folds compactly. Only \$5.98 plus 6% shipping chg. Money-back Guarantee. The S. J. Wegman Co., Dept. RB-52, Lynbrook, NY

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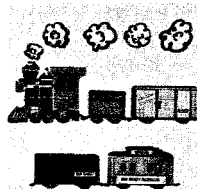
A WOMAN, who was waiting by the front door, ready to go to the store with her family, had her arms all filled with coats. Four small children were grouped about her.

Her husband, who was coming down the stairs, asked her why she was just standing there. She replied, as she began to hand him the coats, "This time, perhaps *you* would like to put the children's coats on. As for me, I'd be glad to go outside and sit in the car and honk the horn!"

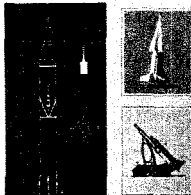
—Quote

GIANT TOY TRAIN

Complete 5 pc. train 31½" long, real smoke device & whistle... ready to operate. Loaded with play-cars to take apart, engine smokes, cars connect, disconnect, can carry loads. Gaily decorated. Can use as Xmas card holder or "candy express." Made of durable Bristol Board. Only \$1.98. Money-back guar. Armstrong, Dept. A, P.O. Box 174, Phila., Pa.



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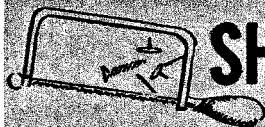


of U. S. Army missiles. Ideal wall decorations. Amaze friends with real scale drawings of Jupiter C, Talos, Honest John & Nike Ajax. On quality stock from Army prints. 2 each 11"x17" & 17"x22". Set of 4 with 2 duo-color, 8x10 photo-prints of missiles in action, only \$1.99 pp. & guar. Dixie Mail Order, Dept. C-1, P.O. Box 1305, Burlington, N.C.

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A complete money-making home plastic laminating business or exciting hobby. 40 pos. wallet size self-laminating plastic (will sell for \$7). Full instructions, business oper. manual, materials & display sign. Kit self-contained—no machines or heat needed. Only \$2.98 pp. Money back guar. Roy's Gifts, 3555 Monterrey St., Dept. A, Corpus Christi, Tex.





SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

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DRESSES 25¢; shoes 39¢; men's suits \$4.95; trousers \$1.20; fur coats \$9.95; raincoats 99¢; sweaters 50¢. Tremendous savings used & new clothing. Job lots, mfrs. closeouts. Free cat. Transworld, 164-AB Christopher St., Bklyn. 12, N. Y.

NYLONS 29¢. Anklets 14¢. Socks 17¢. Aspirin 11¢. Ties \$1.60 Dz. Thread \$1-100 Spools. Panties 16¢. Combs 1¼¢. Cloth 15¢ yd. Hankies 7½¢. Razor Blades \$1.80-1000. Watches \$2. Zippers 8¢. Electrical Appliances, Jewelry, Spreads, Tablecloths, Radios at Discount. 1000 Bargains. 4 Picture Catalogues with Samples \$1, Ppd. We have secured 1,000's of repeat customers with low prices & free samples. Get beautiful sensational Catalogues & samples quick. Send \$1 immediately to: Sibert Mills, Davenport 1, Fla.

\$3.00 HOURLY possible for man or woman assembling rustic pump lamps at home spare time. Simple. Easy. no house canvassing. Write: Ougor Enterprises, Box 67, Caldwell, Arkansas.

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FREE—Big New Wholesale Catalog: Up to 50% saving for you, family, friends on nationally-known gifts, jewelry, toys, appliances, Christmas cards, etc. Also make money selling part time. Write: Evergreen Studios, Box 846 AY, Chicago 42, Ill.

MAKE Money At Home assembling our items. No tools. Experience unnecessary. Part or full time. Write to Elko Industries, 466 S. Robertson Boulevard, Los Angeles 48, California.

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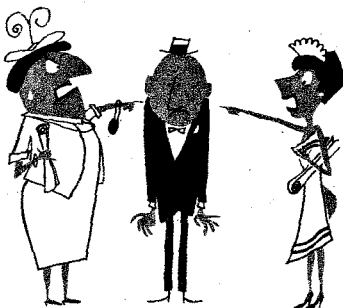
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They called it justice

by Will Bernard

YOU THINK you've got troubles? Listen to these hard-luck stories from the halls of justice.

A MINNESOTA man was hit by two lawsuits at the same time: one by his wife accusing him of impotence, and one by the maid accusing him of seduction. He lost both cases.

A MISSING GERMAN sailor, declared dead by a court, turned up alive only to find that all of his property had been handed out to relatives. Despite a ten-year siege of courts and government bureaus, he never came back to legal life—except in one place. His existence was cheerfully acknowledged by the income tax department.

A NEW YORK woman, knocked down by a policeman's horse at a parade, saw her \$100,000 claim against the city tossed out because it was filed 24 hours too late.

WHEN A DOG in France gobbled down a 100-franc note which was blown his way by the wind, a court ordered the dog's luckless owner to cough up the money.

A NEW JERSEY man was denied a divorce, although he proved that his wife was guilty of extra-marital high jinks. The court reasoned that the husband was partly to blame because, being aware of his wife's yen for men, he should have "exercised a peculiar vigilance over her."

IN MICHIGAN, a clerk slipped at the entrance to his place of employment and later died of his injuries. His widow's claim for compensation was turned down because, although his arm had been reaching for the company doorknob, his right foot—the one which did the slipping—had been on a public sidewalk.

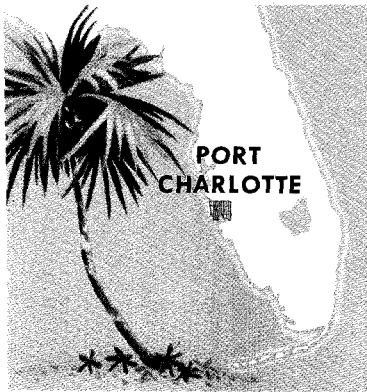
A CHICAGO MAN's jubilation at winning the hand of a pretty girl was tempered when a court made him pay \$75 to his defeated rival—for wasted courtship expenses.

IN HUNGARY, a storekeeper complained that a 40-year-old woman had been shoplifting his merchandise. His complaint was thrown out when the woman produced records showing she had been baptized six months earlier. The court said this meant she was still an infant.

IN UTICA, New York, a man had to pay his stenographer \$2,200 for telling her such a funny story that she swallowed some pins she was holding in her mouth.

A SWAIN in Indiana was jilted by his fiancée, who added injury to insult by refusing to return the engagement ring. When he appealed to a court, the judge ruled that the girl could keep the ring as reimbursement for the costs of lighting and heating her parlor during the romance.

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